n.a.

874.5
H811b
c.2

n.a.

874.5
H811b
c.2

Bennett, C.E.

Horace: The Odes and Epodes

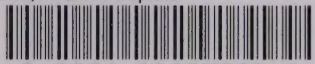
RECD

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME	ROOM NUMBER

LIBRARY
College of St. Francis
JOLIET, ILL.

Rebound 19

University of St. Francis
GEN 874.5 H811b
Horatius 2
Horace, the odes and Epodes



3 0301 00035368 6

This book may be kept

FOURTEEN DAYS

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

EDITED BY

T. E. PAGE, LITT.D.

E. CAPPS, PH.D., LL.D. W. H. D. ROUSE, LITT.D.

HORACE

THE ODES AND EPODES

LIBRARY
College of St. Francis
JOLIET, ILL.

HORACE

THE ODES AND EPODES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

C. E. BENNETT

OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

LONDON : WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK : G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
MCMXXX

First printed 1914.
Reprinted 1918, 1919, 1921, 1924, 1925
Reprinted and revised 1927, 1929, 1930

Printed in Great Britain.

LIFE AND WORKS OF HORACE

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at the little town of Venusia, on the borders of Apulia and Lucania, December 8, 65 B.C. His father was a freedman, who seems to have been a collector of taxes. In this business he saved some money, and, dissatisfied with the advantages offered by the school at Venusia, took the young Horace to Rome for his education. This plan evidently involved no little personal and financial sacrifice on the father's part—a sacrifice appreciated to the full by Horace, if not at this time, at least in his later life. In a touching passage almost unique in ancient literature (*Sat.* i. 6, 72*ff.*) the poet tells us of the father's devotion at this period. Ambitious only for his son's mental and moral improvement, without a thought of the larger material prizes of life, he not only provided Horace with the best instruction the capital afforded, but watched with anxious care over the boy's moral training as well, even accompanying him to school and back again to his lodgings.

In his nineteenth year or thereabouts (*i.e.* about 46 B.C.) Horace went to Athens to add the finishing touches to his education by the study of philosophy. The Greek poets also largely occupied his attention at this time. Among his friends during this Athenian

period may be mentioned the young Cicero, son of the orator, and M. Valerius Messalla, who, with many other young Romans, were residing at Athens for the purpose of study.

After some two years Horace's studies were interrupted by political events. Caesar had been assassinated in March of 44 B.C., and in September of that year Brutus arrived in Athens, burning with the spirit of republicanism. Horace was easily induced to join his standard, and, though lacking previous military training or experience, received the important appointment of *tribunus militum* in Brutus' army. The battle of Philippi (November, 42 B.C.) sounded the death-knell of republican hopes and left Horace in bad case. His excellent father had died, and the scant patrimony which would have descended to the poet had been confiscated by Octavian in consequence of the son's support of Brutus and Cassius.

Taking advantage of the general amnesty granted by Octavian, Horace returned to Rome in 41 B.C., and there secured a position as quaestor's clerk (*scriba*), devoting his intervals of leisure to composition in verse. He soon formed a warm friendship with Virgil, then just beginning his career as a poet, and with Varius; through their influence he was admitted (39 B.C.) to the friendship and intimacy of Maecenas, the confidential adviser of Octavian, and a generous patron of literature. About six years later (probably 33 B.C.) he received from Maecenas the Sabine Farm, situated some twenty-five miles to the northeast of Rome, in the valley of the Digentia, a small stream flowing into the Anio. This estate was not merely adequate for his support, enabling him to devote his entire energy to study and poetry, but

was an unfailing source of happiness as well; Horace never wearies of singing its praises.

Horace's friendship with Maecenas, together with his own admirable social qualities and poetic gifts, won him an easy entrance into the best Roman society. His *Odes* bear eloquent testimony to his friendship with nearly all the eminent Romans of his time. Among these were: Agrippa, Octavian's trusted general and later his son-in-law; Messalla, the friend of Horace's Athenian student days, and later one of the foremost orators of the age; Pollio, distinguished alike in the fields of letters, oratory, and arms. The poets Virgil and Varius have already been mentioned. Other literary friends were: Quintilius Varus, Valgius, Plotius, Aristius Fuscus, and the poet Tibullus.

With the Emperor, Horace's relations were intimate and cordial. Though the poet had fought with conviction under Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, yet he possessed too much sense and patriotism to be capable of ignoring the splendid promise of stability and good government held out by the new *régime* inaugurated by Augustus. In sincere and loyal devotion to his sovereign, he not merely accepted the new order, but lent the best efforts of his verse to glorifying and strengthening it.

He died November 27, 8 B.C., shortly before the completion of his fifty-seventh year, and but a few weeks after the death of his patron and friend Maecenas.

Horace's first published work was Book I of the *Satires*, which appeared in 35 B.C. Five years later Book II was published. Though conventionally called "Satires," and alluded to by Horace himself as *satirae*, these were entitled by him *Sermones*, as being

talks, so to speak, couched in the familiar language of everyday life. In Horace's hands satire consists in the main of urbane comment upon the vices and foibles of the day, coupled with amusing incidents of personal experience and good-natured raillery at the defects of the prevailing philosophical systems, of which he was always an earnest and intelligent student.

The *Epodes*, published about 29 B.C., mark the transition from the *Satires* to the *Odes*. They resemble the *Satires* in their frequent polemical character, the *Odes* in the lyric form in which they are cast.

Books I–III of the *Odes* were published in 23 B.C., when Horace was forty-two years old. Many of them had unquestionably been written several years before—some apparently as early as 32 B.C. These *Odes* at once raised Horace to the front rank of Roman poets, and assured his permanent fame. Six years later he was the natural choice of Augustus for the composition of the *Carmen Saeculare* to be sung at the celebration of the Saecular Games in that year. A fourth book of *Odes* was published about 13 B.C.

Horace also issued two books of *Epistles*, the first about 20 B.C., the second about 14 B.C. Besides these we have the *Epistula ad Pisones*, often called *Ars Poetica*, a letter dealing with the principles of poetic composition, especially with the drama. This work belongs to the last years of the poet's life.

As a master of lyric form Horace is unexcelled among Roman poets. In content also many of his odes represent the highest order of poetry. His patriotism was genuine, his devotion to Augustus was profound, his faith in the moral law was deep

and clear. Wherever he touches on these themes he speaks with conviction and sincerity, and often rises to a lofty level. But the very qualities of reason and reflection that made him successful here, naturally limited his success in treating of love and sentiment—the topics most frequently chosen for lyric treatment by other poets. On this account he has not infrequently been challenged as without title to high poetic rank. But fortunately the question is not an academic one. Generation after generation continues to own the spell of Horace's verse. So long as this is true, we may properly ignore theoretical discussions concerning the character of his lyric work.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The *editio princeps* of Horace was published at Venice, probably in the year 1470. The name of the printer, as well as the date, is uncertain. Of especial present value are the following:

Text:

Bentley, Richard. Opera, Cambridge, 1711. Most accessible now in the reprint of Weidmann, Berlin, 1869. With Zangemeister's Index Verborum.

Hofman-Peerlkamp. Carmina II, Amsterdam, 1862.

Page, T. E. Opera, London, 1895.

Müller, Lucian. Carmina III, Leipzig, 1879, and often reprinted. Teubner text.

Keller, Otto. Carmina, Epodi, Carmen Saeculare, Leipzig, 1899. With Index Verborum.

Vollmer, Friedrich. Opera II, Leipzig, 1912. Teubner text.

Commentaries:

Kiessling, A. Oden und Epoden, Fünfte Auflage, besorgt von Richard Heinze. Berlin, 1908.

Orelli, Io. Gaspar. Odae, Carmen Saeculare, Epodi IV, curavit Guilelmus Hirschfelder. Berlin, 1886.

Commentaries (cont.):

Page, T. E. Odes and Epodes. London, 1909.

Müller, Lucian. Oden und Epoden. St. Petersburg, 1900.

Wickham, E. C. Odes, Epodes, and Carmen Saeculare III. Oxford, 1904.

Nauck, C. W. Oden und Epoden XVII, von P. Hoppe. Leipzig, 1910.

Miscellaneous:

Pomponi Porfyrionis commentum in Horatium Flaccum, ed. A. Holder. Innsbruck, 1894.

Pseudoacronis Scholia in Horatium Vetustiora, ed. Otto Keller. Leipzig, 1901.

Keller, Otto. Epilegomena zu Horaz. Leipzig, 1879. An exhaustive presentation and discussion of variant readings.

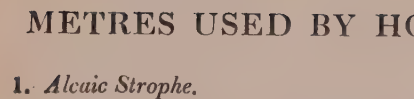
Sellar, W. Y. Horace and the Elegiac Poets II. Oxford, 1899.

Ribbeck, Otto. Geschichte der römischen Dichtung. Stuttgart, 1900. II, chap. ii.

Tyrrell, Robert Y. Lectures on Latin Poetry. Boston, 1895. Chap. ii.

METRES USED BY HORACE

1. *Alcaic Strophe.*

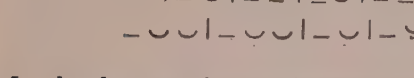


In the first two lines a diaeresis regularly occurs after the second complete foot, but this is sometimes neglected, *e.g. Odes*, I, 37, 14; IV, 14, 17.

The extra syllable at the beginning of the first three lines of each stanza is called an anacrusis.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 9, 16, 17, 26, 27, 29, 31, 34, 35, 37; II, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20; III, 1–6, 17, 21, 23, 26, 29; IV, 4, 9, 14, 15.

2. *Sapphic and Adonic.*



The regular caesura of the first three lines falls after the long syllable of the dactyl; but a feminine caesura, after the first short of the dactyl, sometimes

occurs. This is especially frequent in Book IV of the *Odes*, and in the *Carmen Saeculare*.

Now and then we find a hypermetric verse, *e.g.* *Odes*, II, 16, 34.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 2, 10, 12, 20, 22, 25, 30, 32, 38; II, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 16; III, 8, 11, 14, 18, 20, 22, 27; IV, 2, 6, 11; *Carmen Saeculare*.

3. First Asclepiadean.

– – | – ⏑ ⏑ | – ‖ – ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ | ⏓

A diaeresis regularly occurs after the sixth syllable of the verse, but exceptions occur in *Odes*, II, 12, 25, and IV, 8, 17.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 1; III, 30; IV, 8.

4. Second Asclepiadean.

– – | – ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ | ⏓
– – | – ⏑ ⏑ | – ‖ – ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ | ⏓

The second line of the couplet is the First Asclepiadean. The special name Glyconic is given to the metre of the first line.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 3, 13, 19, 36; III, 9, 15, 19, 24, 25, 28; IV, 1, 3.

5. Third Asclepiadean.

– – | – ⏑ ⏑ | – ‖ – ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ | ⏓ (three times)
– – | – ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ | ⏓

This consists of the First Asclepiadean and the Glyconic.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 6, 15, 24, 33 ; II, 12 ; III, 10, 16 ; IV, 5, 12.

6. *Fourth Asclepiadean.*

– – | – ◡ ◡ | – ‖ – ◡ ◡ | – ◡ | ⏑ (twice)

– – | – ◡ ◡ | – ⏑

– – | – ◡ ◡ | – ◡ | ⏑

The first two lines are the First Asclepiadean. The third is called Pherecratean. The fourth is the Glyconic.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 5, 14, 21, 23 ; III, 7, 13 ; IV, 13.

7. *Fifth Asclepiadean.*

– – | – ◡ ◡ | – ‖ – ◡ ◡ | – ‖ – ◡ ◡ | – ◡ | ⏑

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 11, 18 ; IV, 10.

8. *Iambic Trimeter.*

The strict scheme is :

◡ – | ◡ – | ◡ ‖ – | ◡ – | ◡ – | ◡ – ;

but the spondee is occasionally substituted for the iambus in the odd feet of the verse, and at times even other substitutes occur, *e.g.* the tribrach (◡ ◡ ◡), dactyl, and rarely the anapaest (◡ ◡ –). A caesura regularly occurs after the short syllable of the third foot (penthemimeral caesura), less

frequently after the short syllable of the fourth foot (hepthemimeral caesura).

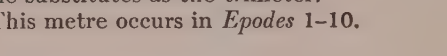
This metre occurs in *Epode* 17.

9. *Iambic Strophe.*

This consists of the iambic trimeter (see § 8) followed by the iambic dimeter, which admits the same substitutes as the trimeter.

This metre occurs in *Epodes* 1–10.

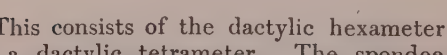
10. *Alcmanic Strophe.*



This consists of the dactylic hexameter followed by a dactylic tetrameter. The spondee is freely substituted for the dactyl, as in Virgil.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 7, 28; *Epode* 12.

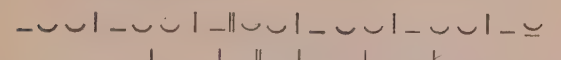
11. *First Pythiambic.*



A dactylic hexameter followed by an iambic dimeter (§ 9).

This metre occurs in *Epodes* 14, 15.

12. *Second Pythiambic.*



A dactylic hexameter followed by an iambic trimeter (§ 8). In this metre no substitutes for the iambus are permitted.

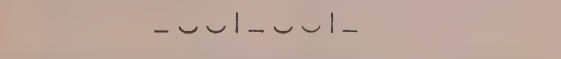
This metre occurs in *Epode* 16.

13. *First Archilochian.*

A dactylic hexameter followed by a dactylic trimeter catalectic ("stopping short").

This metre occurs in *Odes,* IV, 7.

14. *Second Archilochian.*



A dactylic hexameter followed by a line consisting of an iambic dimeter combined with a dactylic trimeter catalectic (§ 13). In the first and third feet of the dimeter, the spondee may take the place of the iambus.

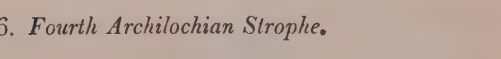
This metre occurs in *Epode* 13.

15. *Third Archilochian.*

The first line is an iambic trimeter (§ 8). The second is the same as the second line of the Second Archilochian (§ 14), with the two parts reversed.

This metre occurs in *Epode* 11.

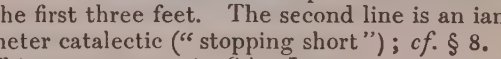
16. *Fourth Archilochian Strophe.*



The first line is called a greater Archilochian, and admits the substitution of the spondee for the dactyl in the first three feet. The second line is an iambic trimeter catalectic ("stopping short"); *cf.* § 8.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 4.

17. *Second Sapphic Strophe.*



A so-called Aristophanic verse, followed by a greater Sapphic.

This metre occurs in *Odes*, I, 8.

18. *Trochaic Strophe.*

A so-called Euripidean verse, followed by an iambic trimeter catalectic ("stopping short"); *cf.* § 8.
This metre occurs in *Odes*, II, 18.

19. *Ionic a Minore.*

This metre occurs in *Odes*, III, 12.

Professor Bennett's version is printed here at his special wish exactly as he passed it for press, although in a few instances the Editors are unable to agree with his point of view.

THE ODES OF HORACE

LIBER I

I

MAECENAS atavis edite regibus,
o et praesidium et dulce decus meum,
sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
collegisse iuvat metaque fervidis
evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
terrarum dominos evehit ad deos;
hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
certat tergeminis tollere honoribus;
illum, si proprio condidit horreo,
quicquid de Libycis verritur areis.
gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
agros Attalicis condicionibus
numquam demoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
mercator metuens otium et oppidi
laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates
quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
est qui nec veteris pocula Massici

BOOK I

ODE I

Dedication to Maecenas

MAECENAS, sprung from royal stock, my bulwark and my glory dearly cherished, some there are whose one delight it is to gather Olympic dust upon the racing car, and whom the turning-post cleared with glowing wheel and the glorious palm exalt as masters of the earth to the very gods. One man is glad if the mob of fickle Romans strive to raise him to triple honours; another, if he has stored away in his own granary everything swept up from Libyan threshing-floors. The peasant who loves to break the clods of his ancestral acres with the hoe, you could never induce by the terms of an Attalus to become a trembling sailor and to plough the Myrtoan Sea in Cyprian bark. The trader, fearing the southwester as it wrestles with the Icarian waves, praises the quiet of the fields about his native town, yet presently refits his shattered barks, untaught to brook privation. Many a one there is who scorns not bowls of ancient Massic nor to steal a portion of the day's busy hours,

nec partem solido demere de die
spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
stratus, nunc ad aquae lene caput sacrae.
multos castra iuvant et lituo tubae
permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus
detestata. manet sub Iove frigido
venator tenerae coniugis immemor,
seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
me doctarum hederae praemia frontium
dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus
nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
secernunt populo, si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseris,
sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

stretching his limbs now 'neath the verdant arbute-tree, now by the sacred source of some gently murmuring rill.

Many delight in the camp, in the sound of the trumpet mingled with the clarion, and in the wars that mothers hate. Out beneath the cold sky, forgetful of his tender wife, stays the hunter, whether a deer has been sighted by the trusty hounds, or a Marsian boar has broken the finely twisted nets.

Me the ivy, the reward of poets' brows, links with the gods above; me the cool grove and the lightly tripping bands of the nymphs and satyrs withdraw from the vulgar throng, if only Euterpe withhold not the flute, nor Polyhymnia refuse to tune the Lesbian lyre. But if you rank me among lyric bards, I shall touch the stars with my exalted head.

II

Iam satis terris nivis atque dirae
grandinis misit Pater et rubente
dextera sacras iaculatus arces
terruit urbem,

terruit gentis, grave ne rediret
saeculum Pyrrhae nova monstra questae,
omne cum Proteus pecus egit altos
visere montes,

piscium et summa genus haesit ulmo,
nota quae sedes fuerat columbis,
et superiecto pavidae natarunt
aequore dammae.

vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
litore Etrusco violenter undis,
ire deiectum monumenta regis
templaque Vestae,

Iliae dum se nimium querenti
iactat ultorem, vagus et sinistra
labitur ripa, Iove non probante, uxorius amnis.

ODE II

To Augustus, the Deliverer and Hope of the State

Enough already of dire snow and hail has the Father sent upon the earth, and smiting with his red right hand the sacred hill-tops has filled with fear the City and the people, lest there should come again the gruesome age of Pyrrha, who complained of marvels strange, when Proteus drove all his herd to visit the lofty mountains, and the tribe of fishes lodged in elm-tops, that till then had been the wonted haunt of doves, and the terror-stricken does swam in the overwhelming flood.

We saw the yellow Tiber, its waves hurled back in fury from the Tuscan shore, advance to overthrow the King's Memorial[1] and Vesta's shrines, showing himself too ardent an avenger of complaining Ilia, and spreading far and wide o'er the left bank without Jove's sanction,—fond river-god.

[1] The Regia, the official residence of the Pontifex Maximus, said to have been built by King Numa.

audiet civis acuisse ferrum,
quo graves Persae melius perirent,
audiet pugnas vitio parentum
rara iuventus.

quem vocet divom populus ruentis
imperi rebus? Prece qua fatigent
virgines sanctae minus audientem
carmina Vestam?

cui dabit partes scelus expiandi
Iuppiter? Tandem venias, precamur,
nube candentes umeros amictus,
augur Apollo;

sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,
quam Iocus circum volat et Cupido;
sive neglectum genus et nepotes
respicis, auctor,

heu nimis longo satiate ludo,
quem iuvat clamor galeaeque leves
acer et Mauri[1] peditis cruentum
vultus in hostem.

sive mutata iuvenem figura
ales in terris imitaris almae
filius Maiae, patiens vocari
Caesaris ultor:

[1] Marsi *Faber*, *Bentley*.

Our children, made fewer by their sires' sins, shall hear that citizen whetted against citizen the sword whereby the Parthian foe had better perished,—shall hear of battles too.

Whom of the gods shall the folk call to the needs of the falling empire? With what entreaty shall the holy Maidens importune Vesta, who heedeth not their litanies? To whom shall Jupiter assign the task of atoning for our guilt? Come thou at length, we pray thee, prophetic Apollo, veiling thy radiant shoulders in a cloud; or thou, if thou wilt rather, blithe goddess of Eryx, about whom hover Mirth and Desire; or thou, our author, if thou regardest the neglected race of thy descendants, thou glutted with the game of war, alas! too long continued, thou whose delight is in the battle-shout and glancing helms and the grim visage of the Moorish foot-soldier facing his blood-stained foe. Or thou, wingèd son of benign Maia, if changing thy form, thou assumest on earth the guise of man, right ready to be called the avenger of Caesar: late mayest thou return to

serus in caelum redeas, diuque
laetus intersis populo Quirini,
neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
ocior aura

tollat; hic magnos potius triumphos,
hic ames dici pater atque princeps,
neu sinas Medos equitare inultos,
te duce, Caesar.

the skies and long mayest thou be pleased to dwell amid Quirinus' folk; and may no untimely gale waft thee from us angered at our sins! Here rather mayest thou love glorious triumphs, the name of "Father" and of "Chief"; nor suffer the Medes to ride on their raids unpunished, whilst thou art our leader, O Caesar!

III

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera,
ventorumque regat pater
obstrictis aliis praeter Iapyga,

navis, quae tibi creditum
debes Vergilium; finibus Atticis
reddas incolumem, precor,
et serves animae dimidium meae.

illi robur et aes triplex
circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
commisit pelago ratem
primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum

decertantem Aquilonibus
nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem Noti,
quo non arbiter Hadriae
maior, tollere seu ponere volt freta.

quem mortis timuit gradum,
qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
qui vidit mare turbidum et
infames scopulos, Acroceraunia?

ODE III

To Virgil setting out for Greece

May the goddess who rules over Cyprus, may Helen's brothers, gleaming fires, and the father of the winds, confining all but Iapyx, guide thee so, O ship, which owest to us Virgil entrusted to thee,—guide thee so that thou shalt bring him safe to Attic shores, I pray thee, and preserve the half of my own soul!

Oak and triple bronze must have girt the breast of him who first committed his frail bark to the angry sea, and who feared not the furious south-west wind battling with the blasts of the north, nor the gloomy Hyades, nor the rage of Notus, than whom there is no mightier master of the Adriatic, whether he choose to raise or calm the waves. What form of Death's approach feared he who with dry eyes gazed on the swimming monsters, on the stormy sea, and the ill-famed cliffs of Acroceraunia? Vain was the

nequiquam deus abscidit
prudens Oceano dissociabili
terras, si tamen impiae
non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.

audax omnia perpeti
gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
audax Iapeti genus
ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.

post ignem aetheria domo
subductum macies et nova febrium
terris incubuit cohors,
semotique prius tarda necessitas

leti corripuit gradum.
expertus vacuum Daedalus aëra
pinnis non homini datis;
perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.

nil mortalibus ardui est;
caelum ipsum petimus stultitia, neque
per nostrum patimur scelus
iracunda Iovem ponere fulmina.

purpose of the god in severing the lands by the estranging main, if in spite of him our impious ships dash across the depths he meant should not be touched. Bold to endure all things, mankind rushes even through forbidden wrong. Iapetus' daring son by impious craft brought fire to the tribes of men. After fire was stolen from its home in heaven, wasting disease and a new throng of fevers fell upon the earth, and the doom of death, that before had been slow and distant, quickened its pace. Daedalus essayed the empty air on wings denied to man; the toiling Hercules burst through Acheron. No ascent is too steep for mortals. Heaven itself we seek in our folly, and through our sin we let not Jove lay down his bolts of wrath.

IV

Solvitvr acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,
trahuntque siccas machinae carinas,
ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,
nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

iam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente luna,
iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes
alterno terram quatiunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum
Volcanus ardens visit[1] officinas.

nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solutae ;
nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
seu poscat agna sive malit haedo.

pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
regumque turres. o beate Sesti,
vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat incohare longam.
iam te premet nox fabulaeque Manes

et domus exilis Plutonia ; quo simul mearis,
nec regna vini sortiere talis,
nec tenerum Lycidan mirabere, quo calet iuventus
nunc omnis et mox virgines tepebunt.

[1] visit *most MSS.:* urit *a few poorer MSS.*

ODE IV

Spring's Lesson

KEEN winter is breaking up at the welcome change to spring and the Zephyr, and the tackles are hauling dry hulls toward the beach. No longer now does the flock delight in the fold, or the ploughman in his fireside, nor are the meadows longer white with hoary frost. Already Cytherean Venus leads her dancing bands beneath the o'erhanging moon, and the comely Graces linked with Nymphs tread the earth with tripping feet, while blazing Vulcan visits the mighty forges of the Cyclopes. Now is the fitting time to garland our glistening locks with myrtle green or with the blossoms that the unfettered earth brings forth. Now also is it meet in shady groves to bring sacrifice to Faunus, whether he demand a lamb or prefer a kid.

Pale Death with foot impartial knocks at the poor man's cottage and at princes' palaces. Despite thy fortune, Sestius, life's brief span forbids thy entering on far-reaching hopes. Soon shall the night of Death enshroud thee, and the phantom shades and Pluto's cheerless hall. As soon as thou com'st thither, no longer shalt thou by the dice obtain the lordship of the feast, nor gaze with wonder on the tender Lycidas, of whom all youths are now enamoured and for whom the maidens soon shall glow with love.

V

Qvis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
cui flavam religas comam,

simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
nigris aequora ventis
emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
sperat, nescius aurae
fallacis. miseri, quibus

intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida
suspendisse potenti
vestimenta maris deo.

ODE V

To a Flirt

What slender youth, bedewed with perfumes, embraces thee amid many a rose, O Pyrrha, in the pleasant grotto? For whom dost thou tie up thy golden hair in simple elegance? Alas! How often shall he lament changed faith and gods, and marvel in surprise at waters rough with darkening gales, who now enjoys thee, fondly thinking thee all golden, who hopes that thou wilt ever be free of passion for another, ever lovely,—ignorant he of the treacherous breeze. Ah, wretched they to whom thou, untried, dost now appear so dazzling! As for me, the temple wall with its votive tablet shows I have hung up my dripping garments to the god who is master of the sea.

VI

Scriberis Vario fortis et hostium
victor Maeonii carminis alite,
quam rem cumque ferox navibus aut equis
miles te duce gesserit.

nos, Agrippa, neque haec dicere nec gravem
Pelidae stomachum cedere nescii
nec cursus duplicis per mare Vlixei
nec saevam Pelopis domum

conamur, tenues grandia, dum pudor
imbellisque lyrae Musa potens vetat
laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas
culpa deterere ingeni.

quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
digne scripserit aut pulvere Troico
nigrum Merionen aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?

nos convivia, nos proelia virginum
sectis in iuvenes unguibus acrium
cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,
non praeter solitum leves.

ODE VI

Horace is unable worthily to sing the Praises of Agrippa

Thou shalt be heralded by Varius, a poet of Homeric flight, as valiant and victorious o'er the foe, whatever exploit with ships or horse the daring soldier has achieved under thy leadership. No such deeds, Agrippa, do I essay to sing nor the fell anger of Peleus' son, who knew not how to yield, nor the wanderings o'er the sea of the crafty Ulysses, nor the cruel house of Pelops,—too feeble I for such lofty themes, since modesty and the Muse that presides over the lyre of peace forbid me lessen by defect of skill noble Caesar's glory and thine own. Who could fittingly tell of Mars clad in his adamantine tunic? Of Meriones begrimed with Trojan dust, or Tydides, a match, with Pallas's help, for the immortals? I sing but of banquets, I sing but of combats of maidens fiercely attacking the young men with trimmed nails, easy as is my wont, whether fancy free or fired by a spark of love.

VII

Lavdabvnt alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen
aut Ephesum bimarisve Corinthi
moenia vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos
insignes aut Thessala Tempe.

sunt quibus unum opus est, intactae Palladis urbem
carmine perpetuo celebrare et
undique decerptam fronti praeponere olivam.
plurimus in Iunonis honorem

aptum dicet equis Argos ditesque Mycenas.
me nec tam patiens Lacedaemon
nec tam Larisae percussit campus opimae,
quam domus Albuneae resonantis

et praeceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda
mobilibus pomaria rivis.
albus ut obscuro deterget nubila caelo
saepe Notus neque parturit imbres

perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento
tristitiam vitaeque labores
molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis
castra tenent seu densa tenebit

ODE VII

In Praise of Tibur

Let others praise famed Rhodes, or Mitylene, or Ephesus, or the walls of Corinth, that overlooks two seas, or Thebes renowned for Bacchus, Delphi for Apollo, or Thessalian Tempe. Some there are whose only task it is to hymn in unbroken song the town of virgin Pallas and to place upon their brows a wreath of olive gathered from every quarter. Many a one in Juno's honour shall sing of horse-breeding Argos and of rich Mycenae. As for me, not hardy Lacedaemon, or the plain of bounteous Larisa has so struck my fancy as Albunea's echoing grotto and the tumbling Anio, Tiburnus' grove and the orchards watered by the coursing rills.

As Notus is oft a clearing wind and dispels the clouds from darkened skies nor breeds perpetual showers, so do thou, O Plancus, remember wisely to end life's gloom and troubles with mellow wine, whether the camp gleaming with standards holds thee

Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
cum fugeret, tamen uda Lyaeo
tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,
sic tristes adfatus amicos:

"quo nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente,
ibimus, o socii comitesque!
nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro!
certus enim promisit Apollo

"ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
o fortes peioraque passi
mecum saepe viri, nunc vino pellite curas;
cras ingens iterabimus aequor."

or the dense shade of thine own Tibur shall encompass thee. Teucer, as he fled from Salamis and his father, is yet said to have bound garlands of poplar about his temples flushed with wine, addressing thus his sorrowing friends: "Whithersoever Fortune, kinder than my sire, shall bear us, thither let us go, O friends and comrades! Never despair under Teucer's lead and Teucer's auspices! For the unerring Apollo pledged us that there should be a second Salamis in a new land. O ye brave heroes, who with me have often suffered worse misfortunes, now banish care with wine! To-morrow we will take again our course over the mighty main."

LIBRARY
College of St. Francis
JOLIET, ILL.

VIII

Lydia, dic, per omnes
te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
perdere; cur apricum
oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis;

cur neque militaris
inter aequales equitet, Gallica nec lupatis
temperet ora frenis.
cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum

sanguine viperino
cautius vitat, neque iam livida gestat armis
bracchia, saepe disco,
saepe trans finem iaculo nobilis expedito?

quid latet, ut marinae
filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Troiae
funera, ne virilis
cultus in caedem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

ODE VIII

Sybaris' Infatuation for Lydia

In the name of all the gods, tell me, Lydia, why thou art bent on ruining Sybaris with love; why he hates the sunny Campus, he who once was patient of the dust and sun; why he rides no more among his soldier mates, nor restrains the mouth of his Gallic steed with jagged bit! Why does he fear to touch the yellow Tiber? Why does he shun the wrestling-oil more warily than viper's blood, nor longer show his arms bruised with weapon practice, he who once was famed for hurling, oft the discus, oft the javelin, beyond the farthest mark? Why does he skulk, as they say the son of sea-born Thetis did, when the time of Troy's tearful destruction drew near, for fear that the garb of men should hurry him to slaughter and the Lycian bands?

IX

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus
silvae laborantes, geluque
flumina constiterint acuto?

dissolve frigus ligna super foco
large reponens atque benignius
deprome quadrimum Sabina,
o Thaliarche, merum diota.

permitte divis cetera, qui simul
stravere ventos aequore fervido
deproeliantes, nec cupressi
nec veteres agitantur orni.

quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere et
quem Fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
appone nec dulces amores
sperne puer neque tu choreas,

donec virenti canities abest
morosa. nunc et campus et areae
lenesque sub noctem susurri
composita repetantur hora,

nunc et latentis proditor intimo
gratus puellae risus ab angulo
pignusque dereptum lacertis
aut digito male pertinaci.

ODE IX

Winter without Bids Us Make merry within

Seest thou how Soracte stands glistening in its mantle of snow, and how the straining woods no longer uphold their burden, and the streams are frozen with the biting cold? Dispel the chill by piling high the wood upon the hearth, and right generously bring forth in Sabine jar the wine four winters old, O Thaliarchus! Leave to the gods all else; for so soon as they have stilled the winds battling on the seething deep, the cypresses and ancient ash-trees are no longer shaken. Cease to ask what the morrow will bring forth, and set down as gain each day that Fortune grants! Nor in thy youth neglect sweet love nor dances, whilst life is still in its bloom and crabbed age is far away! Now let the Campus be sought and the squares, with low whispers at the trysting-hour as night draws on, and the merry tell-tale laugh of maiden hiding in farthest corner, and the forfeit snatched from her arm or finger that but feigns resistance.

X

Mercvri, facunde nepos Atlantis,
qui feros cultus hominum recentum
voce formasti catus et decorae
more palaestrae,

te canam, magni Iovis et deorum
nuntium curvaeque lyrae parentem,
callidum, quicquid placuit, iocoso
condere furto.

te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
voce dum terret, viduos pharetra
risit Apollo.

quin et Atridas duce te superbos
Ilio dives Priamus relicto
Thessalosque ignes et iniqua Troiae
castra fefellit.

tu pias laetis animas reponis
sedibus virgaque levem coerces
aurea turbam, superis deorum
gratus et imis.

ODE X

Hymn to Mercury

O Mercury, grandson eloquent of Atlas, thou that with wise insight didst mould the savage ways of men just made, by giving speech and setting up the grace-bestowing wrestling-ground, thee will I sing, messenger of mighty Jove and of the gods, and father of the curving lyre; clever, too, to hide in sportive stealth whate'er thy fancy chose. Once in thy boyhood, as Apollo strove with threatening words to fright thee, should'st thou not return the kine thy craft had stolen, he laughed to find himself bereft of quiver too. 'Twas by *thy* guidance also that Priam, laden with rich gifts, when leaving Ilium, escaped the proud Atridae, the Thessalian watch-fires, and the camp that menaced Troy. 'Tis thou dost bring the pious souls to their abodes of bliss, marshalling the shadowy throng with golden wand, welcome alike to gods above and those below.

XI

Tv ne quaesieris—scire nefas—quem mihi, quem tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios
temptaris numeros. ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!
seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Iuppiter ultimam,
quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum. sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
spem longam reseces. dum loquimur, fugerit invida
aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

ODE XI

Enjoy the Passing Hour!

Ask not, Leuconoë (we cannot know), what end the gods have set for me, for thee, nor make trial of the Babylonian tables[1]! How much better to endure whatever comes, whether Jupiter allots us added winters or whether this is last, which now wears out the Tuscan Sea upon the barrier of the cliffs! Show wisdom! Busy thyself with household tasks; and since life is brief, cut short far-reaching hopes! Even while we speak, envious Time has sped. Reap the harvest of to-day, putting as little trust as may be in the morrow!

1 Referring to the calculations of the Chaldaean astrologers.

XII

Qvem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
quem deum? cuius recinet iocosa
nomen imago

aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
aut super Pindo gelidove in Haemo,
unde vocalem temere insecutae
Orphea silvae,

arte materna rapidos morantem
fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,
blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
ducere quercus?

quid prius dicam solitis parentis
laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
qui mare et terras variisque mundum
temperat horis?

unde nil maius generatur ipso,
nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum
proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores,

ODE XII

The Praises of Augustus

What man, what hero dost thou take to herald on the lyre or clear-toned flute, O Clio? What god? Whose name shall the playful echo make resound on the shady slopes of Helicon or on Pindus' top or on cool Haemus, whence in confusion the trees followed after tuneful Orpheus, who by the skill his mother had imparted stayed the swift courses of the streams and rushing winds; persuasive, too, with his melodious lyre to draw the listening oaks in his train.

What shall I sing before the wonted praises of the Father, who directs the destinies of men and gods, who rules the sea and lands and the sky with its shifting seasons? From whom is begotten nothing greater than himself, nor doth aught flourish like or even next to him. Yet the glory nearest his, Pallas, bold in battle, hath secured. Nor will I fail to mention

proeliis audax ; neque te silebo,
Liber, et saevis inimica virgo
beluis, nec te, metuende certa
Phoebe sagitta.

dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledae,
hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
nobilem ; quorum simul alba nautis
stella refulsit,

defluit saxis agitatus umor,
concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes,
et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem an superbos
Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
nobile letum.

Regulum et Scauros animaeque magnae
prodigum Paulum, superante Poeno,
gratus insigni referam camena
Fabriciumque.

hunc et intonsis Curium capillis
utilem bello tulit et Camillum
saeva paupertas et avitus apto
cum lare fundus.

thee, O Bacchus, nor thee, O virgin goddess, a foe to savage creatures, nor thee, O Phoebus, to be dreaded for thine unerring arrow. I will sing Alcides, too, and Leda's sons, famed, the one for victories with horses, the other for his skill in boxing; as soon as their clear star shines out for sailors, down from the cliffs flows the storm-tossed water, the winds subside, the clouds flee, and the threatening billow, because they so have willed, falls to rest upon the deep.

After these I know not whether to tell first of Romulus, of Pompilius' peaceful reign, or the proud fasces of Tarquinius, or of Cato's noble death. Regulus and the Scauri and Paulus, generous of his noble life, what time the Carthaginian prevailed, will I gratefully celebrate in glorious song,—Fabricius, too. Him and Curius with his unshorn locks and Camillus, stern poverty bred fit for war and a farm handed down from father to son with homestead to

crescit occulto velut arbor aevo
fama Marcelli [1]; micat inter omnes
Iulium sidus, velut inter ignes
luna minores.

gentis humanae pater atque custos,
orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Caesaris fatis data: tu secundo
Caesare regnes.

ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
egerit iusto domitos triumpho,
sive subiectos Orientis orae
Seras et Indos,

te minor latum reget aequus orbem:
tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
tu parum castis inimica mittes
fulmina lucis.

1 Marcelli *MSS.*: Marcellis, *Peerlkamp's conjecture, is adopted by many editors.*

match. The glory of Marcellus, like a tree, grows by the silent lapse of time. As the moon among the lesser lights, so shines the Julian constellation amid all others.

O Father and Guardian of the human race, thou son of Saturn, to thee by fate has been entrusted the charge of mighty Caesar; mayst thou be lord of all, with Caesar next in power! Whether he lead in well-earned triumph the humbled Parthians, that now threaten Latium, or the Seres and Indians lying along the borders of the East, second to thee alone shall he with justice rule the broad earth; be it thine to shake Olympus with thy ponderous chariot, thine to hurl thy angry bolts upon polluted groves!

XIII

Cvm tu, Lydia, Telephi
cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
laudas bracchia, vae, meum
fervens difficili bile tumet iecur.

tunc nec mens mihi nec color
certa sede manet, umor et in genas
furtim labitur, arguens
quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

uror, seu tibi candidos
turparunt umeros immodicae mero
rixae, sive puer furens
impressit memorem dente labris notam.

non, si me satis audias,
speres perpetuum dulcia barbare
laedentem oscula, quae Venus
quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.

felices ter et amplius,
quos inrupta tenet copula nec malis
divulsus querimoniis
suprema citius solvet amor die.

40

ODE XIII

Jealousy

When thou, O Lydia, praisest Telephus' rosy neck, Telephus' waxen arms, alas! my burning heart swells with angry passion. Then my senses abide no more in their firm seat, nor does my colour remain unchanged, and the moist tear glides stealthily down my cheek, proving with what lingering fires I am inwardly devoured. I kindle with anger whether a quarrel waxing hot with wine has harmed thy gleaming shoulders, or the frenzied lad has with his teeth imprinted a lasting mark upon thy lips. Didst thou but give heed to me, thou wouldst not hope for constancy in him who savagely profanes the sweet lips that Venus has imbued with the quintessence of her own nectar. Thrice happy and more are they whom an unbroken bond unites and whom no sundering of love by wretched quarrels shall separate before life's final day.

XIV

O NAVIS, referent in mare te novi
fluctus. o quid agis! fortiter occupa
portum. nonne vides, ut
nudum remigio latus

et malus celeri saucius Africo
antemnaeque gemant, ac sine funibus
vix durare carinae
possint imperiosius

aequor? non tibi sunt integra lintea,
non di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
quamvis Pontica pinus,
silvae filia nobilis,

iactes et genus et nomen inutile:
nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
fidit. tu, nisi ventis
debes ludibrium, cave.

nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,
nunc desiderium curaque non levis,
interfusa nitentes
vites aequora Cycladas.

ODE XIV

To the Ship of State

O SHIP, new billows threaten to bear thee out to sea again. Beware! Haste valiantly to reach the haven! Seest thou not how thy bulwarks are bereft of oars, how thy shattered mast and yards are creaking in the driving gale, and how thy hull without a girding-rope can scarce withstand the overmastering sea? Thy canvas is no longer whole, nor hast thou gods to call upon when again beset by trouble. Though thou be built of Pontic pine, a child of far-famed forests, and though thou boast thy stock and useless name, yet the timid sailor puts no faith in gaudy sterns. Beware lest thou become the wild gale's sport! Do thou, who wert not long ago to me a source of worry and of weariness, but art now my love and anxious care, avoid the seas that course between the glistening Cyclades!

XV

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idaeis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
ingrato celeres obruit otio
ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata: "mala ducis avi domum,
quam multo repetet Graecia milite,
coniurata tuas rumpere nuptias
et regnum Priami vetus.

eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanae
genti! iam galeam Pallas et aegida
currusque et rabiem parat.

nequicquam Veneris praesidio ferox
pectes caesariem grataque feminis
imbelli cithara carmina divides;
nequicquam thalamo graves

hastas et calami spicula Cnosii
vitabis strepitumque et celerem sequi
Aiacem: tamen, heu serus! adulteros
crines pulvere collines.

ODE XV

The Prophecy of Nereus

As the treacherous shepherd youth was hurrying his whilom hostess Helen o'er the waves in Trojan bark, Nereus checked the swift gales with an unwelcome calm, that he might foretell the cruel fates: "'Tis under evil auspices that thou art leading home a bride whom Greece with many a champion shall seek again, sworn to break thy wedlock and destroy the ancient realm of Priam. Alas! What toil for steeds, what toil for men is looming near! What disaster art thou bringing on the Trojan folk! Already Pallas makes ready her helmet, her aegis, her car, and is whetting her fury. In vain, emboldened by Venus' help, shalt thou comb thy tresses and sing to the music of the unwarlike lyre the songs that women love; vainly in thy chamber's retreat shalt thou shun the heavy spears and darts of Cretan reed, the battle's din, and Ajax fleet to follow. In spite of all, thou shalt yet (alas! too late) defile in the dust thy adulterous locks. Heedest

non Laërtiaden, exitium tuae
gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucer, te Sthenelus, sciens

pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,
non auriga piger. Merionen quoque
nosces. ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,

quem tu, cervos uti vallis in altera
visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
non hoc pollicitus tuae.

iracunda diem proferet Ilio
matronisque Phrygum classis Achillei;
post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
ignis Pergameas [1] domos."

[1] Pergameas *Petrus van Os*, 1500 : Iliacas *MSS.*

thou not Laertes' son, the scourge of thy race? No? Nor Pylian Nestor? Dauntlessly upon thee press Teucer of Salamis and Sthenelus skilled in battle, or, if occasion call to guide the car, no sluggish charioteer. Meriones, too, shalt thou come to know. Lo! Fierce Tydides, brave father's braver son, is furious to hunt thee out. Him shalt thou flee faint-hearted, panting with head thrown high, as the deer forgets its pasturage and flees the wolf seen across the valley, though to thy mistress thou didst promise a far different prowess.

The wrath of Achilles' followers may put off the day of doom for Ilium and the Trojan matrons; yet after the allotted years the fires of Greece shall burn the homes of Pergamus."

XVI

O MATRE pulchra filia pulchrior,
quem criminosis cumque voles modum
pones iambis, sive flamma
sive mari libet Hadriano.

non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
non Liber aeque, non acuta
sic [1] geminant Corybantes aera,

tristes ut irae, quas neque Noricus
deterret ensis nec mare naufragum
nec saevus ignis nec tremendo
Iuppiter ipse ruens tumultu.

fertur Prometheus addere principi
limo coactus particulam undique
desectam et insani leonis
vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.

irae Thyesten exitio gravi
stravere et altis urbibus ultimae
stetere causae, cur perirent
funditus imprimeretque muris

[1] sic *MSS.*: si *Bentley, followed by many editors.*

ODE XVI

The Poet's Recantation

O MAIDEN, fairer than thy mother fair, make any end thou wilt of my abusive lines, be it with fire or in the waters of the Adriatic!

Not Dindymene, not the god who dwells in Pytho's shrine, when he thrills the priestess' soul, not Bacchus, not the Corybants, when they clash their shrill-sounding cymbals, so agitate the breast as doth grim anger, which neither the Noric sword represses, nor the sea that wrecketh ships, nor fierce fire, nor Jupiter himself, when he dashes down in awful fury.

Prometheus, as goes the tale, when forced to add to our primeval clay a portion drawn from every creature, put also in our breasts the fury of the ravening lion. 'Twas anger that laid Thyestes low in dire destruction, and that has ever been the primal cause why lofty cities perished utterly, and

hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
compesce mentem : me quoque pectoris
temptavit in dulci iuventa
fervor et in celeres iambos

misit furentem ; nunc ego mitibus
mutare quaero tristia, dum mihi
fias recantatis amica
opprobriis animumque reddas.

the hostile hosts in exultation ran the plough over their fallen walls. Restrain thy spirit! Me too in youth's sweet day eager passion tempted and drove in madness to impetuous verse. Now I would change those bitter lines for sweet, wouldst thou only become my friend and give me again thy heart, since I have recanted my harsh words.

XVII

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam
defendit aestatem capellis
usque meis pluviosque ventos.

impune tutum per nemus arbutos
quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
olentis uxores mariti,
nec virides metuunt colubras

nec Martialis haediliae [1] lupos,
utcumque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
valles et Vsticae cubantis
levia personuere saxa.

di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
et Musa cordi est. hic tibi copia
manabit ad plenum benigno
ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

hic in reducta valle Caniculae
vitabis aestus, et fide Teia
dices laborantis in uno
Penelopen vitreamque Circen;

[1] haediliae *MSS.*, *supported by ancient glosses: formerly taken as a proper name* (*Haediliae*).

ODE XVII

An Invitation to Country Joys

In swift passage Faunus often changes Lycaeus for fair Lucretilis, and wards off from my goats the fiery heat and rainy winds during all his stay. Harmlessly through safe thickets do the roaming consorts of the rank he-goat hunt the hiding arbutus and thyme. Nor do the kids have fear of poisonous snakes or of the wolf, the war god's favourite, when once, O Tyndaris, sloping Ustica's vales and smooth-worn rocks have echoed with the sweet pipe (of Pan). The gods are my protection; to the gods both my devotion and my muse are dear. In this spot shall rich abundance of the glories of the field flow to the full for thee from bounteous horn. Here in retired valley shalt thou escape the dog-star's heat, and sing on Teian lyre Penelope and Circe of the glassy sea,

hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
duces sub umbra, nec Semeleius
cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
proelia, nec metues protervum

suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
incontinentes iniciat manus
et scindat haerentem coronam
crinibus immeritamque vestem.

enamoured of the self-same hero. Here shalt thou quaff bowls of harmless Lesbian wine beneath the shade, nor shall Thyoneus, child of Semele, engage in broils with Mars. Nor shalt thou, watched with jealous eye, fear the wanton Cyrus, lest he lay rude hands on thee, a partner ill-suited to his cruel ways, or lest he rend the garland clinging to thy locks, or thy unoffending robe.

XVIII

NVLLAM, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arborem
circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili ;
siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit neque
mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat ?
quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque, decens Venus ?
ac ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
debellata, monet Sithoniis non levis Euhius,
cum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
discernunt avidi. non ego te, candide Bassareu,
invitum quatiam nec variis obsita frondibus
sub divum rapiam. saeva tene cum Berecyntio
cornu tympana, quae subsequitur caecus Amor sui
et tollens vacuum plus nimio Gloria verticem
arcanique Fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

ODE XVIII

The Praises of Wine

O Varus, plant no tree in preference to the sacred vine about the mellow soil of Tibur and by the walls of Catilus! For to the abstemious has the god ordained that everything be hard, nor are cankering cares dispelled except by Bacchus' gift. Who, after his wine, harps on the hardships of campaigns or poverty? Who does not rather glorify thee, O Father Bacchus, and thee, O comely Venus? And yet, that no one pass the bounds of moderation in enjoying Liber's gifts, we have a lesson in the Centaurs' contest with the Lapithae, fought out to the bitter end over the festal board; we have a lesson, too, in the Sithonians, hated by Bacchus when, furious with desire, they distinguish right and wrong only by the narrow line their passions draw. I'll not be the one, fair Bassareus, to rouse thee against thy will, nor to expose to the light of day thy mystic emblems covered with leaves of many kinds. Repress the wild cymbal along with Berecyntian horn, orgies followed by blind self-love, by vainglory that lifts its empty head too high aloft, and by a faith that betrays its trust, transparent more than glass!

XIX

Mater saeva Cupidinum
Thebanaeque iubet me Semelae puer
et lasciva Licentia
finitis animum reddere amoribus.

urit me Glycerae nitor,
splendentis Pario marmore purius ;
urit grata protervitas
et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

in me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit, nec patitur Scythas
et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quae nihil attinent.

hic vivum mihi caespitem, hic
verbenas, pueri, ponite turaque
bimi cum patera meri :
mactata veniet lenior hostia.

ODE XIX

The Charms of Glycera

The Cupids' cruel mother with the son of Theban Semele and sportive Wantonness bid me give heed again to loves I dreamed were ended. I am enamoured of Glycera's beauty, more dazzling than Parian marble; I am enamoured of her sweet forwardness and her face seductive to behold. Upon me Venus, leaving her Cyprus, has fallen with all her power, and permits me not to sing of the Scythians, of the Parthians bold in flight, or of aught irrelevant. Here set me up, O slaves, an altar of verdant turf! Here put sprays of leaves, and incense, with a bowl of last year's unmixed wine! The goddess will be less cruel at her coming, if I sacrifice a victim.

XX

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
cantharis, Graeca quod ego ipse testa
conditum levi, datus in theatro
cum tibi plausus,

care [1] Maecenas eques, ut paterni
fluminis ripae simul et iocosa
redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
montis imago.

Caecubum et prelo domitam Caleno
tum [2] bibes [3] uvam; mea nec Falernae
temperant vites neque Formiani
pocula colles.

[1] care: clare *interpolated MSS.*
[2] tum *Porphyrion:* tu *MSS.*
[3] bibas *Keller.*

ODE XX

An Invitation to Maecenas

Come, drink with me—cheap Sabine, to be sure, and out of common tankards, yet wine that I with my own hand put up and sealed in a Grecian jar, on the day, dear Knight Maecenas, when such applause was paid thee in the Theatre that with one accord the banks of thy native stream and the sportive echo of Mount Vatican returned thy praises. Then thou shalt drink Caecuban and the juice of grapes crushed by Cales' presses; my cups are flavoured neither with the product of Falernum's vines nor of the Formian hills.

XXI

Dianam tenerae dicite virgines,
intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium
Latonamque supremo
dilectam penitus Iovi.

vos laetam fluviis et nemorum coma,
quaecumque aut gelido prominet Algido,
nigris aut Erymanthi
silvis aut viridis Cragi;

vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus
natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,
insignemque pharetra
fraternaque umerum lyra.

hic bellum lacrimosum, hic miseram famem
pestemque a populo et principe Caesare in
Persas atque Britannos
vestra motus aget prece.

ODE XXI

In Praise of Latona and Her Children

Praise Diana, O ye maidens tender! Praise, O ye lads, unshorn Apollo, and Latona, fondly loved by Jove supreme! Praise ye, O maidens, her who delights in streams and in the foliage of the groves that stand out on cool Algidus or amid the black woods of Erymanthus and verdant Cragus! Do ye, O lads, with praises just as many, glorify Tempe and Delos, Apollo's natal isle, and the god's shoulder, adorned with quiver and with the lyre invented by his brother's cunning! Moved by your prayer he shall ward off tearful war, wretched plague and famine from the folk and from our sovereign Caesar, and send these woes against the Parthian and the Briton.

XXII

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas
sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
lambit Hydaspes.

namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
terminum curis vagor expeditis,
fugit inermem;

quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum
arida nutrix.

pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Iuppiter urget;

pone sub curru nimium propinqui
solis in terra domibus negata:
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
dulce loquentem.

ODE XXII

From the Righteous Man even the Wild Beasts Run away

He who is upright in his way of life and unstained by guilt, needs not Moorish darts nor bow nor quiver loaded with poisoned arrows, Fuscus, whether his way shall be through the sweltering Syrtes or the cheerless Caucasus or the regions that storied Hydaspes waters. For as I was singing of my Lalage and wandering far beyond the boundaries of my farm in Sabine woods, unarmed and free from care, there fled from me a wolf, a monster such as not martial Daunia nurtures in her broad oak forests, nor the parched land of Juba, nurse of lions, breeds.

Place me on the lifeless plains where no tree revives under the summer breeze, a region of the world o'er which brood mists and a gloomy sky; set me beneath the chariot of the sun where it draws too near the earth, in a land denied for dwellings! I will love my sweetly laughing, sweetly prattling Lalage.

XXIII

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
matrem non sine vano
aurarum et siluae metu.

nam seu mobilibus veris[1] inhorruit
adventus foliis, seu virides rubum
dimovere lacertae,
et corde et genibus tremit.

atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor:
tandem desine matrem
tempestiva sequi viro.

[1] vepris inhorruit ad ventos *Bentley, Keller.*

ODE XXIII

Fear me not, Chloë!

Thou shunnest me, Chloë, like a fawn that seeks its timid mother o'er trackless hills, filled with needless terror of the breezes and the woods. For it quivers in heart and limb, if through the light hung leaves hath run the shiver of spring's approach, or the green lizards have pushed aside the bramble. Yet my purpose is not to crush thee like a savage tiger or Gaetulian lion. Cease at length to follow thy mother, since now thou art ripe for a mate!

XXIV

Qvis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
tam cari capitis? praecipe lugubres
cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
vocem cum cithara dedit.

ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
urget? cui Pudor et Iustitiae soror,
incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
quando ullum inveniet parem?

multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
nulli flebilior quam tibi, Vergili.
tu frustra pius heu non ita creditum
poscis Quintilium deos.

quid, si Threicio blandius Orpheo
auditam moderere arboribus fidem?
num vanae redeat sanguis imagini,
quam virga semel horrida,

non lenis precibus fata recludere,
nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi?
durum: sed levius fit patientia,
quicquid corrigere est nefas.

ODE XXIV

A Dirge for Quintilius

What restraint or limit should there be to grief for one so dear? Teach me a song of mourning, O Melpomene, thou to whom the Father gave a liquid voice and music of the lyre!

Does, then, the sleep that knows no waking lie heavy on Quintilius! When shall Honour, and Justice' sister, Loyalty unshaken, and candid Truth e'er find a peer to him? Many are the good who mourn his death; but no one more than thou, O Virgil. In vain, despite thy fond devotion, dost thou ask the gods to give Quintilius back, entrusted to this mortal life, alas! on no such terms. Even wert thou to strike more tunefully than Thracian Orpheus the lyre once heeded by the trees, would then the life return to the unsubstantial ghost, which with his gruesome wand Mercury, not kind to ope the portals of the Fates to our entreaty, has gathered once to the shadowy throng? 'Tis hard; but by endurance that grows lighter which Heaven forbids to change for good.

XXV

Parcivs iunctas quatiunt fenestras
ictibus[1] crebris iuvenes protervi,
nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque
ianua limen,

quae prius multum facilis movebat
cardines. audis minus et minus iam:
"me tuo longas pereunte noctes,
Lydia, dormis?"

invicem moechos anus arrogantes
flebis in solo levis angiportu,
Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-
lunia vento,

cum tibi flagrans amor et libido,
quae solet matres furiare equorum,
saeviet circa iecur ulcerosum,
non sine questu,

laeta quod pubes hedera virenti
gaudeat pulla magis atque myrto,
aridas frondes hiemis sodali
dedicet Euro.[2]

[1] ictibus: iactibus *most MSS.*
[2] Euro *Strassburg ed.* 1516: Hebro *MSS.*

ODE XXV

Lydia's Charms are Past

Less often now do riotous youths shake thy shutters with repeated blows; no longer do they steal thy slumbers from thee; and the door that once right willingly did move its hinges now hugs its threshold. Less and less often hearest thou such plaints as this: "Sleepest thou, Lydia, while I, thy lover true, die throughout the livelong night?" Thy turn shall come, and thou, a hag forlorn in deserted alley, shalt weep o'er thy lovers' disdain, when on moonless nights the Thracian north-wind rises in its fury, while burning love and passion, such as are wont to goad the stallions' dams, shall rage about thy wounded heart. Then shalt thou make moan that merry youths take more delight in ivy green and myrtle dark, consigning withered leaves to the east-wind, winter's mate.

XXVI

Mvsis amicus tristitiam et metus
tradam protervis in mare Creticum
portare ventis, quis sub Arcto
rex gelidae metuatur orae,

quid Tiridaten terreat, unice
securus. o quae fontibus integris
gaudes, apricos necte flores,
necte meo Lamiae coronam,

Pimplei dulcis. nil sine te mei
prosunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,
hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
teque tuasque decet sorores.

ODE XXVI

Immortalise Lamia, Ye Muses!

Dear to the Muses, I will banish gloom and fear to the wild winds to carry o'er the Cretan Sea, all unconcerned what ruler of the frozen borders of the North is object of our fear, or what dangers frighten Tiridates.

Do thou, sweet Muse, that takest joy in fountains fresh, weave gay blossoms, yea, weave them as a garland for my Lamia! Naught without thee avail my tributes. Him in new measures, him with Lesbian plectrum,[1] 'tis meet that thou and thy sisters should make immortal.

1 An instrument of metal or ivory with which the strings of the lyre were struck or picked.

XXVII

Natis in usum laetitiae scyphis
pugnare Thracum est: tollite barbarum
morem, verecundumque Bacchum
sanguineis prohibete rixis.

vino et lucernis Medus acinaces
immane quantum discrepat: impium
lenite clamorem, sodales,
et cubito remanete presso.

vultis severi me quoque sumere
partem Falerni? dicat Opuntiae
frater Megyllae, quo beatus
vulnere, qua pereat sagitta.

cessat voluntas? non alia bibam
mercede. quae te cumque domat Venus,
non erubescendis adurit
ignibus ingenuoque semper

amore peccas. quicquid habes, age,
depone tutis auribus.—a miser,
quanta laboras in Charybdi,
digne puer meliore flamma!

quae saga, quis te solvere Thessalis
magus venenis, quis poterit deus?
vix inligatum te triformi
Pegasus expediet Chimaera.

ODE XXVII

Let Moderation Reign!

To fight with goblets meant for pleasure's service is fit for none but Thracians. Banish such barbarous ways! Protect from bloody brawls our Bacchus, who loves what's seemly. With wine and lamps the Persian sword is sadly out of keeping. Repress your impious uproar, mates, and lie with elbow resting on the couch! You wish that I too drink my portion of stout Falernian? Then let Opuntian Megylla's brother tell with what wound, what shaft, he languishes in bliss. Thy inclination falters? On no other terms will I consent to touch the draught. Whatever passion masters thee, it burns thee with a flame for which thou needst not blush, and free-born always is the object of thy weakness. Whatever 'tis, come, confide it to my trusty ear!—Ah! Wretched youth! In what a fatal whirlpool art thou caught, lad worthy of a better flame! What witch, what wizard with Thessalian charms,—nay, what god, can rescue thee! Entangled, as thou art, in the triple-formed Chimaera's toils, scarce Pegasus shall set thee free.

XXVIII—1

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis harenae
  mensorem cohibent, Archyta,
pulveris exigui prope litus parva Matinum
  munera, nec quicquam tibi prodest

aërias temptasse domos animoque rotundum
  percurrisse polum morituro.
occidit et Pelopis genitor, conviva deorum,
  Tithonusque remotus in auras

et Iovis arcanis Minos admissus, habentque
  Tartara Panthoiden iterum Orco
demissum, quamvis clipeo Troiana refixo
  tempora testatus nihil ultra

nervos atque cutem morti concesserat atrae,
  iudice te non sordidus auctor
naturae verique. sed omnes una manet nox,
  et calcanda semel via leti.

dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti,
  exitio est avidum mare nautis;
mixta senum ac iuvenum densentur funera, nullum
  saeva caput Proserpina fugit.

ODE XXVIII—1 [1]

Death the Doom of All

Thou, Archytas, measurer of the sea and land and countless sands, art confined in a small mound of paltry earth near the Matinian shore; nor doth it aught avail thee that thou didst once explore the gods' ethereal homes and didst traverse in thought the circling vault of heaven. For thou wast born to die! Death befell also Pelops' sire, though once he sat at the table of the gods; Tithonus, too, translated to the skies, and Minos, partner of Jove's own secrets; and Tartarus holds the son of Panthous, sent down a second time to Orcus, though by taking down the shield he bore witness to Trojan times, and yielded to black Death naught but his sinews and his frame,—to thy mind no common judge of Nature and of truth.

But a common night awaiteth every man, and Death's path must be trodden once for all. Some, the Furies offer as a sight for cruel Mars; the hungry sea is the sailor's ruin. Without distinction the deaths of old and young follow close on each other's heels; cruel Proserpine spares no head.

[1] In our *MSS.* and in most editions, this Ode forms a part of the one that here follows.

XXVIII—2

Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
at tu, nauta, vagae ne parce malignus harenae
ossibus et capiti inhumato

particulam dare: sic, quodcumque minabitur Eurus
fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinae
plectantur silvae te sospite, multaque merces,
unde potest, tibi defluat aequo

ab Iove Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.
neglegis immeritis nocituram
postmodo te natis fraudem committere? fors et
debita iura vicesque superbae

te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis,
teque piacula nulla resolvent.
quamquam festinas, non est mora longa; licebit
iniecto ter pulvere curras.

ODE XXVIII—2 [1]

A Petition for Sepulture

Me, too, Notus, whirling mate of setting Orion, overwhelmed in the Illyrian waves. But do thou, O mariner, begrudge me not the shifting sand, nor refuse to bestow a little of it on my unburied head and bones! Then, whatever threats Eurus shall vent against the Hesperian waves, when the Venusian woods are beaten by the gale, mayst thou be safe, and may rich reward redound to thee from the sources whence it can,—from kindly Jove and Neptune, sacred Tarentum's guardian god!

Thou thinkest it a light matter to do a wrong that after this will harm thine unoffending children? Perchance the need of sepulture and a retribution of like disdain may await thyself sometime. I shall not be left with my petition unavenged, and for thee no offerings shall make atonement. Though thou art eager to be going, 'tis a brief delay I ask. Only three handfuls of earth! Then thou mayst speed upon thy course.

[1] In our *MSS.* and in most editions, this Ode forms a part of the one that here precedes.

XXIX

Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
gazis et acrem militiam paras
non ante devictis Sabaeae
regibus, horribilique Medo

nectis catenas? quae tibi virginum
sponso necato barbara serviet?
puer quis ex aula capillis
ad cyathum statuetur unctis,

doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
arcu paterno? quis neget arduis
pronos relabi posse rivos
montibus et Tiberim reverti,

cum tu coëmptos undique nobilis
libros Panaeti, Socraticam et domum
mutare loricis Hiberis,
pollicitus meliora, tendis?

ODE XXIX

The Scholar Turned Adventurer

Iccius, art thou looking now with envious eye at the rich treasures of the Arabians, and making ready for dire warfare on Sabaean kings as yet unconquered, and art thou forging fetters for the dreadful Mede? What barbarian maiden, her lover slain by thee, shall become thy slave? What page from royal halls, with perfumed locks, shall be thy cup-bearer, taught with his father's bow to speed the arrows of the East? Who'll deny that the descending streams can glide backwards to the lofty hills and the Tiber reverse its course, when thou, that gavest promise of better things, art bent on changing Panaetius' famous books, purchased from every quarter, and the Socratic school for Spanish corselets?

XXX

O VENVS, regina Cnidi Paphique,
sperne dilectam Cypron et vocantis
ture te multo Glycerae decoram
transfer in aedem.

fervidus tecum puer et solutis
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae
et parum comis sine te Iuventas
Mercuriusque.

ODE XXX

Invocation to Venus

O Venus, queen of Cnidos and of Paphos, forsake thy beloved Cyprus and betake thyself to the fair shrine of Glycera, who summons thee with bounteous incense! And with thee let hasten thy ardent child; the Graces, too, with girdles all unloosed, the Nymphs, and Youth, unlovely without thee, and Mercury!

XXXI

Qvid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
vates? quid orat, de patera novum
fundens liquorem? non opimae
Sardiniae segetes feraces,

non aestuosae grata Calabriae
armenta, non aurum aut ebur Indicum,
non rura, quae Liris quieta
mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.

premant Calena falce quibus dedit
Fortuna vitem, dives ut aureis
mercator exsiccet culillis
vina Syra reparata merce,

dis carus ipsis, quippe ter et quater
anno revisens aequor Atlanticum
impune. me pascunt olivae,
me cichorea levesque malvae.

frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones et, precor, integra
cum mente, nec turpem senectam
degere nec cithara carentem.

ODE XXXI

The Poet's Prayer

What is the poet's prayer to the newly enshrined Apollo? For what is his petition as he pours new wine from the bowl? Not for the rich harvests of fertile Sardinia, not for the pleasant herds of hot Calabria, not for Indian gold or ivory, nor for the fields that the Liris' silent stream frets with its placid flow. Let those to whom Fortune has vouchsafed it, trim the vine with Calenian pruning-knife, that the rich trader may drain from golden chalice the wine for which he barters Syrian wares, dear to the very gods, since thrice and four times yearly he revisits all unscathed the Atlantic main. My fare is the olive, the endive, and the wholesome mallow. Grant me, O Latona's son, to be content with what I have, and, sound of body and of mind, to pass an old age lacking neither honour nor the lyre!

XXXII

Poscimvr. siquid vacui sub umbra
lusimus tecum, quod et hunc in annum
vivat et plures, age dic Latinum,
barbite, carmen,

Lesbio primum modulate civi,
qui ferox bello tamen inter arma,
sive iactatam religarat udo
litore navim,

Liberum et Musas Veneremque et illi
semper haerentem puerum canebat,
et Lycum nigris oculis nigroque
crine decorum.

o decus Phoebi et dapibus supremi
grata testudo Iovis, o laborum
dulce lenimen medicumque,[1] salve
rite vocanti !

[1] medicumque *Lachmann :* mihicumque *MSS.*

ODE XXXII

Invocation to the Lyre

I AM asked for a song. If ever in idle hour beneath the shade I have sung with thee any trivial lay that shall live not merely for this year, but for many, come, give forth now a Roman song, thou lyre first tuned by the Lesbian patriot who, though bold in war, yet, whether amid arms or having moored his storm-tossed bark on the watery strand, was wont to sing of Bacchus, the Muses, Venus, and the boy that ever clings to her, and Lycus beautiful for black eyes and raven locks.

O shell, thou glory of Phoebus and welcome at the feasts of Jove Supreme, O sweet and healing balm of troubles, be propitious to me, whenever I invoke thee duly!

XXXIII

Albi, ne doleas plus nimio memor
immitis Glycerae neu miserabiles
decantes elegos, cur tibi iunior
laesa praeniteat fide.

insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor, Cyrus in asperam
declinat Pholoën : sed prius Apulis
iungentur capreae lupis,

quam turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.
sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
formas atque animos sub iuga aënea
saevo mittere cum ioco.

ipsum me melior cum peteret Venus,
grata detinuit compede Myrtale
libertina, fretis acrior Hadriae
curvantis Calabros sinus.

ODE XXXIII

The Faithless Fair

Grieve not o'ermuch, O Albius, for thought of cruel Glycera, nor sing unceasing plaintive elegies, asking why a younger rival outshines thee in her eyes, and why her plighted troth is broken! Fair Lycoris with forehead low is consumed with love for Cyrus; Cyrus in turn inclines to unresponsive Pholoë; but sooner shall does mate with Apulian wolves than Pholoë shall go astray with so mean a paramour Such the decree of Venus, whose delight it is in cruel sport to force beneath her brazen yoke bodies and hearts ill-mated. I myself, when a worthier passion called, was held fast in pleasing bonds by slave-born Myrtale, more tempestuous than the waves of Hadria, where it rounds into Calabria's gulf.

XXXIV

Parcvs deorum cultor et infrequens,
insanientis dum sapientiae
consultus erro, nunc retrorsum
vela dare atque iterare cursus

cogor relictos: namque Diespiter,
igni corusco nubila dividens
plerumque, per purum tonantes
egit equos volucremque currum;

quo bruta tellus et vaga flumina
quo Styx et invisi horrida Taenari
sedes Atlanteusque finis
concutitur. valet ima summis

mutare et insignem attenuat deus,
obscura promens; hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

ODE XXXIV

The Poet's Conversion

I, A CHARY and infrequent worshipper of the gods, what time I wandered, the votary of a foolish wisdom, am now compelled to spread my sails for the voyage back, and to retrace the course I had abandoned. For though it is the clouds that Jove is wont to cleave with his flashing bolts, this time he drove his thundering steeds and flying car through a sky serene—his steeds and car, whereby the lifeless earth and wandering streams were shaken, Styx, and hated Taenarus' dread seat, and the bourne where Atlas has his stand. Power the god does have. He can interchange the lowest and the highest; the mighty he abases and exalts the lowly. From one man Fortune with shrill whirring of her wings swiftly snatches away the crown; on another she delights to place it.

XXXV

O DIVA, gratum quae regis Antium,
praesens vel imo tollere de gradu
  mortale corpus vel superbos
    vertere funeribus triumphos,

te pauper ambit sollicita prece
ruris colonus, te dominam aequoris,
  quicumque Bithyna lacessit
    Carpathium pelagus carina,

te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae
urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
  regumque matres barbarorum et
    purpurei metuunt tyranni,

iniurioso ne pede proruas
stantem columnam, neu populus frequens
  "ad arma" cessantes, "ad arma"
    concitet imperiumque frangat.

te semper anteit saeva [1] Necessitas,
clavos trabales et cuneos manu
  gestans aëna, nec severus
    uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.

[1] *Excellent MSS. also have* serva.

ODE XXXV

To Fortuna

O GODDESS that rulest pleasant Antium, mighty to raise our mortal clay from low estate or change proud triumphs into funeral trains, thee the poor peasant entreats with anxious prayer; thee, as sovereign of the deep, whoever braves the Carpathian Sea in Bithynian bark; thee the wild Dacian, the roving Scythian, cities, tribes, and martial Latium, and mothers of barbarian kings, and tyrants clad in purple, fearing lest with wanton foot thou overturn the standing pillar of the State, and lest the thronging mob arouse the peaceable "to arms, to arms!" and thus wreck the ruling power.

Before thee ever stalks Necessity, grim goddess, with spikes and wedges in her brazen hand; the stout clamp and molten lead are also there. Thee,

te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
velata panno, nec comitem abnegat,
  utcumque mutata potentis
    veste domos inimica linquis.

at vulgus infidum et meretrix retro
periura cedit, diffugiunt cadis
  cum faece siccatis amici,
    ferre iugum pariter dolosi.

serves iturum Caesarem in ultimos
orbis Britannos et iuvenum recens
  examen, Eois timendum
    partibus Oceanoque rubro.

eheu, cicatricum et sceleris pudet
fratrumque. quid nos dura refugimus
  aetas? quid intactum nefasti
    liquimus? unde manum iuventus

metu deorum continuit? quibus
pepercit aris? o utinam nova
  incude diffingas retusum in
    Massagetas Arabasque ferrum!

Hope cherishes and rare Fidelity, her hand bound[1] with cloth of white, nor refuses her companionship, whenever thou in hostile mood forsakest the houses of the great in mourning plunged. But the faithless rabble and the perjured harlot turn away; friends scatter so soon as they have drained our wine-jars to the dregs, too treacherous to help us bear the yoke of trouble.

Do thou preserve our Caesar, soon to set forth against the Britons, farthest of the world! Preserve the freshly levied band of youthful soldiers who shall raise fear in Eastern parts beside the Red Sea's coast.

Alas, the shame of our scars, and crimes, and brothers slain! What have we shrunk from, hardened generation that we are? What iniquity have we left untouched? From what have our youth kept back their hands through fear of the gods? What altars have they spared? O mayst thou on fresh anvils reforge our blunted swords, and turn them against the Arabs and Massagetae!

1 The priests of Fides performed sacrifice with a band of white cloth wrapped around the hand.

XXXVI

Et turē et fidibūs iuvāt
placarę et vituli sanguine debito
custodēs Numidae deos,
qui nunc Hesperia sospes ab ultima

caris multa sodalibus,
nulli plura tamen dividit oscula
quam dulci Lamiae, memor
actae non alio rege puertiae

mutataeque simul togae.
Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota,
neu promptae modus amphorae,
neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum,

neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threicia vincat amystide.
neu desint epulis rosae
neu vivax apium neu breve lilium;

omnes in Damalin putres
deponent oculos, nec Damalis novo
divelletur adultero,
lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

ODE XXXVI

A Joyful Return

With incense and with music and due offering of a bullock's blood, let us appease the gods that have guarded Numida, who, now returned in safety from the farthest West, bestows kisses in abundance on each fond mate, yet on no one more than well-loved Lamia, recalling their boyhood passed under the self-same teacher and their togas changed together.

Let this fair day not lack a mark of white, nor be there limit of devotion to the wine-jar that has been brought out, nor pause of dancing after the Salian fashion! Nor let Bassus be outdone by strong-headed Damalis in drinking the long, deep Thracian draught. Nor let roses, lasting parsley, or the quickly fading lily be wanting to our feast! All shall cast their languishing eyes on Damalis; yet shall Damalis not be torn from her new lover, holding closer to him than the fond ivy (to the oak).

XXXVII

Nvnc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
pulsanda tellus, nunc Saliaribus
ornare pulvinar deorum
tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

antehac nefas depromere Caecubum
cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
regina dementes ruinas,
funus et imperio parabat

contaminato cum grege turpium
morbo virorum, quidlibet impotens
sperare fortunaque dulci
ebria. sed minuit furorem

vix una sospes navis ab ignibus,
mentemque lymphatam Mareotico
redegit in veros timores
Caesar, ab Italia volantem

remis adurgens, accipiter velut
molles columbas aut leporem citus
venator in campis nivalis
Haemoniae, daret ut catenis

ODE XXXVII

The Fall of Cleopatra

Now is the time to drain the flowing bowl, now with unfettered foot to beat the ground with dancing, now with Salian feast to deck the couches of the gods, my comrades! Before this day it had been wrong to bring our Caecuban forth from ancient bins, while yet a frenzied queen was plotting ruin 'gainst the Capitol and destruction to the empire, with her polluted crew of creatures foul with lust—a woman mad enough to nurse the wildest hopes, and drunk with Fortune's favours. But the escape of scarce a single galley from the flames sobered her fury, and Caesar changed the wild delusions bred by Mareotic wine to the stern reality of terror, chasing her with his galleys, as she sped away from Italy, even as the hawk pursues the gentle dove, or the swift hunter follows the hare over the plains of snow-clad Thessaly, with

fatale monstrum. quae generosius
perire quaerens nec muliebriter
expavit ensem nec latentes
classe cita reparavit oras.

ausa et iacentem visere regiam
vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
tractare serpentes, ut atrum
corpore combiberet venenum,

deliberata morte ferocior;
saevis Liburnis scilicet invidens
privata deduci superbo
non humilis mulier triumpho.

purpose fixed to put in chains the accursed monster. Yet she, seeking to die a nobler death, showed for the dagger's point no woman's fear, nor sought to win with her swift fleet some secret shore; she even dared to gaze with face serene upon her fallen palace; courageous, too, to handle poisonous asps, that she might draw black venom to her heart, waxing bolder as she resolved to die; scorning, in sooth, the thought of being borne, a queen no longer, on hostile galleys to grace a glorious triumph—no craven woman she!

XXXVIII

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
displicent nexae philyra coronae;
mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum
sera moretur.

simplici myrto nihil adlabores
sedulus, cura: neque te ministrum
dedecet myrtus neque me sub arta
vite bibentem.

ODE XXXVIII

Away with Oriental Luxury!

PERSIAN elegance, my lad, I hate, and take no pleasure in garlands woven on linden bast. A truce to searching out the haunts where lingers late the rose! Strive not to add aught else to the plain myrtle! The myrtle befits both thee, the servant, and me, the master, as I drink beneath the thick-leaved vine.

BOOK II

LIBER II

I

Motvm ex Metello consule civicum
bellique causas et vitia et modos
ludumque Fortunae gravesque
principum amicitias et arma

nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
periculosae plenum opus aleae,
tractas et incedis per ignes
suppositos cineri doloso.

paulum severae Musa tragoediae
desit theatris: mox, ubi publicas
res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

insigne maestis praesidium reis
et consulenti, Pollio, curiae,
cui laurus aeternos honores
Delmatico peperit triumpho.

BOOK II

ODE I

To Pollio Writing a History of the Civil Wars

Thou art treating of the civil strife that with Metellus' consulship began, the causes of the war, its blunders, and its phases, and Fortune's game, friendships of leaders that boded ill, and weapons stained with blood as yet unexpiated—a task full of dangerous hazard—and art walking, as it were, over fires hidden beneath treacherous ashes.

For a brief time only let it be that thy stern tragic muse is missing from the stage; but soon, when thou hast chronicled events of state, renew thy lofty calling in the Attic buskin, Pollio, famed support of anxious clients and bulwark of the Senate in its councils, thou for whom, too, the laurel won lasting glory in thy Dalmatian triumph. Even now with threaten-

iam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
perstringis auris, iam litui strepunt,
  iam fulgor armorum fugaces
    terret equos equitumque vultus.

audire magnos iam videor duces,
non indecoro pulvere sordidos,
  et cuncta terrarum subacta
    praeter atrocem animum Catonis.

Iuno et deorum quisquis amicior
Afris inulta cesserat impotens
  tellure, victorum nepotes
    rettulit inferias Iugurthae.

quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
campus sepulcris impia proelia
  testatur auditumque Medis
    Hesperiae sonitum ruinae?

qui gurges aut quae flumina lugubris
ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae
  non decoloravere caedes?
    quae caret ora cruore nostro?

sed ne relictis, Musa procax, iocis
Ceae retractes munera neniae,
  mecum Dionaeo sub antro
    quaere modos leviore plectro.

ing blare of horns thou strik'st our ears; even now the clarions sound; even now the gleam of weapons strikes terror into timid horses and into the horsemen's faces. Already I seem to hear the shouts of mighty captains begrimed with no inglorious dust, and to see all the world subdued, except stern Cato's soul. Juno and all the gods who, friendlier to Africa, had helplessly withdrawn, powerless to avenge the land, have offered on Jugurtha's grave the grandsons of his conquerors.

What plain is not enriched with Latin blood, to bear witness with its graves to our unholy strife and to the sound of Hesperia's fall, heard even by the Medes! What pool or stream has failed to taste the dismal war! What sea has Italian slaughter not discoloured! What coast knows not our blood!

But, lest, O heedless Muse, thou leave sportive themes and essay again the Cean dirge, seek with me in the shadow of some Dionean grotto measures of lighter mood!

II

Nvllvs argento color est avaris
abdito terris, inimice lamnae
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
splendeat usu.

vivet extento Proculeius aevo,
notus in fratres animi paterni:
illum aget pinna metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

latius regnes avidum domando
spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus
serviat uni.

crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
fugerit venis et aquosus albo
corpore languor.

redditum Cyri solio Phraaten
dissidens plebi numero beatorum
eximit Virtus populumque falsis
dedocet uti

vocibus, regnum et diadema tutum
deferens uni propriamque laurum,
quisquis ingentes oculo inretorto
spectat acervos.

ODE II

Money—Its Use and Abuse

No lustre is there to silver hidden away in the greedy earth, O Sallustius Crispus, thou foe to metal unless it shine by well-ordered use. Proculeius shall live through distant ages, known for his fatherly spirit towards his brothers; him shall enduring fame bear on pinions that refuse to droop.

Thou shalt rule a broader realm by subduing a greedy heart than shouldst thou join Libya to distant Gades, and should Punic settlers on both sides the Strait become subjects of a single lord. By indulgence the dreadful dropsy grows apace, nor can the sufferer banish thirst, unless the cause of the malady has first departed from the veins and the watery languor from the pale body.

Though Phraates has been restored to the throne of Cyrus, yet Virtue, dissenting from the rabble, will not admit him to the number of the happy, and teaches the folk to discard wrong names, conferring power, the secure diadem, and lasting laurels on him alone who can gaze upon huge piles of treasure without casting an envious glance behind.

III

Aequam memento rebus in arduis
servare mentem, non secus in bonis
ab insolenti temperatam
laetitia, moriture Delli,

seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
seu te in remoto gramine per dies
festos reclinatum bearis
interiore nota Falerni.

quo pinus ingens albaque populus
umbram hospitalem consociare amant
ramis? quid obliquo laborat
lympha fugax trepidare rivo?

huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
dum res et aetas et sororum
fila trium patiuntur atra.

cedes coëmptis saltibus et domo
villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
cedes, et exstructis in altum
divitiis potietur heres.

ODE III

Enjoy the Fleeting Hour!

Remember, when life's path is steep, to keep an even mind, and likewise, in prosperity, a spirit restrained from over-weening joy, Dellius, seeing thou art doomed to die, whether thou live always sad, or reclining in grassy nook take delight on holidays in some choice vintage of Falernian wine. Why do the tall pine and poplar white love to interlace their branches in inviting shade? Why does the hurrying water strive to press onward in the winding stream? Hither bid slaves bring wines and perfumes and the too brief blossoms of the lovely rose, while Fortune and youth allow, and the dark threads of the Sisters three. Thou shalt leave thy purchased pastures, thy house, and thy estate that yellow Tiber washes; yea, thou shalt leave them, and an heir shall become master of the wealth thou hast heaped up high.

divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
nil interest an pauper et infima
de gente sub divo moreris;
victima nil miserantis Orci.

omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
versatur urna serius ocius
sors exitura et nos in aeternum
exsilium impositura cumbae.

Whether thou be rich and sprung from ancient Inachus, or dwell beneath the canopy of heaven poor and of lowly birth, it makes no difference: thou art pitiless Orcus' victim. We are all being gathered to one and the same fold. The lot of every one of us is tossing about in the urn, destined sooner, later, to come forth and place us in Charon's skiff for everlasting exile.

IV

Ne sit ancillae tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoceu. prius insolentem
serva Briseis niveo colore
movit Achillem;

movit Aiacem Telamone natum
forma captivae dominum Tecmessae;
arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
virgine rapta,

barbarae postquam cecidere turmae
Thessalo victore et ademptus Hector
tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Grais.

nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavae decorent parentes:
regium certe genus, et penates
maeret iniquos.

crede non illam tibi de scelesta
plebe dilectam neque sic fidelem,
sic lucro aversam potuisse nasci
matre pudenda.

bracchia et voltum teretesque suras
integer laudo; fuge suspicari,
cuius octavum trepidavit aetas
claudere lustrum.

ODE IV

Love for a Slave-Girl

Let not affection for thy handmaiden put thee to the blush, O Phocian Xanthias! Before thy day the slave Briseis with her snow-white skin stirred the heart of proud Achilles; yea, and captive Tecmessa's beauty stirred the heart of her master, Ajax, son of Telamon; and Atrides in the midst of triumph was inflamed with love for a captured maid, what time the barbarian hosts were overcome by the Thessalian's victory, and Hector's loss gave Pergamos over to the toil-worn Greeks, an easier prey.

Thou can'st not tell but that the parents of thy blond Phyllis are rich and will lend glory to their new-found son; surely her lineage must be of royal origin, and she mourns the cruelty of her household gods. Rest assured that the maid thou lovest belongs not to the wretched rabble, and that one so loyal, so aloof from greed could be the child of no mean mother. 'Tis with no touch of passion that I praise her arms, her face, and her shapely ankles. Suspect not one whose life in rapid course has already brought its eighth lustrum to a close!

V

Nondvm subacta ferre iugum valet
cervice, nondum munia comparis
aequare nec tauri ruentis
in venerem tolerare pondus.

circa virentes est animus tuae
campos iuvencae, nunc fluviis gravem
solantis aestum, nunc in udo
ludere cum vitulis salicto

praegestientis. tolle cupidinem
immitis uvae : iam tibi lividos
distinguet autumnus racemos
purpureo varius colore.

iam te sequetur (currit enim ferox
aetas, et illi, quos tibi dempserit,
apponet annos), iam proterva
fronte petet Lalage maritum,

dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,
non Chloris, albo sic umero nitens,
ut pura nocturno renidet
luna mari Cnidiusve Gyges,

quem si puellarum insereres choro,
mire sagaces falleret hospites
discrimen obscurum solutis
crinibus ambiguoque vultu.

ODE V

Not Yet!

Not yet can she bear the yoke on submissive neck, not yet fulfil the duties of a mate, or endure the vehemence of a lover. Upon the verdant meads dwell the thoughts of thy love, who now allays the oppressive heat amid the streams, and now is eager to sport with her comrades in the moist willow-grove. Away with desire for the unripe grape! Soon for thee shall many-coloured Autumn paint the darkening clusters purple. Soon shall she follow thee. For Time courses madly on, and shall add to her the years it takes from thee. Soon with eager forwardness shall Lalage herself make quest of thee to be her mate, beloved as was not shy Pholoë, nor Chloris, gleaming with shoulder white, even as the unclouded moon beams on midnight sea, nor Cnidian Gyges, so fair that should you put him in a band of maids, those who knew him not would, for all their insight, fail to note his difference from the rest, disguised by his flowing locks and his girl-boy face.

VI

Septimi, Gadis aditure mecum et
Cantabrum indoctum iuga ferre nostra et
barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
aestuat unda,

Tibur Argeo positum colono
sit meae sedes utinam senectae,
sit modus lasso maris et viarum
militiaeque.

unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
dulce pellitis ovibus Galaesi
flumen et regnata petam Laconi
rura Phalantho.

ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
mella decedunt viridique certat
baca Venafro;

ver ubi longum tepidasque praebet
Iuppiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
fertili Baccho minimum Falernis
invidet uvis.

ille te mecum locus et beatae
postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
debita sparges lacrima favillam
vatis amici.

ODE VI

Praise of Tibur and Tarentum

O Septimius, ready to go with me to Gades and to the Cantabrians not yet schooled to bear our yoke, and to the wild Syrtes, where the Moorish wave is ever tossing, may Tibur, founded by Argive settlers, be the home of my old age! May it be my final goal when I am weary with sea, with roaming, and with war! But if the cruel Fates bar me from that spot, I will seek the river of Galaesus, loved by its skin-clad [1] sheep, and the fields once ruled by Spartan Phalanthus. That corner of the world smiles for me beyond all others, where the honey yields not to Hymettus, and the olive vies with green Venafrum, where Jupiter vouchsafes long springs and winters mild, and where Aulon, dear to fertile Bacchus, envies not the clusters of Falernum. That place and its blessed heights summon thee and me; there shalt thou bedew with affection's tear the warm ashes of thy poet friend!

[1] The fine fleeces of certain sheep were protected from injury by means of skins fastened about their bodies.

VII

O SAEPE mecum tempus in ultimum
deducte Bruto militiae duce,
quis te redonavit Quiritem
dis patriis Italoque caelo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium,
cum quo morantem saepe diem mero
fregi, coronatus nitentes
malobathro Syrio capillos?

tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
sensi relicta non bene parmula,
cum fracta Virtus et minaces
turpe solum tetigere mento.

sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
denso paventem sustulit aëre;
te rursus in bellum resorbens
unda fretis tulit aestuosis.

ergo obligatam redde Iovi dapem,
longaque fessum militia latus
depone sub lauru mea nec
parce cadis tibi destinatis.

ODE VII

A Joyful Return

O FRIEND oft led with me into extremest peril, when Brutus was leader of our hosts, who hath restored thee as a citizen to thy country's gods and to the sky of Italy, O Pompey, first of my comrades, with whom I many a time have beguiled the lagging day with wine, first garlanding my locks glistening with Syrian nard? With thee I knew Philippi's day and its headlong rout, leaving my shield ingloriously behind, when Valour's self was beaten down and threatening hosts ignobly bit the dust. But me in my terror Mercury bore swiftly through the foe in a dense cloud; thee the wave drew back again into the abyss of war and bore once more on troubled waters. So render unto Jove the banquet pledged, and lay thy limbs, with long campaigning wearied, beneath my laurel-tree, nor spare the jars set apart for thee!

oblivioso levia Massico
ciboria exple, funde capacibus
unguenta de conchis. quis udo
deproperare apio coronas

curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
dicet bibendi? non ego sanius
bacchabor Edonis: recepto
dulce mihi furere est amico.

Fill to the brim with care-dispelling Massic the polished goblets! Pour out perfumes from generous phials! Who will make haste to weave garlands of pliant parsley or of myrtle? Whom shall the Venus-throw [1] make the master of our drinking? I'll revel as wildly as the Edonians. 'Tis sweet to make mad holiday when a friend has been regained.

[1] The name given to the highest throw of the dice.

VIII

Vlla si iuris tibi peierati
poena, Barine, nocuisset umquam,
dente si nigro fieres vel uno
turpior ungui,

crederem. sed tu simul obligasti
perfidum votis caput, enitescis
pulchrior multo iuvenumque prodis
publica cura.

expedit matris cineres opertos
fallere et toto taciturna noctis
signa cum caelo gelidaque divos
morte carentes.

ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa ; rident
simplices Nymphae ferus et Cupido,
semper ardentis acuens sagittas
cote cruenta.

adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis,
servitus crescit nova, nec priores
impiae tectum dominae relinquunt,
saepe minati.

te suis matres metuunt iuvencis,
te senes parci miseraeque, nuper
virgines, nuptae, tua ne retardet
aura maritos.

ODE VIII

Barine's Baleful Charms

Had ever any penalty for violated vows visited thee, Barine; didst thou ever grow uglier by a single blackened tooth or spotted nail, I'd trust thee now. But with thee, no sooner hast thou bound thy perfidious head by promises than thou shinest forth much fairer and art the cynosure of all eyes when thou appearest. 'Tis actually of help to thee to swear falsely by the buried ashes of thy mother, by the silent sentinels of night, with the whole heaven, and by the gods, who are free from chilly death. All this but makes sport for Venus (upon my word, it does!) and for the artless Nymphs, and cruel Cupid, ever whetting his fiery darts on blood-stained stone. Not only this! All our youth are growing up for thee alone, to be a fresh band of slaves, while thy old admirers leave not the roof of their heartless mistress, oft as they have threatened this. Thee mothers fear for their sons, thee frugal sires, thee wretched brides, who but yesterday were maidens, lest thy radiance make their husbands linger.

IX

Non semper imbres nubibus hispidos
manant in agros aut mare Caspium
vexant inaequales procellae
usque nec Armeniis in oris,

amice Valgi, stat glacies iners
menses per omnes, aut Aquilonibus
querqueta Gargani laborant
et foliis viduantur orni:

tu semper urges flebilibus modis
Mysten ademptum, nec tibi Vespero
surgente decedunt amores
nec rapidum fugiente solem.

at non ter aevo functus amabilem
ploravit omnes Antilochum senex
annos, nec impubem parentes
Troilon aut Phrygiae sorores

flevere semper. desine mollium
tandem querellarum, et potius nova
cantemus Augusti tropaea
Caesaris, et rigidum Niphaten

Medumque flumen gentibus additum
victis minores volvere vertices,
intraque praescriptum Gelonos
exiguis equitare campis.

ODE IX

A Truce to Sorrow, Valgius!

Not for ever do the showers fall from the clouds on the sodden fields, nor the rough blasts always fret the Caspian waves, nor on Armenian borders, friend Valgius, does the lifeless ice linger through every month, nor are Garganus' oak-groves always lashed by the blasts of the North and the ash-trees reft of their leaves. But thou in tearful strains dwellest ever on the loss of thy Mystes, nor do thy words of love cease either when Vesper comes out at evening, or when he flies before the swiftly coursing sun. Yet the aged hero who had lived three generations did not for ever mourn his loved Antilochus, nor did his Phrygian parents and sisters weep without end for youthful Troilus. Cease at length thy weak laments, and let us rather sing of the new trophies of Augustus Caesar, ice-bound Niphates and the river of the Medes rolling in smaller eddies, now 'tis added to the list of vanquished nations, and the Geloni riding now within bounds prescribed over their narrowed plains.

X

Rectivs vives, Licini, neque altum
semper urgendo neque, dum procellas
cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
litus iniquum.

auream quisquis mediocritatem
diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
sobrius aula.

saepius ventis agitatur ingens
pinus et celsae graviore casu
decidunt turres feriuntque summos
fulgura montis.

sperat infestis, metuit secundis
alteram sortem bene praeparatum
pectus. informes hiemes reducit
Iuppiter; idem

summovet. non, si male nunc, et olim
sic erit: quondam cithara tacentem
suscitat Musam neque semper arcum
tendit Apollo.

rebus angustis animosus atque
fortis appare: sapienter idem
contrahes vento nimium secundo
turgida vela.

ODE X

"The Golden Mean"

Better wilt thou live, Licinius, by neither always pressing out to sea nor too closely hugging the dangerous shore in cautious fear of storms. Whoso cherishes the golden mean, safely avoids the foulness of an ill-kept house and discreetly, too, avoids a hall exciting envy. 'Tis oftener the tall pine that is shaken by the wind; 'tis the lofty towers that fall with the heavier crash, and 'tis the tops of the mountains that the lightning strikes. Hopeful in adversity, anxious in prosperity, is the heart that is well prepared for weal or woe. Though Jupiter brings back the unlovely winters, he, also, takes them away. If we fare ill to-day, 'twill not be ever so. At times Apollo wakes with the lyre his slumbering song, and does not always stretch the bow. In time of stress shew thyself bold and valiant! Yet wisely reef thy sails when they are swollen by too fair a breeze!

XI

Qvid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet Hadria
divisus obiecto, remittas
quaerere, nec trepides in usum

poscentis aevi pauca: fugit retro
levis iuventas et decor, arida
pellente lascivos amores
canitie facilemque somnum.

non semper idem floribus est honor
vernis, neque uno luna rubens nitet
voltu: quid aeternis minorem
consiliis animum fatigas?

cur non sub alta vel platano vel hac
pinu iacentes sic temere et rosa
canos odorati capillos,
dum licet, Assyriaque nardo

potamus uncti? dissipat Euhius
curas edaces. quis puer ocius
restinguet ardentis Falerni
pocula praetereunte lympha?

quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? eburna, dic age, cum lyra
maturet, in comptum Lacaenae
more comas religata nodum![1]

[1] incomptam comam nodo *Bentley*.

ODE XI

Enjoy the Passing Hour!

What the warlike Cantabrian is plotting, Quinctius Hirpinus, and the Scythian, divided from us by the intervening Adriatic, cease to inquire, and be not anxious for the needs of life, since 'tis little that it asks. Fresh youth and beauty are speeding fast away behind us, while wizened age is banishing sportive love and slumbers soft. Not for ever do the flowers of spring retain their glory, nor does blushing Luna shine always with the selfsame face. Why, with planning for the future, weary thy soul unequal to the task? Why not rather quaff the wine, while yet we may, reclining under this lofty plane or pine, in careless ease, our grey locks garlanded with fragrant roses and perfumed with Syrian nard? Bacchus dispels carking cares. What slave will swiftly temper the bowls of fiery Falernian with water from the passing stream? Who will lure from her home Lyde, coy wench? With ivory lyre, come bid her haste, her hair neatly fastened in a knot, like some Laconian maid.

XII

Nolis longa ferae bella Numantiae
nec durum Hannibalem nec Siculum mare
Poeno purpureum sanguine mollibus
aptari citharae modis,

nec saevos Lapithas et nimium mero
Hylaeum domitosque Herculea manu
telluris iuvenes, unde periculum
fulgens contremuit domus

Saturni veteris : tuque pedestribus
dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
Maecenas, melius ductaque per vias
regum colla minacium.

me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae
cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
fulgentes oculos et bene mutuis
fidum pectus amoribus ;

quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris
nec certare ioco nec dare bracchia
ludentem nitidis virginibus sacro
Dianae celebris die.

ODE XII

The Charms of Terentia

You would not wish to have the themes of fierce Numantia's tedious wars wedded to soft measures of the lyre, or doughty Hannibal, or the Sicilian Sea crimson with Punic blood, or the savage Lapithae and Hylaeus mad with wine, or the triumph of Hercules' hand over the sons of earth, at the danger of whose assault the shining house of ancient Saturn shook with terror. So you yourself, Maecenas, would better treat, and treat in storied prose, of Caesar's battles and of kings, once threatening, led by the neck along the streets.

Me the Muse has bidden to celebrate the sweet singing of Mistress Licymnia, her brightly flashing eyes, and her heart right faithful in mutual love—her whom it graced so well to trip amid the dancers' bands, to parry jest with jest, and to offer her arms to festal maids on the sacred day that fills Diana's shrine.

num tu quae tenuit dives Achaemenes
aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
permutare velis crine Licymniae,
plenas aut Arabum domos,

cum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula
cervicem, aut facili saevitia negat,
quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,
interdum rapere occupat?[1]

[1] *Most MSS. and editors read* occupet.

Would you exchange a lock of Licymnia's tresses for all that rich Achaemenes once owned, or for the Mygdonian wealth of fertile Phrygia, or the well-stocked homes of the Arabians, as she bends her neck toward your eager kisses, or in teasing playfulness refuses to give them (yea, refuses, since, more than he who asks them, she delights to have them snatched), or at times is first herself to snatch them?

XIII

Ille et nefasto te posuit die,
quicumque primum, et sacrilega manu
produxit, arbos, in nepotum
perniciem opprobriumque pagi.

illum et parentis crediderim sui
fregisse cervicem et penetralia
sparsisse nocturno cruore
hospitis; ille venena Colcha

et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas
tractavit, agro qui statuit meo
te, triste lignum, te caducum
in domini caput immerentis.

quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis
cautum est in horas: navita Bosphorum
Poenus perhorrescit neque ultra
caeca timet aliunde fata;

miles sagittas et celerem fugam
Parthi, catenas Parthus et Italum
robur; sed improvisa leti
vis rapuit rapietque gentes.

ODE XIII

A Narrow Escape

The man who first planted thee did it upon an evil day and reared thee with a sacrilegious hand, O tree, for the destruction of posterity and the countryside's disgrace. I could believe that he actually strangled his own father and spattered his hearthstone with a guest's blood at dead of night; he too has dabbled in Colchic poisons and whatever crime is anywhere conceived—the man that set thee out on my estate, thou miserable stump, to fall upon the head of thy unoffending master.

Man never heeds enough from hour to hour what he should shun. The Punic sailor dreads the Bosphorus, but fears not the unseen fates beyond that threaten from other quarters. The soldier dreads the arrows of the Parthians and their swift retreat; the Parthian fears the chains and rugged strength of Italy; but the fatal violence that has snatched away, and again will snatch away, the tribes of men, is something unforeseen.

quam paene furvae regna Proserpinae
et iudicantem vidimus Aeacum
sedesque discriptas piorum et
Aeoliis fidibus querentem

Sappho puellis de popularibus
et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcaee, plectro dura navis,
dura fugae mala, dura belli.

utrumque sacro digna silentio
mirantur umbrae dicere; sed magis
pugnas et exactos tyrannos
densum umeris bibit aure volgus.

quid mirum, ubi illis carminibus stupens
demittit atras belua centiceps
auris, et intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues?

quin et Prometheus et Pelopis parens
dulci laborum [1] decipitur sono,
nec curat Orion leones
aut timidos agitare lyncas.

[1] laborum : *good MSS. read also* laborem.

How narrowly did I escape beholding the realms of dusky Proserpine and Aeacus on his judgment seat, and the abodes set apart for the righteous, and Sappho complaining on Aeolian lyre of her countrywomen, and thee, Alcaeus, rehearsing in fuller strain with golden plectrum [1] the woes of seaman's life, the cruel woes of exile, and the woes of war. The shades marvel at both as they utter words worthy of reverent silence; but the dense throng, shoulder to shoulder packed, drinks in more eagerly with listening ear stories of battles and of tyrants banished. What wonder, when lulled by such strains, the hundred-headed monster lowers his black ears, and the serpents writhing in the locks of the Furies stop for rest! Yea, even Prometheus and Pelops' sire are beguiled of their sufferings by the soothing sound, nor does Orion care to chase the lions or the wary lynxes.

[1] See note on p. 73.

XIV

Ehev fugaces, Postume, Postume,
labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
rugis et instanti senectae
adferet indomitaeque morti;

non, si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
amice, places inlacrimabilem
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
quicumque terrae munere vescimur,
enaviganda, sive reges
sive inopes erimus coloni.

frustra cruento Marte carebimus
fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriae,
frustra per autumnos nocentem
corporibus metuemus Austrum:

visendus ater flumine languido
Cocytos errans et Danai genus
infame damnatusque longi
Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

ODE XIV

Death is Inevitable

Alas, O Postumus, Postumus, the years glide swiftly by, nor will righteousness give pause to wrinkles, to advancing age, or Death invincible—no, not if with three hecatombs of bulls a day, my friend, thou strivest to appease relentless Pluto, who imprisons Geryon of triple frame and Tityos, by the gloomy stream that surely must be crossed by all of us who feed upon Earth's bounty, be we princes or needy husbandmen. In vain shall we escape from bloody Mars and from the breakers of the roaring Adriatic; in vain through autumn tide shall we fear the south-wind that brings our bodies harm. At last we needs must gaze on black Cocytos winding with its sluggish flow, and Danaus' daughters infamous, and Sisyphus, the son of Aeolus, condemned to ceaseless toil. Earth we must

linquenda tellus et domus et placens
uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum
te praeter invisas cupressos
ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

absumet heres Caecuba dignior
servata centum clavibus et mero
tinguet pavimentum superbo
pontificum potiore cenis.

leave, and home and darling wife; nor of the trees thou tendest now, will any follow thee, its short-lived master, except the hated cypress. A worthier heir shall drink thy Caecuban now guarded by a hundred keys, and drench the pavement with glorious wine choicer than that drunk at the pontiffs' feasts.

XV

Iam pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles relinquent, undique latius
extenta visentur Lucrino
stagna lacu, platanusque caelebs

evincet ulmos; tum violaria et
myrtus et omnis copia narium
spargent olivetis odorem
fertilibus domino priori.

tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
excludet ictus. non ita Romuli
praescriptum et intonsi Catonis
auspiciis veterumque norma.

privatus illis census erat brevis,
commune magnum: nulla decempedis
metata privatis opacam
porticus excipiebat Arcton,

nec fortuitum spernere caespitem
leges sinebant, oppida publico
sumptu iubentes et deorum
templa novo decorare saxo.

ODE XV

The Invasion of Luxury

A SHORT time and our princely piles will leave but few acres to the plough; on all sides will be seen our fish-ponds spreading wider than the Lucrine Lake, and the lonely plane-tree will drive out the elm; then will beds of violets and copses of myrtle and the whole company of sweet perfumes scatter their fragrance amid olive groves that once bore increase to their former owner; then will laurel thickets shut out the sun's hot rays. Not so was it prescribed under the rule of Romulus and unshorn Cato or by the standard of our sires. With them private estates were small, and great was the common weal. No private citizen had a portico measuring its tens of feet, lying open to the shady north; nor did the laws permit our fathers to scorn the chance turf,[1] but bade them at common cost adorn their towns and the temples of the gods with marbles rare.

[1] For building a simple altar.

XVI

Otivm divos rogat in patenti
prensus Aegaeo, simul atra nubes
condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
sidera nautis;

otium bello furiosa Thrace,
otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphe, non gemmis neque purpura venale neque auro.

non enim gazae neque consularis
summovet lictor miseros tumultus
mentis et curas laqueata circum
tecta volantes.

vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
splendet in mensa tenui salinum
nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
sordidus aufert.

quid brevi fortes iaculamur aevo
multa? quid terras alio calentes
sole mutamus? patriae quis exsul
se quoque fugit?

ODE XVI

Contentment the Only True Happiness

For peace the mariner prays, storm-caught on the open Aegean, when dark clouds have hid the moon and the stars shine no longer sure for sailors; for peace prays Thrace furious in war; for peace the Parthian with quiver richly dight—peace, Grosphus, that cannot be bought with gems, with purple, or with gold. For 'tis not treasure nor even the consul's lictor that can banish the wretched tumults of the soul and the cares that flit about the panelled ceilings. He lives happily upon a little on whose frugal board gleams the ancestral salt-dish, and whose soft slumbers are not banished by fear or sordid greed. Why do we strive so hard in our brief lives for great possessions? Why do we change our own land for olimes warmed by a foreign sun? What exile from his country ever escaped himself as well? Morbid care

scandit aeratas vitiosa naves
cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,
ocior cervis et agente nimbos
ocior Euro.

laetus in praesens animus quod ultra est
oderit curare et amara lento
temperet risu. nihil est ab omni
parte beatum.

abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
longa Tithonum minuit senectus;
et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
porriget hora.

te greges centum Siculaeque circum
mugiunt vaccae, tibi tollit hinnitum
apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
murice tinctae

vestiunt lanae; mihi parva rura et
spiritum Graiae tenuem Camenae
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum
spernere vulgus.

boards even the brass-bound galley, nor fails to overtake the troops of horse, swifter than stags, swifter than Eurus when he drives the storm before him. Let the soul be joyful in the present, let it disdain to be anxious for what the future has in store, and temper bitterness with smile serene! Nothing is happy altogether. Achilles for all his glory was snatched away by an early death; Tithonus, though granted a long old age, wasted to a shadow; and to me mayhap the passing hour will grant what it denies to thee. Around thee low a hundred herds of Sicilian kine; in thy stables whinnies the racing-mare; thou art clothed in wool twice dipped in Afric purple. To me Fate that does not belie her name[1] has given a small domain, but she has vouchsafed the fine breath of Grecian song and a scorn for the envious crowd.

[1] *i.e.* because she is *parca*: "sparing in her gifts."

XVII

Cvr me querellis exanimas tuis?
nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius
obire, Maecenas, mearum
grande decus columenque rerum.

a, te meae si partem animae rapit
maturior vis, quid moror altera,
nec carus aeque nec superstes
integer? ille dies utramque

ducet ruinam. non ego perfidum
dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
utcumque praecedes, supremum
carpere iter comites parati.

me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae
nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas[1]
divellet umquam: sic potenti
Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.

seu Libra seu me Scorpios adspicit
formidolosus pars violentior
natalis horae seu tyrannus
Hesperiae Capricornus undae,

[1] Gyas *Lambinus:* gigas *MSS*

ODE XVII

Despair not, Maecenas! One Star Links our Destinies

Why dost thou crush out my life by thy complaints? 'Tis the will neither of the gods nor of myself that I should pass away before thee, Maecenas, the great glory and prop of my own existence. Alas, if some untimely blow snatches thee, the half of my own life, away, why do I, the other half, still linger on, neither so dear as before nor surviving whole? That fatal day shall bring the doom of both of us. No false oath have I taken; both, both together, will we go, whene'er thou leadest the way, prepared as comrades to travel the final journey. Me no fiery breath of Chimaera, nor hundred-handed Gyas, should he rise against me, shall ever tear from thee. Such is the will of mighty Justice and the Fates. Whether Libra or dread Scorpio or Capricornus, lord of the Hesperian wave, dominates my horoscope as the more potent influence of my

utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
consentit astrum. te Iovis impio
tutela Saturno refulgens
eripuit volucrisque Fati

tardavit alas, cum populus frequens
laetum theatris ter crepuit sonum;
me truncus inlapsus cerebro
sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

dextra levasset, Mercurialium
custos virorum. reddere victimas
aedemque votivam memento;
nos humilem feriemus agnam.

natal hour, the stars of us twain are wondrously linked together. To thee the protecting power of Jove, outshining that of baleful Saturn, brought rescue, and stayed the wings of swift Fate what time the thronging people thrice broke into glad applause in the theatre. Me the trunk of a tree, descending on my head, had snatched away, had not Faunus, protector of poets, with his right hand warded off the stroke. Remember then to offer the victims due and to build a votive shrine! I will sacrifice a humble lamb.

XVIII

Non ebur neque aureum
mea renidet in domo lacunar,
non trabes Hymettiae
premunt columnas ultima recisas
Africa, neque Attali
ignotus heres regiam occupavi,
nec Laconicas mihi
trahunt honestae purpuras clientae.

at fides et ingeni
benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
me petit: nihil supra
deos lacesso nec potentem amicum

largiora flagito,
satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
truditur dies die,
novaeque pergunt interire lunae.

tu secanda marmora
locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri
immemor struis domos,
marisque Bais obstrepentis urges

ODE XVIII

The Vanity of Riches

Not ivory or gilded panel gleams in my home, nor do beams of Hymettian marble rest on pillars quarried in farthest Africa, nor have I, as heir of Attalus,[1] become unwittingly the owner of a palace, nor for me do high-born dames trail robes of Laconian purple. But I have loyalty and a kindly vein of genius, and me, though poor, the rich man courts. I importune the gods for nothing more, and of my friend in power I crave no larger boon, happy enough in my cherished Sabine farm. Day treads upon the heel of day, and new moons haste to wane; yet thou on the grave's verge dost contract for the cutting of marble slabs, and, forgetful of the tomb, dost rear a palace, eager to build out the coast of the sea that thunders by Baiae,

[1] In 133 B.C. Attalus III., King of Pergamus, had made the Roman people his heir.

summovere litora,
parum locuples continente ripa.
quid quod usque proximos
revellis agri terminos et ultra

limites clientium
salis avarus? pellitur paternos
in sinu ferens deos
et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.

nulla certior tamen
rapacis Orci fine destinata
aula divitem manet
erum. quid ultra tendis? aequa tellus

pauperi recluditur
regumque pueris, nec satelles Orci
callidum Promethea
revexit auro captus. hic superbum

Tantalum atque Tantali
genus coercet, hic levare functum
pauperem laboribus
vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

not rich enough in the mainland shore. What, that thou tearest down each neighbouring post that marks thy farm, and in thy greed dost overleap the boundaries of thy tenants! Man and wife are driven forth bearing in their arms their household gods and ragged children. And yet no hall more certainly awaits the wealthy lord than greedy Orcus' destined bourne. Why strive for more and more? For all alike doth Earth unlock her bosom—for the poor man and for princes' sons. Nor could Orcus' minion be bribed by gold to ferry back Prometheus, the crafty. Proud Tantalus and the son of Tantalus he holdeth fast, and, summoned or unsummoned, lends an ear to free the poor man when his toils are o'er.

XIX

Bacchvm in remotis carmina rupibus
vidi docentem—credite posteri—
Nymphasque discentes et auris
capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

euhoe, recenti mens trepidat metu,
plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
laetatur. euhoe, parce, Liber,
parce, gravi metuende thyrso.

fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas
vinique fontem lactis et uberes
cantare rivos atque truncis
lapsa cavis iterare mella;

fas et beatae coniugis additum
stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
disiecta non leni ruina
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,
tu separatis uvidus in iugis
nodo coerces viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines.

ODE XIX

Bacchus, Thine's the Power!

Bacchus I saw on distant crags—believe me, ye of after time—teaching hymns, and I beheld the nymphs his pupils, and the goat-footed satyrs with their pointed ears. Evoe! My heart thrills with fear still fresh, and tumultuously rejoices, since my breast is full of the god. Evoe! Liber! Spare me, oh, spare me, thou god to be dreaded for thy mighty thyrsus! 'Tis meet for me to sing of the tireless Bacchanals, to tell of the fountains of wine, the rich streams of milk, and the honey distilling from hollow tree-trunks. Meet, too, it is to sing of the crown of thy consort deified, set now among the stars, and Pentheus' palace overthrown in dire destruction, and the fatal end of Thracian Lycurgus. Thou bendest to thy sway the streams and the savage sea. On distant peaks, flushed with wine, thou bindest the hair of the Bistonian women with harmless knot of

tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhoetum retorsisti leonis
unguibus horribilique mala;

quamquam choreis aptior et iocis
ludoque dictus non sat idoneus
pugnae ferebaris; sed idem
pacis eras mediusque belli.

te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
cornu decorum, leniter atterens
caudam, et recedentis trilingui
ore pedes tetigitque crura.

serpents. Thou, too, when the impious crew of giants through the steep sky strove to mount to the realms of Jove, didst hurl back Rhoetus with the dread lion's claw and tooth. Though called fitter for dance and mirth and game, and said to be ill-suited for the fight, yet thou didst share in war as well as peace. Thee, too, glorious with thy horn of gold, Cerberus looked upon and harmed thee not, brushing thee fondly with his tail, and at thy going touched thy legs and feet with his triple tongue.

XX

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
pinna biformis per liquidum aethera
vates, neque in terris morabor
longius invidiaque maior

urbes relinquam. non ego, pauperum
sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
dilecte Maecenas, obibo
nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

iam iam residunt cruribus asperae
pelles, et album mutor in alitem
superne, nascunturque leves
per digitos umerosque plumae.

iam Daedaleo notior[1] Icaro
visam gementis litora Bosphori
Syrtesque Gaetulas canorus
ales Hyperboreosque campos.

me Colchus et, qui dissimulat metum
Marsae cohortis, Dacus et ultimi
noscent Geloni, me peritus
discet Hiber Rhodanique potor.

absint inani funere neniae
luctusque turpes et querimoniae;
compesce clamorem ac sepulcri
mitte supervacuos honores.

[1] *inferior MSS.* ocior: tutior *Bentley.*

ODE XX

The Poet prophesies his own Immortality

On no common or feeble pinion shall I soar in double form through the liquid air, a poet still, nor linger more on earth, but victorious over envy I shall quit the towns of men. Not I, the son of parents poor, not I, who hear your voice, beloved Maecenas, shall perish, or be confined by waters of the Styx. Even now the wrinkled skin is gathering on my ankles, and I am changing to a snowy swan above, and o'er my arms and shoulders is spreading a plumage soft. Soon, a tuneful bird, I shall visit the shores of the moaning Bosphorus, more renowned than Icarus, born of Daedalus; I shall visit the Gaetulian Syrtes and the plains of the Hyperboreans. Me the Colchian shall come to know, and the Dacian, who feigns to feel no dread of our Marsian cohorts; and the far Geloni; by the study of my writings the Spaniard shall become learned and they who drink the waters of the Rhone.

Let dirges be absent from what you falsely deem my death, and unseemly show of grief and lamentation! Restrain all clamour and forgo the idle tribute of a tomb!

BOOK III

LIBER III

I

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;
favete linguis. carmina non prius
audita Musarum sacerdos
virginibus puerisque canto.

regum timendorum in proprios greges,
reges in ipsos imperium est Iovis,
clari Giganteo triumpho,
cuncta supercilio moventis.

est ut viro vir latius ordinet
arbusta sulcis, hic generosior
descendat in Campum petitor,
moribus hic meliorque fama

contendat, illi turba clientium
sit maior; aequa lege Necessitas
sortitur insignes et imos:
omne capax movet urna nomen.

BOOK III

ODE I

Simplicity

I HATE the uninitiate crowd and keep them far away. Observe a reverent silence! I, the Muses' priest, sing for maids and boys songs not heard before.

The rule of dreaded kings is over their own peoples; but over the kings themselves is the rule of Jove, glorious for his victory o'er the Giants, and controlling all things with the nod of his brow.

'Tis true that one man plants his vineyards over wider acres than his fellow; that one candidate for office who comes down to the Campus is of nobler birth, another of greater worth and fame, while still another has a larger band of followers; yet with impartial justice Necessity allots the fates of high and low alike. The ample urn keeps tossing every name.

destrictus ensis cui super impia
cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes
dulcem elaborabunt saporem,
non avium citharaeque cantus
somnum reducent. somnus agrestium
lenis virorum non humiles domos
fastidit umbrosamque ripam,
non zephyris agitata Tempe.

desiderantem quod satis est neque
tumultuosum sollicitat mare
nec saevus Arcturi cadentis
impetus aut orientis Haedi,

non verberatae grandine vineae
fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
culpante, nunc torrentia agros
sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

contracta pisces aequora sentiunt
iactis in altum molibus: huc frequens
caementa demittit redemptor
cum famulis dominusque terrae
fastidiosus. sed Timor et Minae
scandunt eodem quo dominus, neque
decedit aerata triremi et
post equitem sedet atra Cura.

Over whose impious head [1] the drawn sword hangs, for him Sicilian feasts will produce no savour sweet, nor will music of birds or lutes bring back sleep to his couch. Soft slumber scorns not the humble cottage of the peasant, nor the shady bank, nor the valley by the zephyrs fanned. He who longs for only what he needs is troubled not by stormy seas, not by the fierce onslaught of setting Arcturus or rising Haedus—not by the lashing of his vineyards with the hail, nor by the treachery of his farm, the trees complaining now of too much rain, now of the dog-star parching the fields, now of the cruel winters.

The fishes note the narrowing of the waters by piers of rock laid in their depths. Here the builder with his throng of slaves, and the master who disdains the land, let down the rubble. But Fear and Threats climb to the selfsame spot the owner does; nor does black Care quit the brass-bound galley and even takes her seat behind the horseman.

1 An allusion to "the sword of Damocles." When Damocles extolled the great felicity of the tyrant Dionysius, the latter placed him at a sumptuous banquet where Damocles saw a sword suspended over his head by a single hair.

quodsi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis
nec purpurarum sidere clarior
delenit usus nec Falerna
vitis Achaemeniumque costum,

cur invidendis postibus et novo
sublime ritu moliar atrium?
cur valle permutem Sabina
divitias operosiores?

But if neither Phrygian marble nor purple brighter than the stars nor Falernian wine nor Persian nard can soothe one in distress, why should I rear aloft in modern style a hall with columns to stir envy? Why should I change my Sabine dale for the greater burden of wealth?

II

Angvstam amice pauperiem pati
robustus acri militia puer
condiscat et Parthos feroces
vexet eques metuendus hasta,

vitamque sub divo et trepidis agat
in rebus. illum ex moenibus hosticis
matrona bellantis tyranni
prospiciens et adulta virgo

suspiret: "eheu, ne rudis agminum
sponsus lacessat regius asperum
tactu leonem, quem cruenta
per medias rapit ira caedes."

dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
mors et fugacem persequitur virum,
nec parcit imbellis iuventae
poplitibus timidove tergo.

Virtus, repulsae nescia sordidae,
intaminatis fulget honoribus,
nec sumit aut ponit secures
arbitrio popularis aurae.

ODE II

Endurance, and Fidelity to One's Trust

Let the youth, hardened by active service, learn to bear with patience trying hardships! Let him, a horseman dreaded for his lance, harass the warlike Parthians and pass his life beneath the open sky amid stirring deeds! At sight of him from foeman's battlements may the consort of the warring tyrant and the ripe maiden sigh: "Ah, let not our royal lover, unpractised in the fray, rouse the lion fierce to touch, whom rage for blood hurries through the midst of carnage!"

'Tis sweet and glorious to die for fatherland. Yet Death o'ertakes not less the runaway, nor spares the limbs and coward backs of faint-hearted youths.

True worth, that never knows ignoble defeat, shines with undimmed glory, nor takes up nor lays aside the axes at the fickle mob's behest. True worth,

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
caelum, negata temptat iter via,
  coetusque vulgares et udam
    spernit humum fugiente pinna.

est et fideli tuta silentio
merces: vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
  volgarit arcanae, sub isdem
    sit trabibus fragilemque mecum

solvat phaselon; saepe Diespiter
neglectus incesto addidit integrum,
  raro antecedentem scelestum
    deseruit pede Poena claudo.

opening Heaven wide for those deserving not to die, essays its course by a path denied to others, and spurns the vulgar crowd and damp earth on fleeting pinion.

There is a sure reward for trusty silence, too. I will forbid the man who has divulged the sacred rites of mystic Ceres, to abide beneath the same roof or to unmoor with me the fragile bark. Often has outraged Jupiter involved the innocent with the guilty; but rarely does Vengeance, albeit of halting gait, fail to o'ertake the guilty, though he gain the start.

III

Ivstvm et tenacem propositi virum
non civium ardor prava iubentium,
non vultus instantis tyranni
mente quatit solida neque Auster,

dux inquieti turbidus Hadriae,
nec fulminantis magna manus Iovis;
si fractus inlabatur orbis,
impavidum ferient ruinae.

hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
enisus arces attigit igneas,
quos inter Augustus recumbens
purpureo bibet[1] ore nectar.

hac te merentem, Bacche pater, tuae
vexere tigres, indocili iugum
collo trahentes; hac Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit,

gratum elocuta consiliantibus
Iunone divis: "Ilion, Ilion
fatalis incestusque iudex
et mulier peregrina vertit

[1] *Some MSS. read* bibit.

ODE III

Justice, and Steadfastness of Purpose

The man tenacious of his purpose in a righteous cause is not shaken from his firm resolve by the frenzy of his fellow citizens bidding what is wrong, not by the face of threatening tyrant, not by Auster, stormy master of the restless Adriatic, not by the mighty hand of thundering Jove. Were the vault of heaven to break and fall upon him, its ruins would smite him undismayed.

'Twas by such merits that Pollux and roving Hercules strove and reached the starry citadels, reclining among whom Augustus shall sip nectar with ruddy lips. 'Twas for such merits, Father Bacchus, that thy tigers drew thee in well-earned triumph, wearing the yoke on untrained neck. 'Twas for such merits that Quirinus escaped Acheron on the steeds of Mars, what time Juno, among the gods in council gathered, spake the welcome words: "Ilium, Ilium has been turned to dust by an umpire fateful

in pulverem, ex quo destituit deos
mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
castaeque damnatum Minervae
cum populo et duce fraudulento.

iam nec Lacaenae splendet adulterae
famosus hospes nec Priami domus
periura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit,

nostrisque ductum seditionibus
bellum resedit. protinus et graves
iras et invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,

Marti redonabo; illum ego lucidas
inire sedes, ducere [1] nectaris
sucos et adscribi quietis
ordinibus patiar deorum.

dum longus inter saeviat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exsules
in parte regnanto beati;
dum Priami Paridisque busto

insultet armentum et catulos ferae
celent inultae, stet Capitolium
fulgens triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare iura Medis.

[1] *Good MSS. also have* discere.

and impure, and by a foreign woman—Ilium given over to me and virgin Pallas, with its folk and treacherous king, ever since Laomedon cheated the gods of their covenanted pay. No longer does the infamous stranger dazzle the eyes of his Spartan paramour, nor does the perjured house of Priam with Hector's help longer baffle the contending Greeks; and the war our feuds had lengthened, now has ended. Henceforth I will abandon my fierce wrath and restore to Mars my hated grandson whom the Trojan priestess bore. Him will I suffer to enter the abodes of light, to quaff sweet nectar, and to be enrolled in the serene ranks of the gods.

Provided only a wide sea rage between Ilium and Rome, let the exiles reign happy in whatever place they choose; provided only the cattle trample over the tomb of Priam and of Paris, and the wild beasts hide their whelps there with impunity, let the Capitol stand gleaming, and let warlike Rome dictate terms to the conquered Medes! Held far and wide in awe,

horrenda late nomen in ultimas
extendat oras, qua medius liquor
secernit Europen ab Afro,
qua tumidus rigat arva Nilus,

aurum inrepertum et sic melius situm,
cum terra celat, spernere fortior
quam cogere humanos in usus
omne sacrum rapiente dextra.

quicumque mundo terminus obstitit,
hunc tangat armis, visere gestiens,
qua parte debacchentur ignes,
qua nebulae pluviique rores.

sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus
hac lege dico, ne nimium pii
rebusque fidentes avitae
tecta velint reparare Troiae.

Troiae renascens alite lugubri
fortuna tristi clade iterabitur
ducente victrices catervas
coniuge me Iovis et sorore.

ter si resurgat murus aëneus
auctore Phoebo, ter pereat meis
excisus Argivis, ter uxor
capta virum puerosque ploret."

let her spread her name to farthest coasts, where the Strait severs Europe from Africa, where the swollen Nile waters the corn-lands, stronger to spurn undiscovered gold (better so bestowed, while Earth yet hides it) than to gather it for human uses with a hand that plunders every sacred thing. Whatever limit bounds the world, this let her reach with her arms, eager to behold where tropic heats hold revel, where mists and dripping rains prevail.

But on this condition only do I foretell the fates to the martial Quirites: Let them not, too loyal and too trustful of their power, wish to renew the roofs of ancestral Troy! If Troy's fortune revive again, it shall be under evil omen, and her doom shall be repeated with dire disaster, I, Jove's consort and sister, leading the conquering hosts. Should her walls thrice rise in bronze with Phoebus' help, thrice shall they perish, destroyed by my Argive warriors; thrice shall the captive wife mourn her husband and her children."

non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae :
quo, Musa, tendis ? desine pervicax
referre sermones deorum et
magna modis tenuare parvis.

But this will not befit the sportive lyre. On what, O Muse, art thou bent? Cease wantonly to report the councils of the gods and to belittle lofty themes with trivial measures!

IV

Descende caelo et dic age tibia
regina longum Calliope melos,
  seu voce nunc mavis acuta
    seu fidibus citharaque Phoebi.

auditis, an me ludit amabilis
insania? audire et videor pios
  errare per lucos, amoenae
    quos et aquae subeunt et aurae.

me fabulosae Volture in avio [1]
nutricis extra limen Apuliae [2]
  ludo fatigatumque somno
    fronde nova puerum palumbes

texere, mirum quod foret omnibus,
quicumque celsae nidum Acherontiae
  saltusque Bantinos et arvum
    pingue tenent humilis Forenti,

ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
dormirem et ursis, ut premerer sacra
  lauroque conlataque myrto,
    non sine dis animosus infans.

[1] avio *Keller:* Apulo *MSS.*
[2] *Good MSS. also have* limina Pulliae.

ODE IV

Wisdom and Order

Descend from heaven, O Queen Calliope, and play upon the flute a long-continued melody, or sing with thy clear voice, dost thou prefer, or to the strings of Phoebus' lyre! Do ye hear, my mates? Or does some fond illusion mock me? Methinks I hear her and am straying through hallowed groves, where pleasant waters steal and breezes stir.

In childhood's days, on trackless Vultur, beyond the borders of old nurse Apulia, when I was tired with play and overcome with sleep, the doves of story covered me o'er with freshly fallen leaves, to be a marvel to all who dwell in lofty Acherontia's nest and Bantia's glades, and the rich fields of Forentum in the dale—how I slept safe from bears and black serpents, how I was overspread with sacred bay and gathered myrtle, with the gods' help a fearless child.

vester, Camenae, vester in arduos
tollor Sabinos, seu mihi frigidum
Praeneste seu Tibur supinum
seu liquidae placuere Baiae.

vestris amicum fontibus et choris
non me Philippis versa acies retro,
devota non extinxit arbor,
nec Sicula Palinurus unda.

utcumque mecum vos eritis, libens
insanientem navita Bosphorum
temptabo et urentes harenas
litoris Assyrii viator;

visam Britannos hospitibus feros
et laetum equino sanguine Concanum,
visam pharetratos Gelonos
et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.

vos Caesarem altum, militia simul
fessas cohortes addidit oppidis,
finire quaerentem labores,
Pierio recreatis antro.

vos lene consilium et datis et dato
gaudetis, almae. scimus, ut impios
Titanas immanemque turbam
fulmine sustulerit caduco,

As yours, yes, yours, O Muses, do I climb to my lofty Sabine hills, or go to cool Praeneste, or sloping Tibur, or to cloudless Baiae, has it but caught my fancy. Friend of your springs and dancing choirs, not Philippi's rout destroyed me, nor that accursed tree, nor the Sicilian wave near Palinurus' headland. Whenever ye are with me, gladly will I as mariner essay the raging Bosphorus, or as wanderer the blazing sands of the Syrian shore. I'll visit all unscathed the Britons, no friends to strangers, the Concanian that delights in draughts of horses' blood, the Geloni that wear the quiver, and the Scythian stream.

'Tis ye who in Pierian grotto refresh our noble Caesar, when he seeks to soothe his cares, now that he has settled in the towns his cohorts wearied with campaigning. Ye give gentle counsel, and delight in giving it, ye goddesses benign. Full well we know how the impious Titans and their frightful horde were

qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
ventosum et urbes regnaque tristia,
divosque mortalesque turmas
imperio regit unus aequo.

magnum illa terrorem intulerat Iovi
fidens iuventus horrida bracchiis
fratresque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

sed quid Typhoeus et validus Mimas,
aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
quid Rhoetus evulsisque truncis
Enceladus iaculator audax

contra sonantem Palladis aegida
possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc matrona Iuno et
numquam umeris positurus arcum,

qui rore puro Castaliae lavit
crines solutos, qui Lyciae tenet
dumeta natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patareus Apollo.

vis consili expers mole ruit sua:
vim temperatam di quoque provehunt
in maius; idem odere vires
omne nefas animo moventes.

struck down with the descending bolt by him who rules the lifeless earth, the wind-swept sea, cities, and the gloomy realms below, who alone with righteous sway governs the gods and throngs of men. Mighty terror had been brought on Jove by that insolent crew, bristling with hands, and by the brothers who strove to set Pelion on shadowy Olympus. But what could Typhoeus avail and mighty Mimas, what Porphyrion with his threatening mien, what Rhoetus and Enceladus, bold hurler of uprooted trees, in their rush against the ringing aegis of Minerva! On this side stood eager Vulcan, on that, matron Juno and he who from his shoulder shall never lay aside the bow, who laves his flowing locks in Castalia's pure dew, who haunts the Lycian thickets and the forests of his native isle, god of Delos and of Patara, Apollo's self.

Brute force bereft of wisdom falls to ruin by its own weight. Power with counsel tempered, even the gods make greater. But might that in its soul is bent

testis mearum centimanus Gyas[1]
sententiarum, notus et integrae
temptator Orion Dianae,
virginea domitus sagitta.

iniecta monstris Terra dolet suis
maeretque partus fulmine luridum
missos ad Orcum; nec peredit
impositam celer ignis Aetnen,

incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
custos; amatorem trecentae
Pirithoum cohibent catenae.

[1] Gyas *Lambinus:* gigas *MSS.*

on all impiety, they hate. Be hundred-handed Gyas the witness of my verdict, Orion too, well-known assailant of chaste Diana, subdued by the arrow of the maiden-goddess! Earth, heaped upon her monstrous offspring, mourns and laments her progeny hurled down to murky Orcus by the thunderbolt. Nor yet has the swift-darting flame eaten through Aetna's pile, nor does the vulture leave the breast of lawless Tityos, set as a watchman o'er his infamy. And thrice a hundred chains hold fast the amorous Pirithous.

V

Caelo tonantem credidimus Iovem
regnare; praesens divus habebitur
Augustus adiectis Britannis
imperio gravibusque Persis.

milesne Crassi coniuge barbara
turpis maritus vixit et hostium
(pro curia inversique mores!)
consenuit socerorum in armis

sub rege Medo, Marsus et Apulus
anciliorum et nominis et togae
oblitus aeternaeque Vestae,
incolumi Iove et urbe Roma?

hoc caverat mens provida Reguli
dissentientis condicionibus
foedis et exemplo trahentis[1]
perniciem veniens in aevum,

si non periret immiserabilis
captiva pubes. "signa ego Punicis
adfixa delubris et arma
militibus sine caede" dixit

[1] trahentis *all MSS.*: trahenti *many editors.*

ODE V

Martial Courage

We believe that Jove is king in heaven because we hear his thunders peal; Augustus shall be deemed a god on earth for adding to our empire the Britons and dread Parthians. Did Crassus' troops live in base wedlock with barbarian wives and (alas, our sunken Senate and our altered ways!) grow old in service of the foes whose daughters they had wedded —Marsian and Apulian submissive to a Parthian king, forgetful of the sacred shields, the Roman name, the toga, and eternal Vesta, while Jove's temples and the city Rome remained unharmed?

'Twas against this the far-seeing mind of Regulus had guarded when he revolted from the shameful terms and from such precedent foresaw ruin extending to the coming ages, should not the captive youth perish without pity. "With mine own eyes," he said, "have I seen our standards hung up in Punic shrines, and weapons

"derepta vidi, vidi ego civium
retorta tergo bracchia libero
portasque non clausas et arva
Marte coli populata nostro.

auro repensus scilicet acrior
miles redibit. flagitio additis
damnum: neque amissos colores
lana refert medicata fuco,

nec vera virtus, cum semel excidit,
curat reponi deterioribus.
si pugnat extricata densis
cerva plagis, erit ille fortis

qui perfidis se credidit hostibus,
et Marte Poenos proteret altero,
qui lora restrictis lacertis
sensit iners timuitque mortem.

hic, unde vitam sumeret inscius,
pacem duello miscuit. o pudor!
o magna Carthago, probrosis
altior Italiae ruinis!"

fertur pudicae coniugis osculum
parvosque natos ut capitis minor
ab se removisse et virilem
torvus humi posuisse voltum,

wrested from our soldiers without bloodshed; with mine own eyes have I seen the hands of freemen pinioned behind their backs, the gates (of Carthage) open wide, the fields once ravaged by our warfare tilled again. Redeemed by gold, forsooth, our soldiers will renew the strife with greater bravery! To shame ye are but adding loss; the wool with purple dyed never regains the hue it once has lost, nor does true manhood, when it once has vanished, care to be restored to degenerate breasts. If the doe gives fight when loosened from the close-meshed toils, then will *he* be brave who has trusted himself to perfidious foes, and *he* will crush the Carthaginians in a second war who has tamely felt the thongs upon his fettered arms and has stood in fear of death. Such a one, not knowing how to make his life secure, has confounded war with peace. Alas the shame! O mighty Carthage, raised higher on Italy's disgraceful ruins."

'Tis said he put away his chaste wife's kisses and his little children, as one bereft of civil rights, and sternly bent his manly gaze upon the ground, till he

donec labantis consilio patres
firmaret auctor numquam alias dato,
  interque maerentes amicos
    egregius properaret exsul.

atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus
tortor pararet. non aliter tamen
  dimovit obstantes propinquos
    et populum reditus morantem,

quam si clientum longa negotia
diiudicata lite relinqueret,
  tendens Venafranos in agros
    aut Lacedaemonium Tarentum.

should strengthen the Senate's wavering purpose by advice ne'er given before, and amid sorrowing friends should hurry forth a glorious exile. Full well he knew what the barbarian torturer was making ready for him; and yet he pushed aside the kinsmen who blocked his path and the people who would stay his going, with no less unconcern than if some case in court had been decided, and he were leaving the tedious business of his clients, speeding to Venafran fields, or to Lacedaemonian Tarentum.

VI

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
aedesque labentes deorum et
foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

dis te minorem quod geris, imperas:
hinc omne principium; huc refer exitum.
di multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

iam bis Monaeses et Pacori manus
non auspicatos contudit impetus
nostros et adiecisse praedam
torquibus exiguis renidet.

paene occupatam seditionibus
delevit urbem Dacus et Aethiops,
hic classe formidatus, ille
missilibus melior sagittis.

fecunda culpae saecula nuptias
primum inquinavere et genus et domos:
hoc fonte derivata clades
in patriam populumque fluxit.

motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
matura virgo et fingitur artibus
iam nunc et incestos amores
de tenero meditatur ungui.

ODE VI

Religion and Purity

Thy fathers' sins, O Roman, thou, though guiltless, shalt expiate, till thou dost restore the crumbling temples and shrines of the gods and their statues soiled with grimy smoke. 'Tis by holding thyself the servant of the gods that thou dost rule; with them all things begin; to them ascribe the outcome! Outraged, they have visited unnumbered woes on sorrowing Hesperia. Already twice Monaeses and the band of Pacorus have crushed our ill-starred onslaughts, and now beam with joy to have added spoil from us to their paltry necklaces. Beset with civil strife, the City has narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of Dacian and of Aethiop, the one sore dreaded for his fleet, the other better with the flying arrow. Teeming with sin, our times have sullied first the marriage-bed, our offspring, and our homes; sprung from this source, disaster's stream has overflowed the folk and fatherland. The maiden early takes delight in learning Grecian dances, and trains herself in coquetry e'en now, and plans unholy amours, with passion unrestrained.[1] Soon midst

[1] Literally: 'from her tender nail'; *i.e.* in every fibre of her being.

mox iuniores quaerit adulteros
inter mariti vina, neque eligit
cui donet impermissa raptim
gaudia luminibus remotis,

sed iussa coram non sine conscio
surgit marito, seu vocat institor
seu navis Hispanae magister,
dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

non his iuventus orta parentibus
infecit aequor sanguine Punico
Pyrrhumque et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum Hannibalemque dirum;

sed rusticorum mascula militum
proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
versare glaebas et severae
matris ad arbitrium recisos

portare fustes, Sol ubi montium
mutaret umbras et iuga demeret
bobus fatigatis, amicum
tempus agens abeunte curru.

damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
aetas parentum, peior avis, tulit
nos nequiores, mox daturos
progeniem vitiosiorem.

her husband's revels she seeks younger paramours, nor stops to choose on whom she swiftly shall bestow illicit joys when lights are banished; but openly, when bidden, and not without her husband's knowledge, she rises, be it some peddler summons her, or the captain of some Spanish ship, lavish purchaser of shame.

Not such the sires of whom were sprung the youth that dyed the sea with Punic blood, and struck down Pyrrhus and great Antiochus and Hannibal, the dire; but a manly brood of peasant soldiers, taught to turn the clods with Sabine hoe, and at a strict mother's bidding to bring cut firewood, when the sun shifted the shadows of the mountain sides and lifted the yoke from weary steers, bringing the welcome time of rest with his departing car.

What do the ravages of time not injure! Our parents' age, worse than our grandsires', has brought forth us less worthy and destined soon to yield an offspring still more wicked.

VII

Qvid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi
primo restituent vere Favonii
  Thyna merce beatum,
    constantis iuvenem fide,

Gygen? ille Notis actus ad Oricum
post insana Caprae sidera frigidas
  noctes non sine multis
    insomnis lacrimis agit.

atqui sollicitae nuntius hospitae,
suspirare Chloen et miseram tuis
  dicens ignibus uri,
    temptat mille vafer modis.

ut Proetum mulier perfida credulum
falsis impulerit criminibus nimis
  casto Bellerophontae
    maturare necem refert;

narrat paene datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magnessam Hippolyten dum fugit abstinens;
  et peccare docentes
    fallax historias movet.[1]

[1] *Most MSS have* monet.

ODE VII

Constancy, Asterie!

Why weepest thou, Asterie, for Gyges, whom at spring's first advent the cloudless zephyrs shall restore to thee, rich with Bithynian wares, thy constant lover? He, by east winds driven to Oricum, after the Goat's wild rising, passes the chill nights sleeplessly, not without many a tear. And yet the messenger of his enamoured hostess, telling how wretched Chloë sighs and is consumed with affection for thy lover, craftily tempts him with a thousand arts. She tells how a perfidious woman by false charges drove credulous Proetus to bring swift death on over-chaste Bellerophon. She tells of Peleus, all but doomed to Tartarus for righteous shunning of Magnessian Hippolyte; and with subtle guile cites examples that encourage faithlessness.

frustra: nam scopulis surdior Icari
voces audit adhuc integer. at tibi
ne vicinus Enipeus
plus iusto placeat cave;

quamvis non alius flectere equum sciens
aeque conspicitur gramine Martio,
nec quisquam citus aeque
Tusco denatat alveo.

prima nocte domum claude neque in vias
sub cantu querulae despice tibiae,
et te saepe vocanti
duram difficilis mane.

Yet all in vain, for deafer than the cliffs of Icaros, he listens to her pleas, heart-whole as yet. But have *thou* a care lest to thee thy neighbour Enipeus prove more pleasing than he ought, though no one else is seen to be as skilful to guide his steed over the Campus' sward and no one swims so swiftly down the Tiber's channel. At nightfall close thy dwelling, nor bend thy gaze into the streets at the music of his plaintive flute, and though oft he call thee cruel, do thou remain unyielding.

VIII

Martiis caelebs quid agam Kalendis,
quid velint flores et acerra turis
plena miraris positusque carbo in
caespite vivo,

docte sermones utriusque linguae.
voveram dulces epulas et album
Libero caprum prope funeratus
arboris ictu.

hic dies anno redeunte festus
corticem adstrictum pice demovebit
amphorae fumum bibere institutae
consule Tullo.

sume, Maecenas, cyathos amici
sospitis centum et vigiles lucernas
perfer in lucem : procul omnis esto
clamor et ira.

mitte civiles super urbe curas:
occidit Daci Cotisonis agmen,
Medus infestus sibi luctuosis
dissidet armis,

ODE VIII

A Glad Anniversary

What I, a bachelor, am doing on the Martian Kalends, what mean the flowers, the casket full of incense, and the embers laid on fresh-cut turf—at this you marvel, you versed in the lore of either tongue! I had vowed to Liber a savoury feast and a pure white goat, what time I narrowly escaped destruction by the falling tree. This festal day, each time the year revolves, shall draw a well-pitched cork forth from a jar set to drink the smoke [1] in Tullus' consulship. So drain, Maecenas, a hundred cyathi in celebration of your friend's escape, and keep the lamps alight till dawn! Banish far all angry brawls! Dismiss the cares of state! Crushed is the band of Dacian Cotiso; the hostile Parthians are fighting with each

[1] *I.e.* sealed.

servit Hispanae vetus hostis orae
Cantaber, sera domitus catena,
iam Scythae laxo meditantur arcu
cedere campis.

neglegens, ne qua populus laboret,
parce privatus nimium cavere et
dona praesentis cape laetus horae ac
linque severa.

other in disastrous strife; our old Cantabrian foe of the Spanish coast, at last in captive chains, is now our subject. Already the Scythians, with bows unstrung are planning to quit their plains. Be for the nonce a private citizen, care-free, and cease to be too much concerned lest in any way the people suffer! Gladly take the gifts of the present hour and abandon serious things!

IX

"Donec gratus eram tibi
nec quisquam potior bracchia candidae
cervici iuvenis dabat,
Persarum vigui rege beatior."

"donec non alia magis
arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloen,
multi Lydia nominis
Romana vigui clarior Ilia."

"me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,
pro qua non metuam mori,
si parcent animae fata superstiti."

"me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,
pro quo bis patiar mori,
si parcent puero fata superstiti."

"quid si prisca redit Venus
diductosque iugo cogit aëneo?
si flava excutitur Chloe
reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?"

"quamquam sidere pulchrior
ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo
iracundior Hadria,
tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens!"

ODE IX

Reconciliation

"While I was dear to thee and no more favoured youth flung his arms about thy dazzling neck, I lived in greater bliss than Persia's king."

"While thou wast enamoured of no other more than me, and Lydia ranked not after Chloë, in joy of my great fame I, Lydia, lived more glorious than Roman Ilia."

"Me Thracian Chloë now doth sway, skilled in sweet measures and mistress of the lyre; for her I will not fear to die, if the Fates but spare my darling and suffer her to live."

"Me Calais, son of Thurian Ornytus, kindles with mutual flame; for him right willingly I twice will die, if the Fates but spare the lad and suffer him to live."

"What if the old love come back again and join those now estranged beneath her compelling yoke; if fair-haired Chloë be put aside and the door thrown open to rejected Lydia?"

"Though he is fairer than the stars, and thou less stable than the tossing cork and stormier than the wanton Adriatic, with thee I fain would live, with thee I'd gladly die."

X

Extremvm Tanain si biberes, Lyce,
saevo nupta viro, me tamen asperas
porrectum ante fores obicere incolis
plorares Aquilonibus.

audis, quo strepitu ianua, quo nemus
inter pulchra satum tecta remugiat
ventis, et positas ut glaciet nives
puro numine Iuppiter?

ingratam Veneri pone superbiam,
ne currente retro funis eat rota:
non te Penelopen difficilem procis
Tyrrhenus genuit parens.

o quamvis neque te munera nec preces
nec tinctus viola pallor amantium
nec vir Pieria paelice saucius
curvat, supplicibus tuis

parcas, nec rigida mollior aesculo
nec Mauris animum mitior anguibus.
non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquae
caelestis patiens latus.

ODE X

A Lover's Complaint

Wert thou wont to drink of Tanais' distant stream, O Lyce, wedded to some stern husband, yet wouldst thou be loth to expose me, stretched out before thy cruel portals, to the blasts of thy native North. Hearest thou how creaks the door, how the trees planted within thy fair abode are moaning in the gale; how in cloudless majesty Jupiter is glazing the fallen snow? Banish thy disdain, to Venus hateful, lest the rope run back as the wheel revolves![1] No Penelope art thou, unyielding to thy suitors, nor of Tuscan parents born. Though neither gifts nor prayers move thee, nor thy lovers' pallor tinged with saffron, nor thy husband's passion for a Thessalian mistress, yet spare thy suppliants, thou less pliant than the unbending oak, and in heart no gentler than Moorish serpents! Not for ever will my body endure thy threshold or the rain of heaven.

[1] A figure drawn from some mechanical appliance such as a windlass, of which control is lost.

XI

Mercvri (nam te docilis magistro
movit Amphion lapides canendo),
tuque testudo resonare septem
callida nervis,

nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc et
divitum mensis et amica templis,
dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas
applicet aures,

quae velut latis equa trima campis
ludit exsultim metuitque tangi,
nuptiarum expers et adhuc protervo
cruda marito.

tu potes tigres comitesque silvas
ducere et rivos celeres morari;
cessit immanis tibi blandienti
ianitor aulae,

Cerberus, quamvis furiale centum
muniant angues caput eius atque
spiritus taeter saniesque manet
ore trilingui.

ODE XI

Take Warning, Lyde, from the Danaids!

O Mercury (for taught by thee as master, Amphion with his measures moved the rocks) and thou, O shell, trained to respond with thy seven strings, thou that once wast neither eloquent nor lovely, but now art welcome at the tables of the rich and in the temples of the gods, utter measures to which Lyde may incline her reluctant ears, who now, like a filly three years old, gambols o'er the spreading plains, and shrinks from being touched, to wedlock still a stranger, and not yet ripe for an eager mate.

Thou hast power to draw tigers and the forests in thy train, and canst stay the dashing streams. To thy persuasive charms Cerberus, grim gateman of the court of hell, surrendered, though a hundred snakes guard his frightful head, and foul breath and gore

quin et Ixion Tityosque voltu
risit invito, stetit urna paulum
sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
carmine mulces.

audiat Lyde scelus atque notas
virginum poenas et inane lymphae
dolium fundo pereuntis imo
seraque fata,

quae manent culpas etiam sub Orco.
impiae (nam quid potuere maius?)
impiae sponsos potuere duro
perdere ferro.

una de multis face nuptiali
digna periurum fuit in parentem
splendide mendax et in omne virgo
nobilis aevum,

"surge" quae dixit iuveni marito,
"surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde
non times, detur; socerum et scelestas
falle sorores,

quae, velut nanctae vitulos leaenae,
singulos eheu lacerant: ego illis
mollior nec te feriam neque intra
claustra tenebo.

flow from his three-tongued mouth. Nay, even Ixion and Tityos smiled through their anguish, and for a little while the jar stood dry, as with thy winning notes thou Danaus' daughters didst beguile. Let Lyde hear the tale of the maidens' sin and punishment well-known, and their vessel ever empty of water vanishing through the bottom, and the fate which, though long deferred, awaits wrongdoing even in Orcus' realms. Impious (for what greater crime could they have compassed?), impious, they had the heart to destroy their lovers with the cruel steel. One only of the many was there, worthy of the marriage torch, gloriously false to her perjured father, a maiden noble for all time to come, who to her youthful husband said: "Arise, arise! lest unending slumber visit thee from a source thou fearest not. Elude my father and my wicked sisters, who like lionesses that have seized young steers, alas! are rending each her own. I, softer of heart than they, will neither strike thee nor hold thee under lock and bar. Me let my

me pater saevis oneret catenis,
quod viro clemens misero peperci;
me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
classe releget.

i, pedes quo te rapiunt et aurae,
dum favet Nox et Venus; i secundo
omine, et nostri memorem sepulcro
scalpe querellam."

father load with cruel chains, for that in mercy I did spare my hapless husband! Let him with his ships send me in banishment to the farthest lands of the Numidians! Go whither thy feet and the breezes hurry thee, while night and Venus are propitious! God speed thee! And carve upon my sepulchre an elegy in memory of me!"

XII

Miserarvm est neque amori dare ludum neque dulci
mala vino lavere aut exanimari metuentes
patruae verbera linguae.

tibi qualum Cythereae puer ales, tibi telas
operosaeque Minervae studium aufert, Neobule,
Liparaei nitor Hebri

simul unctos Tiberinis umeros lavit in undis,
eques ipso melior Bellerophonte, neque pugno
neque segni pede victus,

catus idem per apertum fugientes agitato
grege cervos iaculari et celer arto latitantem
fruticeto excipere aprum.

ODE XII

Neobule's Soliloquy

Wretched the maids who may not give play to love nor drown their cares in sweet wine, or who lose heart, fearing the lash of an uncle's tongue. From thee, O Neobule, Cytherea's winged child snatches away thy wool-basket, thy web, and thy devotion to busy Minerva, so soon as radiant Liparean Hebrus has bathed his well-anointed shoulders in Tiber's flood, a rider better even than Bellerophon, never defeated for fault of fist or foot, clever too to spear the stags flying in startled herd over the open plain, and quick to meet the wild boar lurking in the thick-set copse.

XIII

O fons Bandvsiae, splendidior vitro,
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
  cras donaberis haedo,
    cui frons turgida cornibus

primis et venerem et proelia destinat.
frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi
  rubro sanguine rivos
    lascivi suboles gregis.

te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile
  fessis vomere tauris
    praebes et pecori vago.

fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
  saxis, unde loquaces
    lymphae desiliunt tuae.

ODE XIII

To the Fountain Bandusia

O Fount Bandusia, brighter than crystal, worthy of sweet wine and flowers, to-morrow shalt thou be honoured with a firstling of the flock whose brow, with horns just budding, foretokens love and strife. Alas! in vain; for this offspring of the sportive flock shall dye thy cool waters with its own red blood. Thee the fierce season of the blazing dog-star cannot touch; to bullocks wearied of the ploughshare and to the roaming flock thou dost offer gracious coolness. Thou, too, shalt be numbered among the far-famed fountains, through the song I sing of the oak planted o'er the grotto whence thy babbling waters leap.

XIV

Hercvlis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
morte venalem petiisse laurum
Caesar Hispana repetit penates
victor ab ora.

unico gaudens mulier marito
prodeat iustis operata divis
et soror clari ducis et decorae
supplice vitta

virginum matres iuvenumque nuper
sospitum. vos, o pueri et puellae
non virum expertae,[1] maleominatis[2]
parcite verbis.

hic dies vere mihi festus atras
eximet curas; ego nec tumultum
nec mori per vim metuam tenente
Caesare terras.

i, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas
et cadum Marsi memorem duelli,
Spartacum siqua potuit vagantem
fallere testa.

[1] iam-expertae, *MSS.* non *Bentley;* iam virum experten, *Cuninghum.*
[2] male nominatis *most MSS.*

ODE XIV

The Return of Augustus

Caesar, O citizens, who but now was said, like Hercules, to be in quest of the laurel purchased at the price of death, rejoins again his household gods, victoriously returning from the Spanish shore. Rejoicing in her peerless husband, let his consort, after offering sacrifice to the righteous gods, now advance, and the sister of our famous chief, and, with suppliant fillet decked, mothers of maids and sons just saved.

Do ye, O lads and maidens not yet wedded, refrain from ill-omened words! This day for me shall be truly festal and shall take away black cares. Neither civil strife nor death by violence will I fear, while Caesar holds the earth.

Go seek perfumes, lad, and garlands, and a jar that remembers the Marsian War, if a single one in any way hath been able to escape the roving Spartacus! Also

dic et argutae properet Neaerae
murreum nodo cohibere crinem;
si per invisum mora ianitorem
fiet, abito.

lenit albescens animos capillus
litium et rixae cupidos protervae;
non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa
consule Planco.

bid clear-voiced Neaera to make haste and fasten in a knot her chestnut locks! If delay be caused by the hateful door-keeper, come away! My whitening hair softens a spirit prone to strife and wanton brawling; I had not brooked such insult when hot with youth in Plancus' consulship.

XV

Vxor pauperis Ibyci,
tandem nequitiae fige modum tuae
famosisque laboribus;
maturo propior desine funeri

inter ludere virgines
et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
non, si quid Pholoen, satis
et te, Chlori, decet: filia rectius

expugnat iuvenum domos,
pulso Thyias uti concita tympano.
illam cogit amor Nothi
lascivae similem ludere capreae;

te lanae prope nobilem
tonsae Luceriam, non citharae decent
nec flos purpureus rosae
nec poti vetulam faece tenus cadi.

ODE XV

Old and Young

O WIFE of humble Ibycus, put an end at length to thy wantonness and thy disreputable arts! Since thou art nearing the fitting time for death, cease to sport among the maidens and to cast a cloud over the shining stars! What becomes Pholoë does not quite become thee also, Chloris. 'Tis fitter for thy daughter to storm the homes of gallants, like some Bacchanal roused by the beating drum. She, for love of Nothus, is forced to gambol like a sportive doe. The wool shorn near famed Luceria is meet for thee, not the lyre nor the dark red blossom of the rose, nor wine-jars drained to their dregs, old beldame that thou art!

XVI

Inclvsam Danaën turris aënea
robustaeque fores et vigilum canum
tristes excubiae munierant satis
nocturnis ab adulteris,

si non Acrisium virginis abditae
custodem pavidum Iuppiter et Venus
risissent: fore enim tutum iter et patens
converso in pretium deo.

aurum per medios ire satellites
et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
ictu fulmineo: concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum

demersa exitio; diffidit urbium
portas vir Macedo et subruit aemulos
reges muneribus; munera navium
saevos inlaqueant duces.

crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
maiorumque fames. iure perhorrui
late conspicuum tollere verticem,
Maecenas, equitum decus.

ODE XVI

Contentment

Tower of bronze, doors of oak, and the strict guard of watch-dogs had quite protected imprisoned Danaë from nocturnal lovers, had not Jupiter and Venus laughed at Acrisius, anxious keeper of the hidden maiden. For they knew that the way would be safe and open, when the god had turned to gold. Gold loves to make its way through the midst of sentinels and to break through rocks, for 'tis mightier than the thunderbolt. 'Twas for the sake of gain that the house of the Argive prophet plunged to destruction and fell in ruins. 'Twas by gifts of gold that the Macedonian burst open gates of cities and overthrew rival kings; gifts ensnare bluff admirals, too. Yet as money grows, care and greed for greater riches follow after. With reason did I shrink from raising my head to be seen afar, Maecenas, thou glory of the equestrian

quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
ab dis plura feret : nil cupientium
nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum
partes linquere gestio,

contemptae dominus splendidior rei,
quam si, quidquid arat impiger Apulus,
occultare meis dicerer horreis,
magnas inter opes inops.

purae rivus aquae silvaque iugerum
paucorum et segetis certa fides meae
fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae
fallit sorte beatior.

quamquam nec Calabrae mella ferunt apes,
nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
crescunt vellera pascuis :

importuna tamen pauperies abest,
nec si plura velim tu dare deneges.
contracto melius parva cupidine
vectigalia porrigam,

quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei
campis continuem. multa petentibus
desunt multa ; bene est, cui deus obtulit
parca quod satis est manu.

rank. The more a man denies himself, so much the more will he receive from the gods. Destitute myself, I seek the camp of those desiring naught, and, a renegade, am eager to leave the side of the rich, a more glorious master of the wealth I spurn than were I said to hide within my barns the produce of all the acres that the sturdy Apulian ploughs, a beggar in the midst of mighty wealth. My stream of pure water, my woodland of few acres, and sure trust in my crop of corn bring me more blessing than the lot of the dazzling lord of fertile Africa, though he know it not. Though neither Calabrian bees bring me honey, nor wine lies mellowing for me in Laestrygonian jar, nor thick fleeces are waxing for me in Gallic pastures, yet distressing poverty is absent; nor, did I wish more, wouldst thou refuse to grant it. By narrowing my desires I shall better enlarge my scanty revenues than were I to make the realm of Alyattes continuous with the Mygdonian plains. To those who seek for much, much is ever lacking; blest is he to whom the god with chary hand has given just enough.

XVII

Aeli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,
quando et priores hinc Lamias ferunt
denominatos et nepotum
per memores genus omne fastos;

auctore ab illo ducis originem,
qui Formiarum moenia dicitur
princeps et innantem Maricae
litoribus tenuisse Lirim,

late tyrannus. cras foliis nemus
multis et alga litus inutili
demissa tempestas ab Euro
sternet, aquae nisi fallit augur

annosa cornix. dum potes, aridum
compone lignum; cras Genium mero
curabis et porco bimenstri
cum famulis operum solutis.

ODE XVII

Prepare for a Rainy Morrow!

O Aelius, famed scion of ancient Lamus (since from him, they say, were named the Lamiae of old, and the whole line of their descendants through all recorded history), you draw your blood from him as founder who first is said to have held the walls of Formiae and the Liris where it floods Marica's shores, possessing lordship far and wide. To-morrow a tempest, from the East let loose, shall strew with many leaves the grove, and the shore with useless seaweed, unless the ancient raven, prophet of rain, this time prove false. Pile up dry fagots, while you may! To-morrow, attended by your household slaves from tasks released, cheer your soul with unmixed wine and a pig but two months old!

XVIII

Favne, Nympharum fugientum amator,
per meos fines et aprica rura
lenis incedas abeasque parvis
aequus alumnis,

si tener pleno cadit haedus anno,
larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
vina craterae, vetus ara multo
fumat odore.

ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
cum tibi nonae redeunt Decembres;
festus in pratis vacat otioso
cum bove pagus;

inter audaces lupus errat agnos;
spargit agrestis tibi silva frondes;
gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
ter pede terram.

ODE XVIII

Thy Blessing, Faunus!

O Faunus, lover of the flying nymphs, with kindly purpose mayst thou pass across my boundaries and my sunny fields, and in thy going be propitious to the young offspring of the flocks, if at the year's full tide a tender kid falls sacrifice to thee and generous meed of wine fails not the mixing bowl, comrade of Venus, and the ancient altar smokes with store of incense. All the flock gambols o'er the grassy field whene'er December's Nones come round for thee; in festal garb the country folk make holiday amid the meads, along with resting steers; the wolf saunters among lambs that know no fear; in thy honour the forest sheds its woodland foliage; and the delver delights in triple measure with his foot to beat the hated ground.

XIX

Qvantvm distet ab Inacho
Codrus pro patria non timidus mori
narras et genus Aeaci
et pugnata sacro bella sub Ilio;

quo Chium pretio cadum
mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
quo praebente domum et quota
Paelignis caream frigoribus, taces.

da lunae propere novae,
da noctis mediae, da, puer, auguris
Murenae: tribus aut novem
miscentur cyathis pocula commodis.

qui Musas amat impares,
ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet
vates; tres prohibet supra
rixarum metuens tangere Gratia

nudis iuncta sororibus.
insanire iuvat: cur Berecyntiae
cessant flamina tibiae?
cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyra?

ODE XIX

Invitation to a Drinking-Bout

You tell how far removed in time from Inachus was Codrus, who feared not death for fatherland, and you detail the line of Aeacus and the wars waged beneath the walls of sacred Ilium; but you say not what price we shall pay for a jar of Chian wine, who with his fire shall heat the water, under whose roof and at what hour I am to escape the Paelignian cold.

A health without delay, my lad, to the new moon, to midnight, to Murena's augurship! With three cyathi, or with nine, as may be fitting, the draught is mixed! The rapt bard that loves the Muses of unequal number shall ask for cyathi three times three. The Grace hand in hand with her sisters nude, shrinking from brawls, forbids us to touch more than three. To revel madly is my delight. Why pause the measures of the Berecyntian flute? Why idly hangs the pipe beside the silent lyre?

parcentes ego dexteras
odi: sparge rosas; audiat invidus
dementem strepitum Lycus
et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.

spissa te nitidum coma,
puro te similem, Telephe, vespero
tempestiva petit Rhode;
me lentus Glycerae torret amor meae.

Hands that hold back, I hate. Fling round the roses! Let jealous Lycus hear our mad uproar, and the maid that dwells hard by, for aged Lycus not well-suited! Thee, glistening with thy clustering locks, O Telephus, like to the clear evening star, ripe Rhode seeks; myself a lingering love for my own Glycera burns.

XX

Non vides, quanto moveas periclo,
Pyrrhe, Gaetulae catulos leaenae?
dura post paulo fugies inaudax
proelia raptor,

cum per obstantes iuvenum catervas
ibit insignem repetens Nearchum:
grande certamen, tibi praeda cedat,
maior an illi.

interim, dum tu celeres sagittas
promis, haec dentes acuit timendos,
arbiter pugnae posuisse nudo
sub pede palmam

fertur et leni recreare vento
sparsum odoratis umerum capillis,
qualis aut Nireus fuit aut aquosa
raptus ab Ida.

ODE XX

The Rivals

Seest thou not, Pyrrhus, at how great risk thou touchest the whelps of the Gaetulian lioness? Soon thou shalt shun fierce combats, a robber without spirit, when through the opposing crowd of youths she goes in quest of peerless Nearchus. Then great will be the struggle whether the prize is to fall to thee or rather to her. Meantime, as thou drawest thy swift arrows, and she is sharpening her dreadful teeth, the arbiter of the battle is said to have trampled the palm beneath his bare foot, and in the gentle breeze to be cooling his shoulders covered with perfumed locks, like unto Nireus or him that was carried off from many-fountained Ida.

XXI

O NATA mecum consule Manlio,
seu tu querellas sive geris iocos
seu rixam et insanos amores
seu facilem, pia testa, somnum,

quocumque lectum nomine Massicum
servas, moveri digna bono die,
descende Corvino iubente
promere languidiora vina.

non ille, quamquam Socraticis madet
sermonibus, te negleget horridus:
narratur et prisci Catonis
saepe mero caluisse virtus.

tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
plerumque duro; tu sapientium
curas et arcanum iocoso
consilium retegis Lyaeo;

tu spem reducis mentibus anxiis
viresque et addis cornua pauperi,
post te neque iratos trementi
regum apices neque militum arma.

te Liber et si laeta aderit Venus
segnesque nodum solvere Gratiae
vivaeque producent lucernae,
dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

ODE XXI

In Praise of Wine

Thou faithful jar, born with me in Manlius' consulship, whether thou bringest lovers' plaints, or mirth, or mad love and quarrels, or soft slumber—for whatever end was gathered the Massic that thou guardest, fit to be brought out on some auspicious day—descend, since Corvinus gives the order to fetch forth a mellower wine! Steeped though he be in Socratic lore, he will not churlishly despise thee. Virtuous old Cato, even, is said often to have warmed with wine.

Pleasant compulsion dost thou apply to wits whose wont is dullness; thou unlockest the thoughts of the wise and their secret purpose by merry Bacchus' spell; thou restorest hope to hearts distressed, and addest power and courage to the poor man, who after thee trembles not at the crowns of angry kings or soldiers' weapons. Thee Liber and Venus, if she lend her gracious presence, and the Graces, loth to break their bond, and the burning lamps shall attend, till returning Phoebus puts to flight the stars.

XXII

Montivm custos nemorumque, Virgo,
quae laborantes utero puellas
ter vocata audis adimisque leto,
diva triformis,

imminens villae tua pinus esto,
quam per exactos ego laetus annos
verris obliquum meditantis ictum
sanguine donem.

ODE XXII

Dedication of a Pine Tree to Diana

O MAIDEN goddess, guardian of hill and grove, thou that, thrice invoked, givest ear to young mothers when in travail and rescuest them from death, goddess of the triple form, thine be the pine that overhangs my dwelling, that gladly through the passing years I may offer to it the blood of a boar practising its first sidelong thrusts!

XXIII

Caelo supinas si tuleris manus
nascente luna, rustica Phidyle,
si ture placaris et horna
fruge Lares avidaque porca:

nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
fecunda vitis nec sterilem seges
robiginem aut dulces alumni
pomifero grave tempus anno.

nam quae nivali pascitur Algido
devota quercus inter et ilices
aut crescit Albanis in herbis
victima, pontificum securis

cervice tinguet: te nihil attinet
temptare multa caede bidentium
parvos coronantem marino
rore deos fragilique myrto.

immunis aram si tetigit manus,
non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
mollivit aversos Penates
farre pio et saliente mica.

ODE XXIII

The Gods Love the Giver rather than the Gift

If thou raise thy upturned palms to heaven each time the moon is born anew, O Phidyle, my country lass, if with incense, with grain of this year's harvest, and with a greedy swine thou appease the Lares, then thy teeming vine shall not feel the south wind's ravages, nor thy crop the barren blight, nor the young offspring of the flock the sickly season when autumn yields its fruits. For the destined victim that is grazing on snowy Algidus amid the oaks and ilexes, or is waxing fat on the Alban grass, shall dye the axes of the priests with its neck's blood. For thee there is no need to importune the gods with much sacrifice of sheep, if thou but crown their tiny images with rosemary and crisp myrtle. If pure hands have touched the altar, though commended by no costly victim, they appease estranged Penates even by sacred meal mingled with crackling salt.

XXIV

Intactis opulentior
thesauris Arabum et divitis Indiae
caementis licet occupes
terrenum[1] omne tuis et mare publicum ;[2]

si figit adamantinos
summis verticibus dira Necessitas
clavos, non animum metu,
non mortis laqueis expedies caput.

campestres melius Scythae,
quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos,
vivunt et rigidi Getae,
immetata quibus iugera liberas

fruges et Cererem ferunt,
nec cultura placet longior annua,
defunctumque laboribus
aequali recreat sorte vicarius.

illic matre carentibus
privignis mulier temperat innocens,
nec dotata regit virum
coniunx nec nitido fidit adulterio.

[1] *MSS.* Tirrenum *or* Tyrrenum. *Lachmann reads* terrenum, *following Porphyrion's comment* "non terram tantum . . . occupantum."

[2] *So most MSS.: less good ones* Ponticum *or* Apulicum: *the acceptance of Lachmann's conjecture involves reading* publicum.

ODE XXIV

The Curse of Mammon

Though thou be richer than the unrifled treasuries of the Arabs or rich India, and with thy palaces encroach on all the land and the public sea, if dire Necessity plant her nails of adamant in thy topmost roof, thou shalt not free thy soul from fear nor thy head from the snare of Death. Far better live the Scythians of the steppes, whose wagons haul their homes from place to place, as is their wont; far better live the Getae stern, whose unallotted acres bring forth fruits and corn for all in common ; nor with them is tillage binding longer than a year ; another then on like conditions takes the place of him whose task is done.

There, matrons spare children of their mother reft, nor do them harm, nor does the dowered wife rule o'er her husband or put faith in dazzling paramour.

dos est magna parentium
virtus et metuens alterius viri
certo foedere castitas,
et peccare nefas aut pretium est mori.

o quisquis volet impias
caedes et rabiem tollere civicam,
si quaeret "Pater urbium"
subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

refrenare licentiam,
clarus postgenitis: quatenus, heu nefas,
virtutem incolumem odimus,
sublatam ex oculis quaerimus, invidi.

quid tristes querimoniae,
si non supplicio culpa reciditur?
quid leges sine moribus
vanae proficiunt? si neque fervidis

pars inclusa caloribus
mundi nec Boreae finitimum latus
durataeque solo nives
mercatorem abigunt, horrida callidi

vincunt aequora navitae,
magnum pauperies opprobrium iubet
quidvis et facere et pati,
virtutisque viam deserit arduae.

Their noble dower is parents' worth and chastity that shrinks in steadfast loyalty from the husband of another. To sin is an abomination; or if they sin, the penalty is death.

Whoe'er will banish impious slaughter and intestine fury, whoe'er shall seek to have inscribed upon his statues, "Father of Cities," let such have courage to curb our lawless licence, and so win fame among the men of after times; since we (alas, the shame!), with envy filled, hate Virtue while it lives and mourn it only when snatched from sight.

Of what avail are dismal lamentations, if wrong is not repressed by penalties? Of what avail are empty laws, if we lack principle; if neither the regions of the world enclosed by burning heats nor the regions near the North with snow hard-frozen on the ground keep off the trader; if our skilful seamen outride the stormy waves; and poverty, deemed a base reproach, bids us do all, suffer all, and quits the steep path of Virtue?

vel nos in Capitolium,
quo clamor vocat et turba faventium,
vel nos in mare proximum
gemmas et lapides aurum et inutile,

summi materiem mali,
mittamus, scelerum si bene paenitet.
eradenda cupidinis
pravi sunt elementa et tenerae nimis

mentes asperioribus
formandae studiis. nescit equo rudis
haerere ingenuus puer
venarique timet, ludere doctior,

seu Graeco iubeas trocho,
seu malis vetita legibus alea,
cum periura patris fides
consortem socium fallat et hospites

indignoque pecuniam
heredi properet. scilicet improbae
crescunt divitiae; tamen
curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

To the Capitol, amid the plaudits of the noisy crowd, or to the nearest sea let us send our gems and jewels and our baneful gold, the cause of our chiefest woe, if we repent us truly of our crimes. Destroy the causes of our perverted greed, and let our too feeble hearts be trained in sterner tasks! The freeborn lad, unpractised, knows not how to ride his steed; he fears to hunt, more skilled in games, whether you bid him try with Grecian hoop or rather with the dice the law forbids; while his perjured father defrauds his partner and his friends, and hastens to lay up store of money for his unworthy heir. His gains, ill-gotten, grow apace, 'tis true, yet something is ever lacking to the fortune incomplete.

XXV

Qvo me, Bacche, rapis tui
plenum? quae nemora aut quos agor in specus,
velox mente nova? quibus
antris egregii Caesaris audiar

aeternum meditans decus
stellis inserere et consilio Iovis?
dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
indictum ore alio. non secus in iugis

exsomnis stupet Euhias,
Hebrum prospiciens et nive candidam
Thracen ac pede barbaro
lustratam Rhodopen, ut mihi devio

ripas et vacuum nemus
mirari libet. o Naiadum potens
Baccharumque valentium
proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,

nil parvum aut humili modo,
nil mortale loquar. dulce periculum est,
o Lenaee, sequi deum
cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

ODE XXV

A Dithyramb

Whither, O Bacchus, dost thou hurry me, o'erflowing with thy power? Into what groves or grottoes am I swiftly driven in fresh inspiration? In what caves shall I be heard planning to set amid the stars, and in Jove's council, peerless Caesar's immortal glory? I will sing of a noble exploit, recent, as yet untold by other lips. Just so upon the mountain-tops does the sleepless Bacchanal stand rapt, looking out o'er Hebrus and o'er Thrace glistening with snow, and Rhodope trodden by barbarian feet—even as I love to stray and to gaze with awe upon the unfrequented banks and groves.

O thou master of the Naiads and of the Bacchanals that have might to uproot lofty ash-trees with their hands, nothing trifling or of humble strain, nothing mortal will I utter. Sweet is the peril, O lord of the wine-press, to follow the god, crowning my temples with verdant vine-sprays.

XXVI

Vixi Puellis nuper idoneus
et militavi non sine gloria;
nunc arma defunctumque bello
barbiton hic paries habebit,

laevum marinae qui Veneris latus
custodit. hic, hic ponite lucida
funalia et vectes securesque [1]
oppositis foribus minaces.

o quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,
regina, sublimi flagello
tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

[1] securesque *Bentley*: et arcus *MSS.*

ODE XXVI

Love's Triumphs are Ended

Till recently I lived fit for Love's battles and served not without renown. Now this wall that guards the left side of sea-born Venus shall have my weapons and the lyre that has done with wars. Here, O here, offer up the shining tapers and the levers and the axes that threaten opposing doors!

O goddess queen that holdest wealthy Cyprus and Memphis, free from Thracian snows, touch with thine uplifted lash, if only once, the haughty Chloë!

XXVII

Impios parrae recinentis omen
ducat et praegnans canis aut ab agro
rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino
fetaque volpes;

rumpat et serpens iter institutum,
si per obliquum similis sagittae
terruit mannos: ego cui timebo,
providus auspex,

antequam stantes repetat paludes
imbrium divina avis imminentum,
oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
solis ab ortu.

sis licet felix, ubicumque mavis,
et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas;
teque nec laevus vetet ire picus
nec vaga cornix.

sed vides, quanto trepidet tumultu
pronus Orion. ego quid sit ater
Hadriae novi sinus et quid albus
peccet Iapyx.

ODE XXVII

Bon voyage!

May the wicked be guided by the omen of a screaming lapwing and a pregnant dog or a red she-wolf racing down from the Lanuvian fields, or a fox that has just brought forth! May a serpent break the journey they have begun, when, darting like an arrow athwart the road, it has terrified the ponies! But for whom I, as a prophetic augur, cherish fear, for him will I rouse the singing raven from the east with my entreaties, before the bird that forebodes threatening showers re-seeks the standing pools.

Mayst thou be happy, Galatea, wherever thou preferrest to abide, and mayst thou live with memories of me; nor may any woodpecker on the left or any roving crow forbid thy going! But thou seest with how great tumult sinking Orion rages. Full well I know what Hadria's black gulf can be and what the sins of clear Iapyx. May the

hostium uxores puerique caecos
sentiant motus orientis Austri et
aequoris nigri fremitum et trementes
verbere ripas.

sic et Europe niveum doloso
credidit tauro latus et scatentem
beluis pontum mediasque fraudes
palluit audax.

nuper in pratis studiosa florum et
debitae Nymphis opifex coronae
nocte sublustri nihil astra praeter
vidit et undas.

quae simul centum tetigit potentem
oppidis Creten, "pater, o relictum
filiae nomen pietasque" dixit
"victa furore.

unde quo veni? levis una mors est
virginum culpae. vigilansne ploro
turpe commissum an vitiis carentem
ludit imago,

vana quae porta fugiens eburna
somnium ducit? meliusne fluctus
ire per longos fuit an recentes
carpere flores?

wives and children of our foes be the ones to feel the blind onset of rising Auster and the roaring of the darkling sea, and the shores quivering with the shock!

So did Europa, too, entrust her snowy form to the treacherous bull and turn pale before the deep alive with monsters, and at the peril of mid-sea—she who before had been so bold. Erstwhile among the meadows, absorbed in flowers, and weaving a garland due the Nymphs, now she beheld naught in the glimmering night except the stars and waves. Soon as she touched Crete, mighty with its hundred cities, "O father," she exclaimed, "O name of daughter, that I forsook, and filial duty, by frenzy overmastered! Whence have I come and whither? A single death is too light for maidens' faults. Am I awake and do I lament a hideous deed, or am I free from sin and does some phantom mock me, that flying idly through the ivory gate, brings but a dream? Was it better to travel o'er the long waves, or to pluck fresh flowers? If anyone would now but

si quis infamem mihi nunc iuvencum
dedat iratae, lacerare ferro et
frangere enitar modo multum amati
cornua monstri.

impudens liqui patrios Penates,
impudens Orcum moror. o deorum
si quis haec audis, utinam inter errem
nuda leones!

antequam turpis macies decentes
occupet malas teneraeque sucus
defluat praedae, speciosa quaero
pascere tigris.

'vilis Europe,' pater urget absens:
'quid mori cessas? potes hac ab orno
pendulum zona bene te secuta
laedere collum.

sive te rupes et acuta leto
saxa delectant, age te procellae
crede veloci, nisi erile mavis
carpere pensum

regius sanguis dominaeque tradi
barbarae paelex.'" aderat querenti
perfidum ridens Venus et remisso
filius arcu.

deliver the infamous bullock to my anger, I would strive to rend it with the steel and break the horns of the monstrous creature just now so fondly loved. Shameless, I left my household gods; shameless, I keep Orcus waiting. Oh, if any god hear these laments, let me wander naked among lions! Before hideous wasting seizes upon my comely cheeks and the fresh life-blood departs from the tender victim, while beauteous still, I seek to feed the tigers. 'Worthless Europa,' my father, though far distant, urges, 'why dost thou hesitate to die? On this ash thou canst hang thyself with the girdle that happily has followed thee. Or if the cliffs and rocks sharp for death allure thee, come! give thy body to the hurrying gale, if thou wilt not rather card a mistress' wool, thou of royal blood, and be given o'er, a concubine, to the mercies of some barbarian queen!'"

As she thus complained, Venus with treacherous laugh stood by, and her son with unstrung bow. Soon

mox ubi lusit satis, "abstineto"
dixit "irarum calidaeque rixae,
cum tibi invisus laceranda reddet
cornua taurus.

uxor invicti Iovis esse nescis.
mitte singultus, bene ferre magnam
disce fortunam; tua sectus orbis
nomina ducet."

when the goddess had had sport enough, "Refrain from anger and hot passion," she exclaimed, "when the hated bull shall give thee his horns to be mangled! Thou knowest not that thou art the wife of Jove invincible. Cease thy sobs! Learn to bear becomingly thy great destiny! A region of the earth shall take thy name."

XXVIII

Festo quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? prome reconditum,
Lyde, strenua Caecubum
munitaeque adhibe vim sapientiae.

inclinare meridiem
sentis ac, veluti stet volucris dies,
parcis deripere horreo
cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.

nos cantabimus invicem
Neptunum et virides Nereidum comas;
tu curva recines lyra
Latonam et celeris spicula Cynthiae;

summo carmine, quae Cnidon
fulgentesque tenet Cycladas et Paphum
iunctis visit oloribus;
dicetur merita Nox quoque nenia.

ODE XXVIII

In Neptune's Honour

What better could I do on Neptune's festal day? Nimbly bring forth, O Lyde, the Caecuban stored away, and make assault on wisdom's stronghold! Thou seest the day is waning, and yet, as though the fleeting hours were standing still, thou delayest to bring from out the store-room a waiting jar that dates from Bibulus' consulship.

In responsive song we will sing, I of Neptune and the Nereids' sea-green tresses. Thou, in answer, on thy curving lyre shalt hymn Latona and the shafts of swift-moving Cynthia; and in final song her who holds Cnidos and the shining Cyclades, and visits Paphos with her team of swans. Night also shall be celebrated with a fitting lay.

XXIX

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
non ante verso lene merum cado
cum flore, Maecenas, rosarum et
pressa tuis balanus capillis

iam dudum apud me est: eripe te morae,
ne semper udum Tibur et Aefulae
declive contempleris arvum et
Telegoni iuga parricidae.

fastidiosam desere copiam et
molem propinquam nubibus arduis,
omitte mirari beatae
fumum et opes strepitumque Romae.

plerumque gratae divitibus vices
mundaeque parvo sub lare pauperum
cenae sine aulaeis et ostro
sollicitam explicuere frontem.

iam clarus occultum Andromedae pater
ostendit ignem, iam Procyon furit
et stella vesani Leonis
sole dies referente siccos;

ODE XXIX

A Clear Conscience Makes Us Superior to Fortune

MAECENAS, scion of Tuscan kings, a jar of mellow wine as yet untouched has long been waiting for thee at my house, along with roses and balsam for thy locks expressed. Delay no more! Gaze not ever at well-watered Tibur and the sloping fields of Aefula and the heights of Telegonus, the parricide! Abandon cloying luxury and the pile that towers to the lofty clouds! Cease to wonder at the smoke, the riches, and the din of wealthy Rome! Often a change is pleasant to the rich, and a simple meal beneath the poor man's humble roof, without tapestries and purple, has smoothed the wrinkles on the care-worn brow.

Already Andromeda's shining father reveals his hidden fires; already Procyon rages and the star of furious Leo, as the sun brings back the days of drought. Now with his listless flock the weary

iam pastor umbras cum grege languido
rivumque fessus quaerit et horridi
dumeta Silvani, caretque
ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

tu civitatem quis deceat status
curas et urbi sollicitus times,
quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors.

prudens futuri temporis exitum
caliginosa nocte premit deus,
ridetque si mortalis ultra
fas trepidat. quod adest memento

componere aequus; cetera fluminis
ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
cum pace delabentis Etruscum
in mare, nunc lapides adesos

stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
volventis una non sine montium
clamore vicinaeque silvae,
cum fera diluvies quietos

inritat amnes. ille potens sui
laetusque deget, cui licet in diem
dixisse "vixi: cras vel atra
nube polum pater occupato

shepherd seeks the shade and stream and shaggy Silvanus' thickets, and the silent bank is forsaken by the straying breeze.

Thy thoughts are set on what conditions fit the State; anxious art thou for the City, fearing what the Seres may be plotting, or Bactra once ruled by Cyrus, and the discordant tribes on Tanais' banks. With wise purpose does the god bury in the shades of night the future's outcome, and laughs if mortals be anxious beyond due limits. Remember to settle with tranquil heart the problem of the hour! All else is borne along like some river, now gliding peacefully in mid-channel into the Tuscan Sea, now rolling polished stones, uprooted trees, and flocks and homes together, with echoing of the hills and neighbouring woods, while the wild deluge stirs up the peaceful streams.

Master of himself and joyful will that man live who day by day can say: "I have lived to-day; to-morrow let the Father fill the heaven with murky

vel sole puro; non tamen irritum,
quodcumque retro est, efficiet, neque
diffinget infectumque reddet,
quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et
ludum insolentem ludere pertinax
transmutat incertos honores,
nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
pinnas, resigno quae dedit et mea
virtute me involvo probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero.

non est meum, si mugiat Africis
malus procellis, ad miseras preces
decurrere et votis pacisci,
ne Cypriae Tyriaeque merces

addant avaro divitias mari:
tum me biremis praesidio scaphae
tutum per Aegaeos tumultus
aura feret geminusque Pollux."

clouds, or radiant sunshine! Yet will he not render vain whatever now is past, nor will he alter and undo what once the fleeting hour has brought. Fortune, exulting in her cruel work, and stubborn to pursue her wanton sport, shifts her fickle favours, kind now to me, now to some other. I praise her while she stays; but if she shake her wings for flight, I renounce her gifts, enwrap me in my virtue, and woo honest Poverty, undowered though she be. Not mine, when masts are groaning with the Afric gales, to have recourse to wretched prayers and with vows to strike a compact with the gods that my Cyprian and my Tyrian wares shall not add new riches to the devouring sea. Then the breezes and Pollux with his brother shall bear me through the tempests of the Aegean main, safely protected in my two-oared skiff."

XXX

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
regalique situ pyramidum altius,
quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
possit diruere aut innumerabilis
annorum series et fuga temporum.
non omnis moriar multaque pars mei
vitabit Libitinam : usque ego postera
crescam laude recens. dum Capitolium
scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex,
dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus
et qua pauper aquae Daunus agrestium
regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
princeps Aeolium carmen ad Italos
deduxisse modos. sume superbiam
quaesitam meritis et mihi Delphica
lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

ODE XXX

The Poet's Immortal Fame

I HAVE finished a monument more lasting than bronze and loftier than the Pyramids' royal pile, one that no wasting rain, no furious north wind can destroy, or the countless chain of years and the ages' flight. I shall not altogether die, but a mighty part of me shall escape the death-goddess. On and on shall I grow, ever fresh with the glory of after time. So long as the Pontiff climbs the Capitol with the silent Vestal, I, risen high from low estate, where wild Aufidus thunders and where Daunus in a parched land once ruled o'er a peasant folk, shall be famed for having been the first to adapt Aeolian song to Italian verse. Accept the proud honour won by thy merits, Melpomene, and graciously crown my locks with Delphic bays.

BOOK IV

LIBER IV

I

Intermissa, Venus, diu
rursus bella moves. parce, precor, precor.
non sum qualis eram bonae
sub regno Cinarae. desine, dulcium

mater saeva Cupidinum,
circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
iam durum imperiis : abi,
quo blandae iuvenum te revocant preces.

tempestivius in domum
Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,
comissabere Maximi,
si torrere iecur quaeris idoneum.

namque et nobilis et decens
et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis
et centum puer artium
late signa feret militiae tuae ;

BOOK IV

ODE I

Venus, Forbear!

The contests long suspended thou, Venus, wouldst renew. Be merciful, I beg, I beg! I am not as I was under the sway of kindly Cinara. O cruel mother of sweet Cupids, strive no more to bend, when near fifty years are past, one now callous to thy soft commands! Hie thee rather to the place where the persuasive prayers of young men call. More suitably, borne by thy gleaming swans, shalt thou haste in joyous revelry to the house of Paulus Maximus, if thou dost seek to kindle a fitting heart. For noble is he and comely, an eloquent defender of anxious clients, a youth accomplished in a hundred arts; and he will bear the standard of thy service far and wide. And when prevailing

et quandoque potentior
largi muneribus riserit aemuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.

illic plurima naribus
duces tura lyraeque et Berecyntiae
delectabere tibiae
mixtis carminibus non sine fistula ;

illic bis pueri die
numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
laudantes pede candido
in morem Salium ter quatient humum.

me nec femina nec puer
iam nec spes animi credula mutui
nec certare iuvat mero
nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

sed cur heu, Ligurine, cur
manat rara meas lacrima per genas ?
cur facunda parum decoro
inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?

nocturnis ego somniis
iam captum teneo, iam volucrem sequor
te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubilis.

o'er the gifts of some lavish rival he shall laugh in triumph, beside the Alban lakes he'll set thy marble statue beneath a roof of citron wood. Abounding incense shalt thou there inhale, and shalt take delight in the mingled strains of lyre and Berecyntian flute; nor shall the pipe be lacking. There twice each day shall boys, with maidens tender, hymning thy majesty, beat the ground with snowy feet, in triple time after the Salian fashion.

Me nor lad nor maid can more delight, nor trustful hope of love returned, nor drinking bouts nor temples bound with blossoms new.

But why, O Ligurinus, why steals now and then adown my cheek a tear? Why halts my tongue, once eloquent, with unbecoming silence midst my speech? In visions of the night, I now hold thee fast, now follow thee in flight o'er the Campus Martius' sward, now midst the whirling waves, O thou hard of heart!

II

PINDARVM quisquis studet aemulari,
Iule, ceratis ope Daedalea
nititur pinnis vitreo daturus
nomina ponto.

monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
quem super notas aluere ripas,
fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,

laurea donandus Apollinari,
seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
verba devolvit numerisque fertur
lege solutis,

seu deos regesque canit, deorum
sanguinem, per quos cecidere iusta
morte Centauri, cecidit tremendae
flamma Chimaerae,

sive quos Elea domum reducit
palma caelestes pugilemve equumve
dicit et centum potiore signis
munere donat,

ODE II

Thou, Antonius, not I, shouldst Sing Great Caesar's Praise

Whoever strives, Iulus, to rival Pindar, relies on wings fastened with wax by Daedalean craft, and is doomed to give his name to some crystal sea.

Like a river from the mountain rushing down, which the rains have swollen above its wonted banks, so does Pindar seethe and, brooking no restraint, rush on with deep-toned voice, worthy to be honoured with Apollo's bays, whether he rolls new words through daring dithyrambs and is borne along in measures freed from rule, or sings of gods and kings, the progeny of gods, at whose hands the Centaurs fell in death deserved and by whom was quenched the fire of dread Chimaera; or when he sings of those whom the Elean palm leads home exalted to the skies, of boxer, or of steed, and endows them with a tribute more glorious than a hundred

flebili sponsae iuvenemve raptum
plorat et vires animumque moresque
aureos educit in astra nigroque
invidet Orco.

multa Dircaeum levat aura cycnum,
tendit, Antoni, quotiens in altos
nubium tractus. ego apis Matinae
more modoque

grata carpentis thyma per laborem
plurimum circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
carmina fingo.

concines maiore poeta plectro
Caesarem, quandoque trahet feroces
per sacrum clivum merita decorus
fronde Sygambros;

quo nihil maius meliusve terris
fata donavere bonique divi,
nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
tempora priscum.

concines laetosque dies et urbis
publicum ludum super impetrato
fortis Augusti reditu forumque
litibus orbum.

statues; or laments the young hero snatched from his tearful bride, and to the stars extols his prowess, his courage, and his golden virtue, begrudging them to gloomy Orcus.

A mighty breeze uplifts the Dircaean swan, Antonius, as oft as he essays a flight to the lofty regions of the clouds. I, after the way and manner of the Matinian bee, that gathers the pleasant thyme laboriously around full many a grove and the banks of well-watered Tibur, I, a humble bard, fashion my verses with incessant toil. Thou, a poet of loftier strain, shalt sing of Caesar, when, honoured with the well-earned garland, he shall lead in his train along the Sacred Slope the wild Sygambri; a sovereign than whom nothing greater, nothing better, have the Fates and gracious gods bestowed upon the world, nor shall bestow, even though the centuries roll backward to the ancient age of gold. Thou shalt sing of the festal days, of the city's public games to celebrate the return of brave Augustus in answer to our prayers, and of the Forum free from strife. Then,

tum meae, siquid loquar audiendum,
vocis accedet bona pars, et " O sol
pulcher, o laudande ! " canam recepto
Caesare felix.

tuque dum procedis,[1] io Triumphe !
non semel dicemus, " io Triumphe ! "
civitas omnis dabimusque divis
tura benignis.

te decem tauri totidemque vaccae,
me tener solvet vitulus, relicta
matre qui largis iuvenescit herbis
in mea vota,

fronte curvatos imitatus ignis
tertium lunae referentis ortum,
qua notam duxit, niveus videri,
cetera fulvus.

[1] teque dum procedis *all MSS. except B.C.* (*which give* procedit) : te *is then taken as referring to* Triumph : tuque dum procedis *Peerlkamp, Keller.*

if I have aught deserving to be heard, the best powers of my voice shall swell the acclaim, and happy at Caesar's coming home, I'll sing: "O glorious day, with honour to be mentioned!" And as thou takest the lead along the ways, "Io triumphe!"[1] we will shout all of us together, and not only once: "Io triumphe!" and incense will we offer to the kindly gods.

Thy promises, ten bulls and as many kine shall satisfy; mine a tender calf, which, having left its dam, is growing on the generous pasturage to fulfil my vows, imitating with its brow the curving crescent of the moon at its third rising, snow-white where it bears a mark, but elsewhere tawny.

[1] *I.e.* "Hail! God of Triumph!"

III

Qvem tu, Melpomene, semel
nascentem placido lumine videris,
illum non labor Isthmius
clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger

curru ducet Achaico
victorem, neque res bellica Deliis
ornatum foliis ducem,
quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,

ostendet Capitolio;
sed quae Tibur aquae fertile praefluunt
et spissae nemorum comae
fingent Aeolio carmine nobilem.

Romae principis urbium
dignatur suboles inter amabiles
vatum ponere me choros,
et iam dente minus mordeor invido.

o testudinis aureae
dulcem quae strepitum, Pieri, temperas,
o mutis quoque piscibus
donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum,

totum muneris hoc tui est,
quod monstror digito praetereuntium
Romanae fidicen lyrae:
quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

ODE III

My Glory is Thy Gift, O Muse

Whom thou, Melpomene, hast once beheld with favouring gaze at his natal hour, him no Isthmian toil shall make a famous boxer, no impetuous steed shall draw as victor in Achaean car, nor shall martial deeds show him to the Capitol, a captain decked with Delian bays, for having crushed the haughty threats of kings; but the waters that flow past fertile Tibur and the dense leafage of the groves shall make him famous for Aeolian song.

The children of Rome, queen of cities, deem it meet to rank me among the pleasant choirs of poets; and already am I less attacked by Envy's tooth. O thou Pierian maid that dost modulate the sweet tones of the golden shell, O thou that couldst lend the music of the swan even to dumb fishes, didst thou so desire, this is all thy gift, that I am pointed out by the finger of those passing by as the minstrel of the Roman lyre. That I am filled with the breath of song, and that I please, if please I do, is of thy bestowing.

IV

Qvalem ministrum fulminis alitem,
cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
permisit expertus fidelem
Iuppiter in Ganymede flavo,

olim iuventas et patrius vigor
nido laborum propulit inscium,
vernique iam nimbis remotis
insolitos docuere nisus

venti paventem, mox in ovilia
demisit hostem vividus impetus,
nunc in reluctantes dracones
egit amor dapis atque pugnae;

qualemve laetis caprea pascuis
intenta fulvae matris ab ubere
iam lacte depulsum leonem
dente novo peritura vidit:

videre Raetis bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem Vindelici; (quibus
mos unde deductus per omne
tempus Amazonia securi

ODE IV

Drusus and the Claudian House

Like the wingèd bearer of the lightning, to whom the king of gods gave dominion o'er the roving birds, having found him faithful in the case of fair-haired Ganymede—at first youth and native strength drive him forth, ignorant of toils, from out his nest, and the spring gales, now that storms are past, have taught him unwonted efforts, despite his fears; next with eager onset he swoops down as foe upon the sheep-folds; then love of plunder and the fight drives him against struggling snakes; or like some lion just weaned from the rich milk of his tawny mother, which a doe, intent on bounteous pasturage, has espied, doomed to perish by its untried tooth: even such was Drusus as the Vindelici beheld him waging war beneath the Rhaetian Alps. Whence was derived the custom that through all recorded time arms their right hands with the Amazonian battle-axe, I

dextras obarmet, quaerere distuli,
nec scire fas est omnia) sed diu
lateque victrices catervae
consiliis iuvenis revictae

sensere quid mens, rite quid indoles
nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
posset, quid Augusti paternus
in pueros animus Nerones.

fortes creantur fortibus et bonis;
est in iuvencis, est in equis patrum
virtus, neque imbellem feroces
progenerant aquilae columbam.

doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
rectique cultus pectora roborant;
utcumque defecere mores,
indecorant bene nata culpae.

quid debeas, o Roma, Neronibus,
testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal
devictus et pulcher fugatis
ille dies Latio tenebris,

qui primus alma risit adorea,
dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas
ceu flamma per taedas vel Eurus
per Siculas equitavit undas.

have forborne to seek, nor is it vouchsafed to know all things; but the hordes long victorious on many a field were vanquished by the young hero's wisdom, and were made to feel the potency of head and heart fitly nurtured beneath an auspicious roof, and of Augustus' fatherly devotion to the youthful Neros.

'Tis only from the sturdy and the good that sturdy youths are born; in steers, in steeds, appear the merits of their sires; nor do fierce eagles beget timid doves. Yet training increases inborn worth, and righteous ways make strong the heart; whenever righteousness has failed, faults mar even what nature had made noble.

What, O Rome, thou owest to the Neros, the Metaurus River is a witness, and vanquished Hasdrubal, and that glorious day when the gloom from Latium was dispelled, the day that was the first to smile with blessed victory, since the dire Carthaginian dashed on his way through the Italian towns, like as the fire rages through the pines, or Eurus o'er the Sicilian waves. Thenceforth the Roman

post hoc secundis usque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit, et impio
vastata Poenorum tumultu
fana deos habuere rectos.

dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal:
" cervi luporum praeda rapacium,
sectamur ultro, quos opimus
fallere et effugere est triumphus.

gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
iactata Tuscis aequoribus sacra
natosque maturosque patres
pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
per damna, per caedes ab ipso
ducit opes animumque ferro.

non hydra secto corpore firmior
vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,
monstrumve submisere Colchi
maius Echioniaeve Thebae.

merses profundo, pulchrior evenit;
luctere, multa proruet integrum
cum laude victorem geretque
proelia coniugibus loquenda.

youth, through undertakings ever prosperous, waxed stronger, and the shrines laid waste by the impious havoc of the Carthaginians had their gods set up once more. And at last false Hannibal exclaimed: "Like deer, the prey of ravening wolves, we follow all in vain those whom it were a signal triumph to baffle and evade. The race which—sturdy still after Ilium's destruction—brought safe to the Ausonian towns, over tossing Tuscan seas, its sacred images, its children, and its aged sires, like some oak shorn of its leafy boughs by heavy axes on Mount Algidus rich in dark foliage, through loss, through slaughter, draws its strength and life from the very steel. Not the hydra, as its frame was hewn, grew mightier against Hercules, loth to yield; nor did the Colchians or Echionian Thebes rear a greater prodigy. Drown it in the depths! It comes forth fairer. Wrestle with it! It will throw with great renown a fresh opponent flushed with victory, and wage wars for wives to tell of. To

Carthagini iam non ego nuntios
mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
spes omnis et fortuna nostri
nominis Hasdrubale interempto.

nil Claudiae non perficient manus,
quas et benigno numine Iuppiter
defendit et curae sagaces
expediunt per acuta belli."

Carthage no more shall I send proud messengers; perished, perished is all hope and the fortune of our name since Hasdrubal's destruction.

Naught is there that the Claudian might shall not achieve, which Jupiter defends with power benign, and which wise counsels guide safely through war's perils.

V

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulae
custos gentis, abes iam nimium diu;
maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
sancto concilio redi.

lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae:
instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
adfulsit populo, gratior it dies
et soles melius nitent.

ut mater iuvenem, quem Notus invido
flatu Carpathii trans maris aequora
cunctantem spatio longius annuo
dulci distinet a domo,

votis ominibusque et precibus vocat,
curvo nec faciem litore demovet:
sic desideriis icta fidelibus
quaerit patria Caesarem.

tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
nutrit rura Ceres almaque Faustitas,
pacatum volitant per mare navitae;
culpari metuit fides,

ODE V

The Blessings of Augustus' Sway

Sprung from the blessed gods, best guardian of the race of Romulus, too long already art thou absent. Come back, for thou didst pledge a swift return to the sacred council of the Fathers. To thy country give again, blest leader, the light of thy presence! For when, like spring, thy face has beamed upon the folk, more pleasant runs the day, and brighter shines the sun. As with vows, with omens, and with prayers a mother calls the son whom the South wind with his envious gales keeps lingering far from his sweet home across the stretch of the Carpathian Sea for longer than a year, and from the curving shore turns not her face; so, moved by loyal love, his country yearns for Caesar. For when he is here, the ox in safety roams the pastures; Ceres and benign Prosperity make rich the crops; safe are the seas o'er which our sailors course; Faith shrinks from blame; polluted by no

nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas,
laudantur simili prole puerperae,
culpam poena premit comes.

quis Parthum paveat, quis gelidum Scythen,
quis Germania quos horrida parturit
fetus, incolumi Caesare? quis ferae
bellum curet Hiberiae?

condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores;
hinc ad vina redit laetus et alteris
te mensis adhibet deum;

te multa prece, te prosequitur mero
defuso pateris, et Laribus tuum
miscet numen, uti Graecia Castoris
et magni memor Herculis.

"longas o utinam, dux bone, ferias
praestes Hesperiae!" dicimus integro
sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
cum sol Oceano subest.

stain, the home is pure; custom and law have stamped out the taint of sin; mothers win praise because of children like unto their sires; while Vengeance follows close on guilt.

Who would fear the Parthian, who the icy Scythian, who the hordes rough Germany doth breed, while Caesar lives unharmed? Who would mind the war in wild Iberia? On his own hillside each man spends the day, and weds his vines to waiting trees; thence gladly repairs to the feast, and at the second course[1] invokes thee as a god. Thee with many a prayer, thee with pure wine poured from bowls, he worships; and mingles thy majesty with his household gods, like Greece mindful of Castor and great Hercules.

"Long holidays, blest leader, vouchsafe unto Hesperia!" So do we pray, dry-lipped, when day begins: so pray we, flushed with wine, when the sun sinks beneath the Ocean.

[1] When libations were poured to the deities before drinking began.

VI

Dive, quem proles Niobea magnae
vindicem linguae Tityosque raptor
sensit et Troiae prope victor altae
Phthius Achilles,

ceteris maior, tibi miles impar,
filius quamvis Thetidis marinae
Dardanas turres quateret tremenda
cuspide pugnax.

ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
pinus aut impulsa cupressus Euro,
procidit late posuitque collum in
pulvere Teucro.

ille non inclusus equo Minervae
sacra mentito male feriatos
Troas et laetam Priami choreis
falleret aulam;

sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas, heu,
nescios fari pueros Achivis
ureret flammis, etiam latentem
matris in alvo,

ODE VI

Invocation to Apollo

O God, whom Niobe's offspring came to know as the punisher of boastful words, whom the robber Tityos felt and Phthian Achilles when well-nigh victorious over lofty Troy, mightier than others, yet no match for thee, though he was the son of sea-born Thetis and shook the Dardanian towers, fighting with his awful spear. He, like to some pine stricken with biting steel, or some cypress o'erturned by the Eastern wind, fell prostrate with his outstretched frame and bowed his neck in Trojan dust. He would not have hidden within the horse that feigned sacrifice to Minerva, nor striven to deceive the Trojans keeping ill-timed holiday, or Priam's court taking joy in dances; but with open cruelty to his captives (alas! alas! the horror) he would have burned with Grecian fires the speechless babes, yea, the very infant hidden in its mother's womb, had not the Father of the gods,

ni tuis victus Venerisque gratae
vocibus divom pater adnuisset
rebus Aeneae potiore ductos
alite muros.

doctor argutae fidicen Thaliae,
Phoebe, qui Xantho lavis amne crinis,
Dauniae defende decus Camenae,
levis Agyieu.

spiritum Phoebus mihi, Phoebus artem
carminis nomenque dedit poetae.
virginum primae puerique claris
patribus orti,

Deliae tutela deae, fugacis
lyncas et cervos cohibentis arcu,
Lesbium servate pedem meique
pollicis ictum,

rite Latonae puerum canentes,
rite crescentem face Noctilucam,
prosperam frugum celeremque pronos
volvere menses.

nupta iam dices "ego dis amicum,
saeculo festas referente luces,
reddidi carmen docilis modorum
vatis Horati."

won over by thy appeals and those of winsome Venus, promised to Aeneas' destiny walls built under better auspices.

O Phoebus, minstrel teacher of melodious Thalia, thou that lavest thy locks in Xanthus' stream, support the glory of the Daunian Muse, beardless Agyieus!

'Twas Phoebus lent me inspiration, Phoebus the art of song, and gave me the name of poet. O noblest of maids, and ye lads sprung from illustrious sires, wards of the Delian goddess, who with her bow stops the fleeing lynxes and the stags, observe the Lesbian measure and my finger's beat, as ye duly hymn Latona's son and the orb of night waxing with her torch, ripener of crops, and swift to speed the advancing months! Soon, when wedded, thou shalt boast, "I, trained in the measures of the bard Horatius, joined in rendering the hymn welcome to the gods, what time the cycle brought 'round again the festal days."

VII

Diffvgere nives, redeunt iam gramina campis
arboribusque comae ;
mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas
flumina praetereunt;

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
ducere nuda choros.
immortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
quae rapit hora diem.

frigora mitescunt zephyris, ver proterit aestas
interitura, simul
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
bruma recurrit iners.

damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae ;
nos ubi decidimus,
quo pius Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,
pulvis et umbra sumus.

quis scit an adiciant hodiernae crastina summae
tempora di superi ?
cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
quae dederis animo.

ODE VII

Spring's Return

The snow has fled; already the grass is returning to the fields and the foliage to the trees. Earth is going through her changes, and with lessening flood the rivers flow past their banks. The Grace, with the Nymphs and her twin sisters, ventures unrobed to lead her bands. The year and the hour that rob us of the gracious day warn thee not to hope for unending joys. The cold gives way before the zephyrs; spring is trampled underfoot by summer, destined likewise to pass away so soon as fruitful autumn has poured forth its harvest; and lifeless winter soon returns again.

Yet the swiftly changing moons repair their losses in the sky. We, when we have descended whither righteous Aeneas, whither rich Tullus and Ancus have gone, are but dust and shadow. Who knows whether the gods will add to-morrow's time to the sum of to-day? All things which thou grantest to thine own dear soul, shall escape the greedy clutches of thine heir.

cum semel occideris et de te splendida Minos
fecerit arbitria,
non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
restituet pietas;

infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
liberat Hippolytum,
nec Lethaea valet Theseus abrumpere caro
vincula Pirithoo.

When once thou hast perished and Minos has pronounced on thee his august judgment, not family, Torquatus, nor eloquence, nor righteousness shall restore thee again to life. For Diana releases not the chaste Hippolytus from the nether darkness, nor has Theseus power to break the Lethean chains of his dear Pirithous.

VIII

Donarem pateras grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis aera sodalibus,
donarem tripodas, praemia fortium
Graiorum, neque tu pessima munerum
ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut Scopas,
hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
sollers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
sed non haec mihi vis, non tibi talium
res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
gaudes carminibus: carmina possumus
donare et pretium dicere muneri.
non incisa notis marmora publicis,
per quae spiritus et vita redit bonis
post mortem ducibus, non celeres fugae
reiectaeque retrorsum Hannibalis minae,
non incendia Carthaginis impiae
eius, qui domita nomen ab Africa
lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
laudes quam Calabrae Pierides neque,
si chartae sileant quod bene feceris,
mercedem tuleris. quid foret Iliae
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas

ODE VIII

In Praise of Poesy

Generously would I give bowls and welcome bronzes to my comrades, Censorinus, and tripods, prizes of the manful Greeks, nor shouldst thou bear off the meanest of my gifts, were I but rich, that is, in the treasures which Parrhasius produced, or Scopas—skilful, the one in marble, the other in liquid colours, to portray now a hero, now a god. But I have no such store, nor does thy condition or thy spirit crave such toys. In songs is thy delight. Songs we can bestow, and can name the worth of such a tribute.

Not marble graven with public records, whereby breath and life return to goodly heroes after death, nor the swift retreat of Hannibal and his threats recoiling on himself, nor the burning of wicked Carthage, declare more gloriously the fame of him who came back home, having won his name from Africa's subjection, than do the Muses of Calabria; nor wouldst thou reap thy due reward, should the parchment leave thy worthy deeds unheralded. What to-day were the child of Ilia and Mars, had

obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Aeacum
virtus et favor et lingua potentium
vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.
caelo Musa beat. sic Iovis interest
optatis epulis impiger Hercules,
clarum Tyndaridae sidus ab infimis
quassas eripiunt aequoribus rates,
ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

jealous silence blocked the path of Romulus' deserts? The powers of gifted bards, their favour, and their voice rescue Aeacus from the Stygian waves and win for him a hallowed home in the Islands of the Blest. 'Tis the Muse forbids the hero worthy of renown to perish. 'Tis the Muse bestows the boon of heaven. 'Tis thus that tireless Hercules shares Jove's hoped-for table. 'Tis thus that Tyndareüs' sons, gleaming fires, rescue storm-tossed ships from the sea's abyss, and Liber, his temples decked with verdant vine-sprays, brings vows to happy issue.

IX

Ne forte credas interitura quae
longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
non ante vulgatas per artes
verba loquor socianda chordis :

non, si priores Maeonius tenet
sedes Homerus, Pindaricae latent
Ceaeque et Alcaei minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenae ;

nec siquid olim lusit Anacreon
delevit aetas ; spirat adhuc amor
vivuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.

non sola comptos arsit adulteri
crines et aurum vestibus illitum
mirata regalesque cultus
et comites Helene Lacaena,

primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
direxit arcu ; non semel Ilios
vexata ; non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus

ODE IX

In Praise of Lollius

THINK not the words will perish which I, born near far-sounding Aufidus, utter for linking with the lyre, by arts not hitherto revealed! E'en though Maeonian Homer holds the place of honour, yet Pindar's Muse is not unknown, or that of Ceos, of threatening Alcaeus, or of Stesichorus the stately. Nor has time destroyed whate'er Anacreon once sung in sport. Still breathes the love of the Aeolian maid, and lives her passion confided to the lyre.

Not Spartan Helen only became inflamed with love, marvelling at a paramour's trim locks, his gold-bespangled raiment, his princely pomp and followers; nor was Teucer first to speed the shaft from Cretan bow. Not once alone has an Ilium been beset; nor has great Idomeneus or Sthenelus alone fought

dicenda Musis proelia; non ferox
Hector vel acer Deiphobus graves
excepit ictus pro pudicis
coniugibus puerisque primus.

vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
multi; sed omnes inlacrimabiles
urgentur ignotique longa
nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

paulum sepultae distat inertiae
celata virtus. non ego te meis
chartis inornatum silebo,
totve tuos patiar labores

impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
obliviones. est animus tibi
rerumque prudens et secundis
temporibus dubiisque rectus,

vindex avarae fraudis et abstinens
ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae,
consulque non unius anni,
sed quotiens bonus atque fidus

iudex honestum praetulit utili,
reiecit alto dona nocentium
vultu, per obstantes catervas
explicuit sua victor arma.

battles worthy to be sung by the Muses. Nor were doughty Hector and keen Deiphobus the first to encounter heavy blows for chaste wife and children. Many heroes lived before Agamemnon; but all are overwhelmed in unending night, unwept, unknown, because they lack a sacred bard. In the tomb, hidden worth differs little from cowardice. Not thee, O Lollius, will I leave unsung, unhonoured by my verse; nor will I suffer envious forgetfulness to prey undisturbed upon thy many exploits. A mind thou hast, experienced in affairs, well-poised in weal or woe, punishing greedy fraud, holding aloof from money that draws all things to itself, thou a consul not of a single year, but so oft as, a judge righteous and true, thou preferrest honour to expediency, rejectest with high disdain the bribes of guilty men, and bearest thine arms victorious through opposing hosts.

non possidentem multa vocaveris
recte beatum; rectius occupat
nomen beati, qui deorum
muneribus sapienter uti

duramque callet pauperiem pati
peiusque leto flagitium timet,
non ille pro caris amicis
aut patria timidus perire

Not him who possesses much, would one rightly call the happy man; he more fitly gains that name who knows how to use with wisdom the blessings of the gods, to endure hard poverty, and who fears dishonour worse than death, not afraid to die for cherished friends or fatherland

X

O CRVDELIS adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens,
insperata tuae cum veniet pluma superbiae
et, quae nunc umeris involitant, deciderint comae,
nunc et qui color est puniceae flore prior rosae
mutatus, Ligurine, in faciem verterit hispidam:
dices "heu," quotiens te speculo videris alterum,
"quae mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genae?"

ODE X

Beauty is Fleeting

O thou, cruel still and dowered with Venus' gifts, when unexpected down sha'l come upon thy pride and the locks have fallen that now wave upon thy shoulders, and the bloom that now outvies the blossom of the crimson rose has faded, Ligurinus, and changed to a shaggy visage, then as often as thou gazest in the mirror on thy altered features, thou shalt say: "Alas! why lacked I as a lad the purpose that I have to-day? Or why to my present spirit do not my rosy cheeks return?"

XI

Est mihi nonum superantis annum
plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
est hederae vis

multa, qua crines religata fulges;
ridet argento domus; ara castis
vincta verbenis avet immolato
spargier agno;

cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc
cursitant mixtae pueris puellae;
sordidum flammae trepidant rotantes
vertice fumum.

ut tamen noris quibus advoceris
gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendae,
qui dies mensem Veneris marinae
findit Aprilem,

iure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque
paene natali proprio, quod ex hac
luce Maecenas meus adfluentes
ordinat annos.

ODE XI

A Joyous Birthday

I HAVE a jar full of Alban wine over nine years old; in my garden, Phyllis, is parsley for weaving garlands; there is goodly store of ivy, which, binding back thy hair, sets off thy beauty. The house gleams with silver vessels; the altar wreathed with sacred leafage yearns to be sprinkled with the blood of an offered lamb. The household all is hurrying; hither and thither rushes the mingled throng of lads and maids; the flames are dancing as they roll the sooty smoke aloft in wreaths. Yet that thou mayst know to what joys thou art invited, 'tis to celebrate the Ides that cleave in twain April, the month of sea-born Venus; with reason a festal day to me, and honoured almost more than my own natal day, because from this dawn my Maecenas reckons his on-gliding years.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit
non tuae sortis iuvenem puella
dives et lasciva tenetque grata
compede vinctum.

terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras
spes, et exemplum grave praebet ales
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus
Bellerophontem,

semper ut te digna sequare et ultra
quam licet sperare nefas putando
disparem vites. age iam, meorum
finis amorum,

(non enim posthac alia calebo
femina) condisce modos, amanda
voce quos reddas : minuentur atrae
carmine curae.

Telephus, whom thou seekest, a lad above thy station, a maiden rich and wanton has secured and holds him bound with pleasing chain. Scorched Phaëthon serves as a warning to ambitious hopes; and wingèd Pegasus, who brooked not Bellerophon, his earth-born rider, affords a weighty lesson, to follow ever what befits thee, and to shun an ill-assorted mate, deeming it wrong to hope for more than is permitted.

Come, now, of all my loves the last (for hereafter I shall glow with passion for no other woman), learn verses to render with thy lovely voice! Black care shall be made to wane by the help of song.

XII

Iam veris comites, quae mare temperant,
impellunt animae lintea Thraciae;
iam nec prata rigent nec fluvii strepunt
hiberna nive turgidi.

nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
infelix avis et Cecropiae domus
aeternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
regum est ulta libidines.

dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
custodes ovium carmina fistula
delectantque deum, cui pecus et nigri
colles Arcadiae placent.

adduxere sitim tempora, Vergili;
sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
si gestis, iuvenum nobilium cliens,
nardo vina merebere.

nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,
spes donare novas largus amaraque
curarum eluere efficax.

ODE XII

The Delights of Spring

Already the Thracian breezes, Spring's attendants, that calm the sea, are swelling the sails of ships; no longer are the meadows frozen, nor do the rivers roar, swollen with winter's snow. Making tearful moan for Itys, the ill-fated swallow builds her nest, everlasting disgrace of the Cecropian house, for that she avenged too cruelly the barbarous lust of kings.

On the soft grass the keepers of the fat sheep play songs upon the pipe, and delight the god to whom are dear Arcadia's flocks and sombre hills.

The season has brought thirst, O Virgil; but if thou, a follower of noble patrons, art eager to quaff a wine pressed at Cales, thou must earn the cup by bringing spikenard. A tiny shell of spikenard shall lure forth a jar that now reposes in Sulpicius' storehouse, rich in promise to bestow fresh hopes, and powerful to wash away the bitterness of care.

ad quae si properas gaudia, cum tua
velox merce veni : non ego te meis
immunem meditor tingere poculis,
plena dives ut in domo.

verum pone moras et studium lucri
nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium
misce stultitiam consiliis brevem ;
dulce est desipere in loco.

If thou art eager for such joys, come quickly with thy wares! If thou comest without thy portion, I purpose not, like some rich lord in well-stocked house, to steep thee in my cups. But put aside delay and thirst for gain, and, mindful of Death's dark fires, mingle, while thou mayst, brief folly with thy wisdom! 'Tis sweet at the fitting time to cast serious thoughts aside.

XIII

Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di
audivere, Lyce : fis anus et tamen
vis formosa videri
ludisque et bibis impudens

et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
lentum sollicitas. ille virentis et
doctae psallere Chiae
pulchris excubat in genis.

importunus enim transvolat aridas
quercus, et refugit te, quia luridi
dentes te, quia rugae
turpant et capitis nives.

nec Coae referunt iam tibi purpurae
nec cari lapides tempora, quae semel
notis condita fastis
inclusit volucris dies.

quo fugit Venus, heu, quove color ? decens
quo motus ? quid habes illius, illius,
quae spirabat amores,
quae me surpuerat mihi,

ODE XIII

Retribution

The gods have heard my prayer, O Lyce, aye, the gods have heard it. Thou art becoming old, and yet desirest to seem beauteous and joinest in the merriment and drinkest hard and, already maudlin, seekest with quavering song to rouse unwilling Cupid. He keeps his watch on the fair cheeks of blooming Chia, skilled in playing on the harp. For disdainfully he flies past withered oaks, and shrinks from thee, because yellow teeth and wrinkles and snowy locks disfigure thee.

No more do robes of Coan purple or costly jewels bring back to thee the days that time in its flight has once laid away and locked up in the archives known to all.

Whither has fled thy grace, alas! or thy bloom whither? Whither thy comely carriage? What dost thou retain of her, of her, I ask, who once breathed love, who stole me from myself, thou happy

felix post Cinaram notaque et artium
gratarum facies? sed Cinarae breves
annos Fata dederunt,
servatura diu parem

cornicis vetulae temporibus Lycen,
possent ut iuvenes visere fervidi
multo non sine risu
dilapsam in cineres facem.

after Cinara was gone, once famous for thy beauty and thy winning ways? Brief years the Fates to Cinara granted, resolved on keeping Lyce long, to match the age of the ancient crow, so that hot youths with many a laugh might come to see the torch to ashes fallen.

XIV

Qvae cura patrum quaeve Quiritium
plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in aevum
per titulos memoresque fastus

aeternet, o, qua sol habitabiles
inlustrat oras, maxime principum,
quem legis expertes Latinae
Vindelici didicere nuper,

quid Marte posses. milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Breunosque[1] veloces et arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis

deiecit acer plus vice simplici;
maior Neronum mox grave proelium
commisit immanesque Raetos
auspiciis pepulit secundis,

spectandus in certamine Martio
devota morti pectora liberae
quantis fatigaret ruinis,
indomitas prope qualis undas

[1] Breunos: *some inferior MSS. have* Brennos.

ODE XIV

Drusus and Tiberius

What care of Fathers and Quirites, O Augustus, shall with full meed of honours immortalise thy prowess by inscriptions and commemorative records, thou mightiest of princes where'er the sun shines on habitable coasts, thou whose power in war the Vindelici, free till now from Latin rule, have learned of late to know. For thine were the troops wherewith keen Drusus, with more than like requital, hurled the Genauni down, a clan implacable, the swift Breuni, and their strongholds set upon the awful Alps. Soon too the elder Nero joined deadly battle and overcame the savage Rhaetians under happy auspices, a wonder to behold in martial combat for the havoc with which he crushed hearts dedicated to the death of freemen; almost as the south wind when he frets the unconquerable waves, when the band of

exercet Auster Pleiadum choro
scindente nubes, impiger hostium
vexare turmas et frementem
mittere equum medios per ignes.

sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
qui regna Dauni praefluit Apuli,
cum saevit horrendamque cultis
diluviem minitatur agris,

ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
ferrata vasto diruit impetu
primosque et extremos metendo
stravit humum sine clade victor,

te copias, te consilium et tuos
praebente divos. nam tibi quo die
portus Alexandrea supplex
et vacuam patefecit aulam,

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
belli secundos reddidit exitus,
laudemque et optatum peractis
imperiis decus adrogavit.

te Cantaber non ante domabilis
Medusque et Indus, te profugus Scythes
miratur, o tutela praesens
Italiae dominaeque Romae.

Pleiads cleaves the clouds; eager to harry the hosts of the foe and to drive his snorting charger through the midst of fiery tumult. So does bull-formed Aufidus roll on, flowing past the realms of Apulian Daunus, when he rages and threatens awful deluge to the well-tilled fields, even as Claudius o'erwhelmed with destructive onslaught the mail-clad hosts of savages, and strewed the ground, mowing down van and rear, victorious without loss,—the troops, the plan, the favouring gods provided all by thee. For on the selfsame day that suppliant Alexandria opened her harbours and her empty palace to thee, propitious Fortune, three lustrums later, brought a happy issue to the war and bestowed fame and hoped-for glory upon the deeds wrought in fulfilment of thy commands.

At thee marvels the Cantabrian never before subdued, at thee the Mede and Indian, at thee the roving Scythian, thou mighty guardian of Italy and

te, fontium qui celat origines,
Nilusque et Hister, te rapidus Tigris,
te beluosus qui remotis
obstrepit Oceanus Britannis,

te non paventis funera Galliae
duraeque tellus audit Hiberiae
te caede gaudentes Sygambri
compositis venerantur armis.

imperial Rome. To thee the Nile gives ear, the Nile that hides the sources of its springs; to thee the Danube, the swirling Tigris, the Ocean teeming with monsters, that roars around the distant Britons; to thee the land of Gaul that recks not death, and stubborn Iberia. Before thee stand in awe the slaughter-loving Sygambri, with weapons laid to rest.

XV

Phoebvs volentem proelia me loqui
victas et urbes increpuit lyra,
ne parva Tyrrhenum per aequor
vela darem. tua, Caesar, aetas

fruges et agris rettulit uberes
et signa nostro restituit Iovi
derepta Parthorum superbis
postibus et vacuum duellis

Ianum Quirini clausit et ordinem
rectum evaganti frena licentiae
iniecit emovitque culpas
et veteres revocavit artes,

per quas Latinum nomen et Italae
crevere vires famaque et imperi
porrecta maiestas ad ortus
solis ab Hesperio cubili.

custode rerum Caesare non furor
civilis aut vis exiget otium,
non ira, quae procudit enses
et miseras inimicat urbes.

ODE XV

Augustus

When I wished to sing of fights and cities won, Apollo checked me, striking loud his lyre, and forbade my spreading tiny sails upon the Tuscan Sea. Thy age, O Caesar, has restored to farms their plenteous crops and to our Jove the standards stript from the proud columns of the Parthians; has closed Quirinus' fane empty of war; has put a check on licence, passing righteous bounds; has banished crime and called back home the ancient ways whereby the Latin name and might of Italy waxed great, and the fame and majesty of our dominion were spread from the sun's western bed to his arising.

While Caesar guards the state, not civil rage, nor violence, nor wrath that forges swords, embroiling hapless towns, shall banish peace. Not they that

non qui profundum Danuvium bibunt
edicta rumpent Iulia, non Getae,
non Seres infidive Persae,
non Tanain prope flumen orti.

nosque et profestis lucibus et sacris
inter iocosi munera Liberi
cum prole matronisque nostris,
rite deos prius adprecati,

virtute functos more patrum duces
Lydis remixto carmine tibiis
Troiamque et Anchisen et almae
progeniem Veneris canemus.

drink the Danube deep shall break the Julian laws, nor Getae, Seres, faithless Parthians, nor they by Tanais born. On common and on sacred days, amid the gifts of merry Bacchus, with wife and child we first will duly pray the gods; then after our fathers' wont, in measures joined to strains of Lydian flutes, we will hymn the glories of the heroic dead, Troy and Anchises and benign Venus' offspring.

CARMEN SAECULARE

CARMEN SAECVLARE

Phoebe silvarumque potens Diana,
lucidum caeli decus, o colendi
semper et culti, date quae precamur
tempore sacro,

quo Sibyllini monuere versus
virgines lectas puerosque castos
dis quibus septem placuere colles
dicere carmen.

alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
promis et celas aliusque et idem
nasceris, possis nihil urbe Roma
visere maius!

rite maturos aperire partus
lenis, Ilithyia, tuere matres,
sive tu Lucina probas vocari
seu Genitalis.

diva, producas subolem patrumque
prosperes decreta super iugandis
feminis prolisque novae feraci
lege marita,

CARMEN SAECULARE

O Phoebus, and Diana, queen of forests, radiant glory of the heavens, O ye ever cherished and ever to be cherished, grant the blessings that we pray for at the holy season when the verses of the Sibyl have commanded chosen maidens and spotless youths to sing the hymn in honour of the gods who love the Seven Hills.

O quickening Sun, that in thy shining car usherest in the day and hidest it, and art reborn another and yet the same, ne'er mayst thou be able to view aught greater than the city of Rome!

O Ilithyia, that, according to thy office, art gracious to bring issue in due season, protect our matrons, whether thou preferrest to be invoked as "Lucina" or as "Genitalis." Rear up our youth, O goddess, and bless the Fathers' edicts concerning wedlock and the marriage-law, destined, we pray, to be prolific in new offspring, that the sure cycle of ten times eleven

certus undenos deciens per annos
orbis ut cantus referatque ludos
ter die claro totiensque grata
nocte frequentes.

vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcae,
quod semel dictum stabilisque rerum
terminus servet,[1] bona iam peractis
iungite fata.

fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus
spicea donet Cererem corona;
nutriant fetus et aquae salubres
et Iovis aurae.

condito mitis placidusque telo
supplices audi pueros, Apollo;
siderum regina bicornis, audi,
Luna, puellas.

Roma si vestrum est opus Iliaeque
litus Etruscum tenuere turmae,
iussa pars mutare Lares et urbem
sospite cursu;

cui per ardentem sine fraude Troiam
castus Aeneas patriae superstes
liberum munivit iter, daturus
plura relictis:

[1] servat: *Orelli.*

years may bring round again music and games thronged on three bright days and as many gladsome nights!

And ye, O Fates, truthful in your oracles, as has once been ordained, and may the unyielding order of events confirm it, link happy destinies to those already past.

Bountiful in crops and cattle, may Mother Earth deck Ceres with a crown of corn; and may Jove's wholesome rains and breezes give increase to the harvest!

Do thou, Apollo, gracious and benign, put aside thy weapon and give ear to thy suppliant sons! And do thou, O Luna, the constellations' crescent queen to the maidens lend thine ear!

If Rome be your handiwork, and if from Ilium hailed the bands that gained the Tuscan shore (the remnant bidden to change their homes and city in auspicious course), they for whom righteous Aeneas, survivor of his country, unscathed 'mid blazing Troy, prepared a way to liberty, destined to bestow more

di, probos mores docili iuventae,
di, senectuti placidae quietem,
Romulae genti date remque prolemque
et decus omne.

quaeque vos bobus veneratur albis
clarus Anchisae Venerisque sanguis,
impetret, bellante prior, iacentem
lenis in hostem.

iam mari terraque manus potentes
Medus Albanasque timet secures,
iam Scythae responsa petunt superbi
nuper et Indi.

iam Fides et Pax et Honor Pudorque
priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
audet, apparetque beata pleno
copia cornu.

augur et fulgente decorus arcu
Phoebus acceptusque novem Camenis,
qui salutari levat arte fessos
corporis artus,

si Palatinas videt aequus aras,
remque Romanam Latiumque felix
alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
proroget [1] aevum,

[1] proroget : *excellent MSS. also have* prorogat.

than had been left behind,—then do ye, O gods, make teachable our youth and grant them virtuous ways; to the aged give tranquil peace; and to the race of Romulus, riches and offspring and every glory!

And what the glorious scion of Anchises and of Venus, with sacrifice of milk-white steers, entreats of you, that may he obtain, triumphant o'er the warring foe, but generous to the fallen! Already the Parthian fears the hosts mighty on land and sea, and fears the Alban axes. Already the Indians and Scythians, but recently disdainful, are asking for our answer. Already Faith and Peace and Honour and ancient Modesty and neglected Virtue have courage to come back, and blessèd Plenty with her full horn is seen.

May Phoebus, the prophet, who goes adorned with the shining bow, who is dear to the Muses nine, and with his healing art relieves the body's weary frame —may he, if he looks with favour on the altars of the Palatine, prolong the Roman power and Latium's prosperity to cycles ever new and ages ever better!

quaeque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,
quindecim Diana preces virorum
curet et votis puerorum amicas
applicet aures.

haec Iovem sentire deosque cunctos
spem bonam certamque domum reporto
doctus et Phoebi chorus et Dianae
dicere laudes.

And may Diana, who holds Aventine and Algidus, heed the entreaty of the Fifteen Men and incline her gracious ears to the children's prayers! That such is the purpose of Jove and all the gods, we bear home the good and steadfast hope, we the chorus trained to hymn the praises of Phoebus and Diana.

THE EPODES

EPODON

1

Ibis Liburnis inter alta navium,
amice, propugnacula,
paratus omne Caesaris periculum
subire, Maecenas, tuo.
quid nos, quibus te vita si superstite
iucunda, si contra, gravis?
utrumne iussi persequemur otium
non dulce ni tecum simul,
an hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
qua ferre non molles viros?
feremus, et te vel per Alpium iuga
inhospitalem et Caucasum
vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum
forti sequemur pectore.
roges, tuum labore[1] quid iuvem meo,
imbellis ac firmus parum?
comes minore sum futurus in metu,
qui maior absentes habet:

[1] labore *Glareanus*: laborem *MSS.*

THE EPODES

EPODE I

Friendship's Tribute

On Liburnian galleys shalt thou go, my friend Maecenas, amid vessels with towering bulwarks, ready to encounter at thine own risk every peril that threatens Caesar. But what of us, to whom, with thee surviving, life is a delight, but else is full of heaviness? Shall we, as bidden, devote ourselves to ease, that is not sweet except with thee? Or shall we bear these hardships with such resolve as befitteth stalwart men? Bear them we will, and whether o'er the ridges of the Alps and savage Caucasus, or to the very farthest corners of the West, thee will we follow with stout heart. Thou askest how by my hardships I am to lighten thine—I for war unfit and in strength not rugged? I shall have less fear, attending thee, for fear lays hold with greater power on those away,—

ut adsidens implumibus pullis avis
  serpentium adlapsus timet
magis relictis, non ut adsit auxili
  latura plus praesentibus.
libenter hoc et omne militabitur
  bellum in tuae spem gratiae,
non ut iuvencis inligata pluribus
  aratra nitantur mea,
pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum
  Lucana mutet pascuis,
neque ut superni villa candens Tusculi
  Circaea tangat moenia.
satis superque me benignitas tua
  ditavit: haud paravero,
quod aut avarus ut Chremes terra premam,
  discinctus aut perdam nepos.

just as a brooding mother-bird more keenly dreads attacks of gliding serpents on her unfledged nestlings when she has left them, though she could lend them no more aid were she at hand.

This war and every war shall be gladly undertaken in hope to win thy favour—not that more straining bullocks may be mine, yoked to the plough, nor that my flocks may change Calabrian for Lucanian pastures before the blazing dog-star's season, nor that I may have a gleaming villa close to the Circean walls of lofty Tusculum. Enough has thy bounty enriched me and more; I will not lay up treasure, either to bury in the ground, like miser Chremes, or to squander like some reckless spendthrift.

II

" Beatvs ille qui procul negotiis,
ut prisca gens mortalium,
paterna rura bobus exercet suis
solutus omni faenore,
neque excitatur classico miles truci,
neque horret iratum mare,
Forumque vitat et superba civium
potentiorum limina.
ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
altas maritat populos,
aut in reducta valle mugientium
prospectat errantes greges,
inutilesque falce ramos amputans
feliciores inserit,
aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
aut tondet infirmas oves;
vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus agris extulit,
ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pira
certantem et uvam purpurae,
qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater
Silvane, tutor finium.

EPODE II

Country Joys

"HAPPY the man who, far away from business cares, like the pristine race of mortals, works his ancestral acres with his steers, from all money-lending free; who is not, as a soldier, roused by the wild clarion, nor dreads the angry sea; he avoids the Forum and proud thresholds of more powerful citizens; and so he either weds his lofty poplar-trees to well-grown vines, or in secluded dale looks out upon the ranging herds of lowing cattle, and, cutting off useless branches with the pruning-knife, engrafts more fruitful ones, or stores away pressed honey in clean jars, or shears the helpless sheep. Or when Autumn in the fields has reared his head crowned with ripened fruits, how he delights to pluck the grafted pears, and grapes that with the purple vie, with which to honour thee, Priapus, and thee, Father Silvanus, guardian of boundaries.

libet iacere modo sub antiqua ilice,
modo in tenaci gramine.
labuntur altis interim ripis [1] aquae,
queruntur in silvis aves,
fontesque [2] lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
somnos quod invitet leves.
at cum tonantis annus hibernus Iovis
imbres nivesque comparat,
aut trudit acris hinc et hinc multa cane
apros in obstantes plagas,
aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
turdis edacibus dolos,
pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem
iucunda captat praemia.
quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,
haec inter obliviscitur?
quod si pudica mulier in partem iuvet
domum atque dulces liberos,
Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus
pernicis uxor Apuli,
sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum
lassi sub adventum viri,
claudensque textis cratibus laetum pecus
distenta siccet ubera,
et horna dulci vina promens dolio
dapes inemptas adparet:

[1] *Good MSS. also have* rivis.

[2] fontes *MSS.:* frondes (Markland's conj.) *many edd.*

'Tis pleasant, now to lie beneath some ancient ilex-tree, now on the matted turf. Meanwhile the rills glide between their high banks; birds warble in the woods; the fountains plash with their flowing waters, a sound to invite soft slumbers. But when the wintry season of thundering Jove brings rains and snow, with his pack of hounds one either drives fierce boars from here and there into the waiting toils, or on polished pole stretches wide-meshed nets, a snare for greedy thrushes, and catches with the noose the timid hare and the crane that comes from far—sweet prizes! Amid such joys, who does not forget the wretched cares that passion brings?

But if a modest wife shall do her part in tending home and children dear, like to some Sabine woman or the well-tanned mate of sturdy Apulian, piling high the sacred hearth with seasoned firewood against the coming of her weary husband, penning the frisking flock in wattled fold, draining their swelling udders, and, drawing forth this year's sweet vintage from the jar, prepare an unboughtmeal,—then

non me Lucrina iuverint conchylia
magisve rhombus aut scari,
si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
hiems ad hoc vertat mare;
non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
non attagen Ionicus
iucundior quam lecta de pinguissimis
oliva ramis arborum
aut herba lapathi prata amantis et gravi
malvae salubres corpori
vel agna festis caesa Terminalibus
vel haedus ereptus lupo.
has inter epulas ut iuvat pastas oves
videre properantes domum,
videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
collo trahentes languido
postosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
circum renidentes Lares."
haec ubi locutus faenerator Alfius,
iam iam futurus rusticus,
omnem redegit Idibus pecuniam,
quaerit Kalendis ponere.

not Lucrine oysters would please me more, nor scar, nor turbot, should winter, thundering on the eastern waves, turn them to our coasts; not Afric fowl nor Ionian pheasant would make for me a repast more savoury than olives gathered from the richest branches of the trees, or the plant of the meadow-loving sorrel, and mallows wholesome to the ailing body, or than a lamb slain at the feast of Terminus, or a kid rescued from the wolf. Amid such feasts, what joy to see the sheep hurrying homeward from pasture, to see the wearied oxen dragging along the upturned ploughshare on their tired necks, and the home-bred slaves, troop of a wealthy house, ranged around the gleaming Lares!"

When the usurer Alfius had uttered this, on the very point of beginning the farmer's life, he called in all his funds upon the Ides—and on the Kalends seeks to put them out again!

III

Parentis olim si quis impia manu
senile guttur fregerit,
edit cicutis allium nocentius,
o dura messorum ilia!
quid hoc veneni saevit in praecordiis?
num viperinus his cruor
incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas
Canidia tractavit dapes?
ut Argonautas praeter omnes candidum
Medea mirata est ducem,
ignota tauris inligaturum iuga
perunxit hoc Iasonem;
hoc delibutis ulta donis paelicem
serpente fugit alite.
nec tantus umquam siderum insedit vapor
siticulosae Apuliae,
nec munus umeris efficacis Herculis
inarsit aestuosius.
at si quid umquam tale concupiveris,
iocose Maecenas, precor,
manum puella savio opponat tuo,
extrema et in sponda cubet.

EPODE III

That Wicked Garlic!

If ever any man with impious hand strangle an aged parent, may he eat of garlic, deadlier than the hemlock! Ah! what tough vitals reapers have! What venom this that rages in my frame? Has vipers' blood without my knowledge been brewed into these herbs? Or has Canidia tampered with the poisonous dish? When Medea was enraptured with the hero Jason, fair beyond all the Argonauts, 'twas with this she anointed him, as he essayed to fasten upon the steers the unfamiliar yoke; 'twas with presents steeped in this, that she took vengeance on her rival and fled on her winged dragon. Never o'er parched Apulia did such heat of dog-star brood, nor did Nessus' gift burn with fiercer flame into the shoulders of Hercules, that wrought mighty deeds. But if ever, my merry Maecenas, you wish to repeat the jest, I pray your sweetheart may put her hands before your kisses, and lie on the farthest edge of the couch.

IV

Lvpis et agnis quanta sortito obtigit,
tecum mihi discordia est,
Hibericis peruste funibus latus
et crura dura compede.
licet superbus ambules pecunia,
Fortuna non mutat genus.
videsne, Sacram metiente te Viam
cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium
liberrima indignatio?
"sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus
praeconis ad fastidium
arat Falerni mille fundi iugera
et Appiam mannis terit
sedilibusque magnus in primis eques
Othone contempto sedet.
quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
rostrata duci pondere
contra latrones atque servilem manum,
hoc, hoc tribuno militum?"

EPODE IV

The Upstart

As great as is the enmity between lambs and wolves, by Nature's laws decreed, so great is that 'twixt me and you—you whose flanks are scarred by the Spanish rope, and whose legs are callous with hard shackles. Though you strut about in pride of wealth, yet Fortune does not change your breed. See you not, as with toga three yards wide you parade from end to end the Sacred Way, how indignation unrestrained spreads over the faces of the passers-by? "This fellow, scourged with the triumvir's lashes till the tired beadle wearied of the task, now ploughs a thousand acres of Falernian ground, and with his ponies travels the Appian Way. Braving Otho's law, he takes his place with the importance of a knight in the foremost rows of seats! What boots it for so many well-beaked ships of massive burden to be led against the pirates and hordes of slaves, when a fellow such as this is tribune of the soldiers!"

V

" At o deorum quicquid in caelo regit
terras et humanum genus,
quid iste fert tumultus et quid omnium
vultus in unum me truces?
per liberos te, si vocata partubus
Lucina veris adfuit,
per hoc inane purpurae decus precor,
per improbaturum haec Iovem,
quid ut noverca me intueris aut uti
petita ferro belua?"
ut haec trementi questus ore constitit
insignibus raptis puer,
impube corpus, quale posset impia
mollire Thracum pectora:
Canidia, brevibus implicata viperis
crines et incomptum caput,
iubet sepulcris caprificos erutas,
iubet cupressus funebres
et uncta turpis ova ranae sanguine
plumamque nocturnae strigis
herbasque quas Iolcos atque Hiberia
mittit venenorum ferax,
et ossa ab ore rapta ieiunae canis
flammis aduri Colchicis.

EPODE V

Canidia's Incantation

"But in the name of all the gods in heaven that rule the world and race of men, what means this tumult, and what the savage looks of all of you bent on me alone? By thy children, I implore thee, if Lucina, when invoked, came to help an honest birth, by this bauble of my purple dress, by Jupiter, sure to disapprove these acts, why like a stepmother dost thou gaze at me, or like a wild beast brought to bay with hunting-spear?"

When, after making these complaints with quivering lip, the lad stood still, stripped of boyhood's emblems, a youthful form, such as might soften the impious breasts of Thracians, Canidia, her locks and dishevelled head entwined with short vipers, orders wild fig-trees uprooted from the tombs, funereal cypresses, eggs and feathers of a night-roving screech-owl smeared with the blood of a hideous toad, herbs that Iolcos and Iberia, fertile in poisons, send, and bones snatched from the jaws of a starving bitch—all these to be burned in the magic flames. But high-girt

at expedita Sagana, per totam domum
spargens Avernales aquas,
horret capillis ut marinus asperis
echinus aut currens aper.
abacta nulla Veia conscientia
ligonibus duris humum
exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus,
quo posset infossus puer
longo die bis terque mutatae dapis
inemori spectaculo,
cum promineret ore, quantum exstant aqua
suspensa mento corpora:
exsecta uti medulla et aridum iecur
amoris esset poculum,
interminato cum semel fixae cibo
intabuissent pupulae.
non defuisse masculae libidinis
Ariminensem Foliam
et otiosa credidit Neapolis
et omne vicinum oppidum,
quae sidera excantata voce Thessala
lunamque caelo deripit.
hic inresectum saeva dente livido
Canidia rodens pollicem
quid dixit aut quid tacuit? "o rebus meis
non infideles arbitrae,
Nox et Diana, quae silentium regis,
arcana cum fiunt sacra,

Sagana, sprinkling through all the house water from Lake Avernus, bristles with streaming hair, like some sea-urchin or a racing boar; and Veia, by no sense of guilt restrained, groaning o'er her labours, with stout mattock was digging up the ground, that, buried there, the lad might perish gazing at food changed twice and thrice during the tedious day, his face protruding only so much as swimmers, when hanging in the water by the chin—and all for this, that his marrow and his liver, cut out and dried, might form a love-charm, when once his eye-balls, fixed on the forbidden food, had wasted all away. Gossiping Naples and every neighbouring town believed that Folia of Ariminum, the wanton hag, was also there—Folia, who with Thessalian incantation bewitches stars and moon and plucks them down from heaven. Then fierce Canidia, gnawing her uncut nail with malignant tooth—what did she say, or rather what did she leave unsaid!

"O faithful witnesses of my deeds, Night and Diana, thou that art mistress of the silent hour when mystic

nunc, nunc adeste, nunc in hostiles domos
iram atque numen vertite.
formidulosis cum latent silvis ferae
dulci sopore languidae,
senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum
latrent Suburanae canes,
nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius
meae laborarint manus.
quid accidit? cur dira barbarae minus
venena Medeae valent,
quibus superbam fugit ulta paelicem,
magni Creontis filiam,
cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam
incendio nuptam abstulit?
atqui nec herba nec latens in asperis
radix fefellit me locis.
indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
oblivione paelicum.
a! a! solutus ambulat veneficae
scientioris carmine!
non usitatis, Vare, potionibus,
o multa fleturum caput,
ad me recurres, nec vocata mens tua
Marsis redibit vocibus.
maius parabo, maius infundam tibi
fastidienti poculum,
priusque caelum sidet inferius mari
tellure porrecta super,

rites are wrought, now, even now, lend me your help! Now against hostile homes turn your wrath and power! While in the awesome woods the wild beasts lie in hiding, wrapped in soft slumber, may Subura's dogs bark at the old rake,—a sight for all to laugh at—anointed with an essence such as my hands ne'er made more perfect! What has befallen? Why fail to work the dire philtres of the barbarian Medea, with which before her flight she took vengeance on the haughty paramour, mighty Creon's daughter, what time the robe, a gift steeped in poisoned gore, snatched away in fire the new-made bride? And yet no herb nor root, lurking in rough places, escaped me. He lies asleep on perfumed couch, forgetful of all mistresses. Aha! He walks at will, freed by the charm of some cleverer enchantress. By no wonted potions, Varus, thou creature doomed bitterly to weep, shalt thou return to me; and, summoned by no Marsian spells, shall thy devotion be revived. A stronger draught I will prepare, a stronger draught pour out, to meet thy scorn; and sooner shall the heaven sink below the sea, with earth spread out above, than thou shouldst fail to

quam non amore sic meo flagres uti
bitumen atris ignibus."
sub haec puer iam non, ut ante, mollibus
lenire verbis impias,
sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,
misit Thyesteas preces:
"venena maga non fas nefasque, non valent [1]
convertere humanam vicem.
diris agam vos; dira detestatio
nulla expiatur victima.
quin, ubi perire iussus exspiravero,
nocturnus occurram Furor,
petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus,
quae vis deorum est Manium,
et inquietis adsidens praecordiis
pavore somnos auferam.
vos turba vicatim hinc et hinc saxis petens
contundet obscenas anus;
post insepulta membra different lupi
et Esquilinae alites,
neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
effugerit spectaculum."

[1] venena maga non *Haupt*: veuena maguum *MSS.*

burn with love for me, even as burns the pitch in the smoky flame."

At this the lad no longer, as before, essayed to soothe the impious creatures with gentle speech, but, doubtful with what words to break the silence, hurled forth Thyestean curses: "Your magic spells have not the power to alter right and wrong, nor to avert human retribution. With curses I will hound you; by no sacrifice shall my awful execration be warded off. Nay, even when, doomed to die, I have breathed my last, at night I will meet you as a fury; and as a ghost I will tear your faces with crooked claws, as is the Manes' power; and seated on your restless bosoms, I will banish sleep with terror. The rabble, pelting you with stones on every side along the streets, shall crush you, filthy hags. Then by and by the wolves and birds that haunt the Esquiline shall scatter far and wide your unburied limbs, nor shall this sight escape my parents,—surviving me, alas!"

VI

Qvid immerentes hospites vexas, canis
ignavus adversum lupos?
quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,
et me remorsurum petis?
nam qualis aut Molossus aut fulvus Lacon,
amica vis pastoribus,
agam per altas aure sublata nives,
quaecumque praecedet fera;
tu, cum timenda voce complesti nemus,
proiectum odoraris cibum.
cave, cave: namque in malos asperrimus
parata tollo cornua,
qualis Lycambae spretus infido gener
aut acer hostis Bupalo.
an, si quis atro dente me petiverit,
inultus ut flebo puer?

EPODE VI

The Blackmailer

Why dost thou worry unoffending strangers, thou cur when facing wolves? Why not hither, if thou darest, turn thy idle threats and make assault on me, who will bite thee in return? For, like Molossian hound or tawny Laconian, the shepherd's sturdy friends, with ear upraised I'll follow amid deep snow whatever beast of prey goes before. Thou, when thou hast filled the woods with thy fearful yelps, sniffest around at the food that has been flung thee. Beware, beware! For full fiercely do I lift my ready horns against evil-doers, even as the slighted son in-law of perfidious Lycambes, or as Bupalus' keen foe. Or if any one with venomous tooth assail me, shall I forgo revenge and whimper like a child?

VII

Qvo, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
aptantur enses conditi?
parumne campis atque Neptuno super
fusum est Latini sanguinis?
non ut superbas invidae Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret,
intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus Via,
sed ut secundum vota Parthorum sua
urbs haec periret dextera.
neque hic lupis mos nec fuit leonibus,
numquam[1] nisi in dispar feris.
furorne caecus an rapit vis acrior
an culpa? responsum date!
tacent, et ora pallor albus inficit,
mentesque perculsae stupent.
sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt
scelusque fraternae necis,
ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
sacer nepotibus cruor.

[1] numquam *Bentley:* unquam *MSS.*

EPODE VII

A Threatened Renewal of Civil Strife

WHITHER, whither are ye rushing to ruin in your wicked frenzy? Or why are your hands grasping the swords that have once been sheathed? Has too little Roman blood been shed on field and flood—not that the Roman might burn the proud towers of jealous Carthage, or that the Briton, as yet unscathed, might descend the Sacred Way in fetters, but that, in fulfilment of the Parthians' prayers, this city might perish by its own right hand? Such habit ne'er belonged to wolves or lions, whose fierceness is turned only against beasts of other kinds. Does some blind frenzy drive us on, or some stronger power, or guilt? Give answer!—They speak not; a ghastly pallor o'erspreads their faces; and dazed are their shattered senses. 'Tis so: a bitter fate pursues the Romans, and the crime of a brother's murder, ever since blameless Remus' blood was spilt upon the ground, to be a curse upon posterity.

IX

Qvando repostum Caecubum ad festas dapes
victore laetus Caesare
tecum sub alta—sic Iovi gratum—domo,
beate Maecenas, bibam
sonante mixtum tibiis carmen lyra,
hac Dorium, illis barbarum?
ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
dux fugit ustis navibus,
minatus urbi vincla, quae detraxerat
servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus eheu—posteri negabitis—
emancipatus feminae
fert vallum et arma, miles et spadonibus
servire rugosis potest,
interque signa turpe militaria
sol adspicit conopium.
ad hoc[1] frementes verterunt bis mille equos
Galli, canentes Caesarem,
hostiliumque navium portu latent
puppes sinistrorsum citae.
io triumphe, tu moraris aureos
currus et intactas boves?

[1] ad hoc *Bentley:* ad hunc *MSS.*

EPODE IX

After Actium

When, happy Maecenas, within thy lofty palace,—such is Jove's pleasure,—shall I with thee, in joy at Caesar's triumph, drink the Caecuban stored away for festal banquets, while flute and lyre make music with their mingled melody of Phrygian and Dorian strains? Just as lately, when the Neptunian leader,[1] his ships consumed, was driven from the sea in flight, though he had threatened the City with the shackles he had taken from faithless slaves, his friends! The Roman, alas! (ye, O men of after times, will deny the charge)—the Roman bears stakes and weapons at a woman's behest, and, a soldier, can bring himself to become the minion of withered eunuchs, while amid the soldiers' standards the sun shines on the shameful Egyptian pavilion. At sight of this, twice a thousand Gauls, chanting the name of Caesar, turned away their snorting steeds; and the ships of the foe, when summoned to the left, lay hidden in the harbour! Io, Triumphe![2] Dost thou keep back the golden cars and the unsullied

1 Sextus Pompeius.
2 *I.e.* "Hail! O God of Triumph."

io triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem
bello reportasti ducem
neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem
virtus sepulcrum condidit.
terra marique victus hostis punico
lugubre mutavit sagum.
aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus,
ventis iturus non suis,
exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto,
aut fertur incerto mari.
capaciores adfer huc, puer, scyphos
et Chia vina aut Lesbia,
vel quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
metire nobis Caecubum.
curam metumque Caesaris rerum iuvat
dulci Lyaeo solvere.

kine? Io, Triumphe! Neither in Jugurtha's war didst thou bring back so glorious a captain; nor was Africanus such,—he whose valour reared for him a shrine o'er Carthage. Vanquished on sea and land, the foe has changed the scarlet cape for sable, and against baffling winds is either making for Crete famed for her hundred cities, or is seeking the Syrtes by Notus tossed, or is borne upon uncertain seas. Bring hither, lad, more generous bowls, and Chian wine or Lesbian, or pour out for us Caecuban, to check our rising qualms. 'Tis sweet to banish anxious fear for Caesar's fortunes with Bacchus' mellow gift.

X

Mala soluta navis exit alite,
  ferens olentem Mevium.
ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,
  Auster, memento, fluctibus.
niger rudentes Eurus inverso mari
  fractosque remos differat;
insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
  frangit trementes ilices.
nec sidus atra nocte amicum appareat,
  qua tristis Orion cadit;
quietiore nec feratur aequore
  quam Graia victorum manus,
cum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Ilio
  in impiam Aiacis ratem.
o quantus instat navitis sudor tuis
  tibique pallor luteus
et illa non virilis heiulatio
  preces et aversum ad Iovem,
Ionius udo cum remugiens sinus
  Noto carinam ruperit.
opima quod si praeda curvo litore
  porrecta mergos iuveris,
libidinosus immolabitur caper
  et agna Tempestatibus.

EPODE X

Bad Luck to Mevius

Under evil omen the ship sets sail, bearing unsavoury Mevius. With fearful waves, O Auster, remember to lash both her sides! Let lowering Eurus scatter sheet and broken oars on upturned sea! Let Aquilo arise in all the fury with which he rends the quivering oaks on lofty mountain-tops! And may no friendly star appear on the murky night when grim Orion sets! And on no gentler sea may he be borne than was the host of the victorious Greeks, when Pallas turned her wrath from Ilium's ashes against Ajax' impious bark! Oh! What toil awaits thy sailors! And thyself, what ghastly pallor, and what unmanly wailing, and prayers to Jove estranged, when the Ionian Sea whistling with rainy Notus, shall wreck thy vessel! But if, stretched out as fat carrion on the curving shore, thou give pleasure to the gulls, then a sportive goat and a lamb shall be offered to the gods of storms.

XI

Petti, nihil me sicut antea iuvat
scribere versiculos amore percussum gravi,
amore, qui me praeter omnes expetit
mollibus in pueris aut in puellis urere.
hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
Inachia furere, silvis honorem decutit.
heu me, per urbem, nam pudet tanti mali,
fabula quanta fui! conviviorum et paenitet,
in quis amantem languor et silentium
arguit et latere petitus imo spiritus.
" contrane lucrum nil valere candidum
pauperis ingenium!" querebar adplorans tibi,
simul calentis inverecundus deus
fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.
" quod si meis inaestuet praecordiis
libera bilis, ut haec ingrata ventis dividat
fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantia,
desinet imparibus certare summotus pudor."
ubi haec severus te palam laudaveram,
iussus abire domum ferebar incerto pede
ad non amicos heu mihi postis et heu
limina dura, quibus lumbos et infregi latus.

EPODE XI

Cupid's Power

O Pettius, no more do I delight as formerly to write my verses, for I am stricken with the heavy dart of Love, yea of Love who seeks to kindle me beyond all others with passion for tender boys and maids. The third December is now shaking the glory from the woods since I lost my infatuation for Inachia. Ah me! (for I'm ashamed of such a sore affliction), how people talked of me throughout the town! I hate to recall the feasts at which my listlessness and silence and the sighs drawn from my bosom's depths proved my love-lorn state. "To think that a poor man's guileless heart can naught avail against the power of gold," did I oft complain, unburdening my grief to thee, so soon as the god that banishes reserve had warmed me with the quickening wine and brought my secrets from their hiding-place. "But if a righteous indignation should boil up within my heart, so as to scatter to the winds these thankless consolations that nowise ease my grievous suffering, I'll banish modesty and cease to vie with rivals not my peers." When with stern resolve I had praised this course before thee, bidden go home, I went my way with step irresolute towards door-posts to me, alas! unfriendly, and to thresholds hard, on which I racked

nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
vincere mollitia amor Lycisci me tenet;
unde expedire non amicorum queant
libera consilia nec contumeliae graves,
sed alius ardor aut puellae candidae
aut teretis pueri, longam renodantis comam.

my loins and side. Affection for Lyciscus now enthrals me, for Lyciscus, who claims in tenderness to outdo any woman, and from whom no friends' frank counsels or stern reproaches have power to set me free, but only another flame, either for some fair maid or slender youth, with long hair gathered in a knot.

XIII

Horrida tempestas caelum contraxit, et imbres
nivesque deducunt Iovem; nunc mare, nunc siluae
Threicio Aquilone sonant. rapiamus, amici,
occasionem de die, dumque virent genua
et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
tu vina Torquato move consule pressa meo.
cetera mitte loqui: deus haec fortasse benigna
reducet in sedem vice. nunc et Achaemenio
perfundi nardo iuvat et fide Cyllenea
levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus,
nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno:
"invicte, mortalis dea nate puer Thetide,
te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
findunt Scamandri flumina lubricus et Simois,
unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcae
rupere, nec mater domum caerula te revehet.
illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
deformis aegrimoniae dulcibus alloquiis."

EPODE XIII

Defiance to the Storm: Make Merry!

A DREADFUL storm has narrowed heaven's expanse, and rain and snow are bringing Jove to earth. The sea, the woods, now roar with the Thracian north wind. Let us snatch our opportunity from the day, my friends, and while our limbs are strong and the time is fitting, let seriousness be banished from the clouded brow! Bring thou forth a vintage trodden in my Torquatus' year. Cease of aught else to speak! The god perchance with kindly change will mend our present ills. Now is the pleasing time to anoint the head with Persian nard, and with Cyllenian lyre to relieve our hearts of dread anxieties, even as the far-famed Centaur once sang to his stalwart foster-child: "O thou invincible, thou mortal child of goddess Thetis, thee the land of Assaracus awaits, through which the tiny Scamander's cooling waters flow and gliding Simois, whence the Fates by fixed decree have cut off thy return; nor shall thy sea-blue mother bear thee home again. When there, lighten every ill with wine and song, sweet consolations for unlovely sorrow!"

XIV

Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
oblivionem sensibus,
pocula Lethaeos ut si ducentia somnos
arente fauce traxerim,
candide Maecenas, occidis saepe rogando:
deus, deus nam me vetat
inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos
ad umbilicum adducere.
non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium,
qui persaepe cava testudine flevit amorem
non elaboratum ad pedem.
ureris ipse miser: quod si non pulchrior ignis
accendit obsessam Ilion,
gaude sorte tua; me libertina, nec uno
contenta, Phryne macerat.

EPODE XIV

Promises Unfulfilled

You distress me, honest Maecenas, by asking oft, why soft indolence has diffused as great forgetfulness over my inmost senses as if with parchèd throat I had drained the bowl that brings Lethean sleep; for 'tis the god, yea 'tis the god, that forbids me to bring to an end the iambics already begun, the song long promised. Not otherwise enamoured of Samian Bathyllus, do they say, was Teian Anacreon, who on his hollow shell sang full oft his plaintive strains of love in simple measure. You yourself are the victim of Love's fires; but if no fairer flame kindled beleaguered Ilium, then be happy in your lot! *I* am consumed with love for Phryne, a freedwoman, with a single lover not content.

XV

Nox erat et caelo fulgebat Luna sereno
inter minora sidera,
cum tu, magnorum numen laesura deorum,
in verba iurabas mea,
artius atque hedera procera adstringitur ilex
lentis adhaerens bracchiis,
dum pecori lupus et nautis infestus Orion
turbaret hibernum mare,
intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,
fore hunc amorem mutuum.
o dolitura mea multum virtute Neaera!
nam si quid in Flacco viri est,
non feret adsiduas potiori te dare noctes,
et quaeret iratus parem;
nec semel offensae[1] cedet constantia formae,
si certus intrarit dolor.
et tu, quicumque es felicior atque meo nunc
superbus incedis malo,
sis pecore et multa dives tellure licebit
tibique Pactolus fluat,
nec te Pythagorae fallant arcana renati,
formaque vincas Nirea,
eheu, translatos alio maerebis amores.
ast ego vicissim risero.

[1] offensi : *Bentley*.

EPODE XV

Faithless!

Twas night, and in a cloudless sky the moon was shining amid the lesser lights, when thou, soon to outrage the majesty of the mighty gods, didst pledge thy loyalty, clinging to me more closely with thy twining arms than the lofty ilex is girt by the ivy, and didst swear that as long as the wolf should be hostile to the flock, as long as Orion, the sailors' foe, should toss the wintry sea, as long as the breeze should wave Apollo's unshorn locks, so long should last our love for one another. O Neaera, doomed bitterly to rue my manhood! For if there is a spark of the man in Flaccus, he'll not allow thee to give night after night to a more favoured rival, but in his anger he will seek a fitting mate; nor will his stern resolve yield to thy beauty's charms, now become hateful to him once fixed resentment has entered his soul. And thou, whoe'er thou art, that now paradest happier than I and proud o'er my distress, though thou be rich in flocks and acres broad, though for thee Pactolus flow, and the secrets of Pythagoras reincarnate elude thee not, though in beauty thou shouldst surpass even Nireus, alas! thou art doomed to mourn her love flown to another. But I in turn shall laugh.

XVI

Altera iam teritur bellis civilibus aetas,
suis et ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi
minacis aut Etrusca Porsenae manus,
aemula nec virtus Capuae nec Spartacus acer
novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox
nec fera caerulea domuit Germania pube
parentibusque abominatus Hannibal:
impia perdemus devoti sanguinis aetas,
ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
barbarus heu cineres insistet victor et urbem
eques sonante verberabit ungula,
quaeque carent ventis et solibus ossa Quirini,
nefas videre! dissipabit insolens.
forte, quod[1] expediat, communiter aut melior pars
malis carere quaeritis laboribus?
nulla sit hac potior sententia, Phocaeorum
velut profugit exsecrata civitas
agros atque lares patrios, habitandaque fana
apris reliquit et rapacibus lupis,
ire, pedes quocumque ferent, quocumque per undas
Notus vocabit aut protervus Africus.

[1] quod *inferior MSS*: quid *best MSS*

EPODE XVI

The Woes of Civil Strife. A Remedy

Already a second generation is being ground to pieces by civil war, and Rome through her own strength is tottering. The city that neither the neighbouring Marsians had the power to ruin, nor the Etruscan host of threatening Porsena, nor Capua's rival might, nor fierce Spartacus, nor the Gaul, disloyal in time of tumult, nor wild Germany, with its blue-eyed youth, nor Hannibal by parents hated,—this selfsame city we ourselves shall ruin, we, an impious generation, of stock accurst; and the ground shall again be held by beasts of prey. The savage conqueror shall stand, alas! upon the ashes of our city, and the horseman shall trample it with clattering hoof, and (impious to behold!) shall scatter wantonly Quirinus' bones, that now are sheltered from the wind and sun.

Perchance all ye (and this were the wiser course), or at least the better part, seek to escape this dire distress? As once the Phocean folk, having cursed their fields and ancestral gods, went into exile and left their shrines to be the dwelling-place of boars and ravening wolves, so with us let no other plan be preferred to this: To go wheresoever our feet shall bear us, wheresoever o'er the waves Notus or

sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? secunda
ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
sed iuremus in haec: simul imis saxa renarint
vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas;
neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina,
in mare seu celsus procurrerit Appenninus,
novaque monstra iunxerit libidine
mirus amor, iuvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
adulteretur et columba miluo,
credula nec ravos timeant armenta leones,
ametque salsa levis hircus aequora.
haec et quae poterunt reditus abscindere dulces
eamus omnis exsecrata civitas,
aut pars indocili melior grege; mollis et exspes
inominata perprimat cubilia!
vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca praeter et volate litora.
nos manet Oceanus circumvagus; arva, beata
petamus arva divites et insulas,
reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis
et imputata floret usque vinea,
germinat et numquam fallentis termes olivae,
suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem,
mella cava manant ex ilice, montibus altis
levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
illic iniussae veniunt ad mulctra capellae,
refertque tenta grex amicus ubera,

boisterous Africus shall call. Is such your pleasure? Or has some one better counsel? Why, with omens fair, do we delay to board the ship? But let us swear to this: So soon as rocks shall rise from Ocean's depths and float again, then let it be no sin to return! Nor let us be loth to shift our canvas and trim it for the voyage home, when the Po shall wash the Matinian heights, when the lofty Apennines shall jut out into the sea, when strange affection shall join monsters in unnatural desire, so that tigers shall love to mate with deer, and the dove shall pair with the kite, the trustful herd fear not the tawny lion, and the goat, grown smooth with scales, shall love the briny waters of the sea. Having vowed these solemn pledges and whatever can prevent our sweet return, let us go forth, the State entire, or the portion better than the ignorant herd! Let the weak and hopeless remnant rest on their ill-fated couches!

Ye who have manhood, away with womanish laments, and speed past the Etruscan coasts! Us the encompassing Ocean awaits. Let us seek the Fields, the Happy Fields, and the Islands of the Blest, where every year the land, unploughed, yields corn, and ever blooms the vine unpruned, and buds the shoot of the never-failing olive; the dark fig graces its native tree; honey flows from the hollow oak; from the lofty hill, with plashing foot, lightly leaps the fountain. There the goats come unbidden to the milking-pail, and the willing flock brings swelling udders home;

nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
  neque intumescit alta viperis humus;
pluraque felices mirabimur, ut neque largis
  aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
pinguia nec siccis urantur semina glaebis,
  utrumque rege temperante caelitum.[1]
non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
  neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem;
non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautae,
  laboriosa nec cohors Ulixei.
nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
  gregem aestuosa torret impotentia.
Iuppiter illa piae secrevit litora genti,
  ut inquinavit aere tempus aureum;
aere, dehinc ferro duravit saecula, quorum
  piis secunda vate me datur fuga.

[1] *The arrangement of the lines from* 56 *on varies with different editors.*

nor does the bear at eventide growl 'round the sheepfold, nor the ground swell high with vipers. And at yet more marvels shall we wonder in our good fortune,—how rainy Eurus does not deluge the cornland with his showers; and how the fertile seeds are not burnt up in the hard-baked clods, since the king of the gods tempers both heat and cold. Hither came no ship of pine with straining Argive oarsmen, nor here did any shameless Colchian queen set foot; no Sidonian mariners hither turned their spars, nor Ulysses' toiling crew. No murrain blights the flock; no planet's blazing fury scorches the herd. Jupiter set apart these shores for a righteous folk, ever since with bronze he dimmed the lustre of the Golden Age. With bronze and then with iron did he harden the ages, from which a happy escape is offered to the righteous, if my prophecy be heeded.

XVII

" Iam iam efficaci do manus scientiae,
supplex et oro regna per Proserpinae,
per et Dianae non movenda numina,
per atque libros carminum valentium
refixa caelo devocare sidera,
Canidia, parce vocibus tandem sacris
citumque retro solve, solve turbinem!
movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
in quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Mysorum et in quem tela acuta torserat.
unxere [1] matres Iliae addictum feris
alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,
postquam relictis moenibus rex procidit,
heu! pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.
saetosa duris exuere pellibus
laboriosi remiges Ulixei
volente Circa membra, tunc mens et sonus
relapsus atque notus in vultus honor.
dedi satis superque poenarum tibi,
amata nautis multum et institoribus.
fugit iuventas et verecundus color
reliquit; ossa pelle amicta lurida,

[1] unxere: *good MSS. also have* luxere.

EPODE XVII

A Palinode

"At length I yield to thy potent skill, and on bended knee I beg—by the realms of Proserpine, by Diana's inviolable majesty, and by the books of incantations that have power to unfix the stars and call them down from heaven—Canidia, cease at length thy magic spells, and let the whirling wheel go back, go back: Telephus moved to pity Nereus' grandson, against whom in defiance he had marshalled the hosts of the Mysians and had hurled his pointed darts. Man-slaying Hector, though given o'er to birds of prey and dogs, the Ilian dames were suffered to anoint for funeral rites, after the king, leaving the city walls, fell, ah! piteous sight, at the feet of Achilles hard of heart! By Circe's will the oarsmen of toil-worn Ulysses put off the limbs bristling with tough hides; then returned wit and speech, and to their features the wonted grace. Enough of penalty and more have I paid to thee, thou much beloved of sailors and of peddlers! My youth has sped; departed is my rosy bloom; my

tuis capillus albus est odoribus,
nullum ab labore me reclinat otium ;
urget diem nox et dies noctem, neque est
levare tenta spiritu praecordia.
ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,
Sabella pectus increpare carmina
caputque Marsa dissilire nenia.
quid amplius vis ? o mare et terra, ardeo,
quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
Nessi cruore, nec Sicana fervida
virens in Aetna flamma ; tu, donec cinis
iniuriosis aridus ventis ferar,
cales venenis officina Colchicis.
quae finis aut quod me manet stipendium ?
effare ; iussas cum fide poenas luam,
paratus expiare, seu poposceris
centum iuvencos, sive mendaci lyra
voles sonari : tu pudica, tu proba
perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
infamis Helenae Castor offensus vicem
fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
adempta vati reddidere lumina :
et tu—potes nam—solve me dementia,
o nec paternis obsoleta sordibus
nec in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus
novendiales dissipare pulveres.
tibi hospitale pectus et purae manus

bones are covered with a yellow skin; with thy essences my hair is white; no respite relieves me from torment; night follows close on day, and day on night; nor is it possible to ease my straining breast by taking breath. And so, ill-fated, I am driven to believe what I once denied: that Sabellian incantations can confuse the heart, and that by Marsian spells the head is rent asunder. What more dost thou desire? O sea and earth! I burn as neither Hercules, steeped in the black blood of Nessus, nor the live Sicilian flame in blazing Aetna. But thou art a glowing shop of magic drugs, to the end that I may become dry ashes and be carried off by the wanton winds. What end or penalty awaits me? Speak out! The punishments commanded, I faithfully will pay, ready to make expiation, whether thou demandest a hundred bullocks, or wouldst have thy praises sounded on mendacious lute. Chaste and righteous, thou shalt be made to walk amid the stars, a golden constellation. Castor and mighty Castor's brother, incensed at the affront to Helen, were yet won o'er by prayers, and to the bard restored the sight they had taken away; do thou—for thou art powerful—relieve me of my madness, O thou sullied by no ancestral taint, thou no hag deft in scattering funeral ashes amid the graves of the poor! Kindly is thy heart and pure thy hands;

tuosque venter Pactumeius, et tuo
cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,
utcumque fortis exsilis puerpera."
"quid obseratis auribus fundis preces?
non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus salo.
inultus ut tu riseris Cotytia
vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis,
et Esquilini pontifex venefici
impune ut urbem nomine impleris meo?
quid proderit ditasse Paelignas anus
velociusve miscuisse toxicum?
sed tardiora fata te votis manent;
ingrata misero vita ducenda est in hoc,
novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.
optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,
egens benignae Tantalus semper dapis,
optat Prometheus obligatus aliti,
optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
in monte saxum; sed vetant leges Iovis.
voles modo altis desilire turribus,
modo ense pectus Norico recludere,
frustraque vincla gutturi nectes tuo,
fastidiosa tristis aegrimonia.
vectabor umeris tunc ego inimicis eques,

Pactumeius is thy offspring, and thine the blood that stained the cloths the midwife washed, however sturdily thou trippest forth after thy travail."

"Why dost thou pour forth prayers to ears whose gates are barred? Not deafer to shipwrecked sailors are the cliffs that wintry Neptune beats with swelling surge! Thou to laugh with impunity at divulging the Cotytian rites and the orgies of Cupid unrestrained! Thou, the minister of Esquiline incantation, to fill the town with talk of me and reap no punishment! What use to have enriched Paelignian dames, or to have learned to mix a swifter poison! But a fate awaits thee more lingering than thy prayers implore. Wretch! Thou must drag out a weary life for this: to be ever present for fresh sufferings. For rest, longs Tantalus, the sire of faithless Pelops, yearning ever for the bounteous feast; for rest, Prometheus too, chained to the bird of prey. Sisyphus longs to set the rock upon the mountain's crest, but the laws of Jove forbid. Thy wish shall be, now to plunge down from lofty towers, now to pierce thy bosom with the Noric blade; and in vain shalt thou reeve the noose about thy throat, sick at heart with weary loathing. Then as a horseman I'll ride upon thy hated shoulders, and the earth shall give way before

meaeque terra cedet insolentiae.
an quae movere cereas imagines,
ut ipse nosti curiosus, et polo
deripere lunam vocibus possim meis,
possim crematos excitare mortuos
desiderique temperare pocula,
plorem artis in te nil agentis exitum ?"

my unexampled might. Shall I, who can make waxen images to feel (as thou, prying creature, thyself dost know), I who by incantations can snatch down the moon from heaven, can raise the ashes of the dead, and mix the potion that creates desire,—shall I lament the issue of my craft, futile against thee alone!"

VIII

Rogare longo putidam te saeculo,
vires quid enervet meas,
cum sit tibi dens ater et rugis vetus
frontem senectus exaret,
hietque turpis inter aridas natis
podex velut crudae bovis!
sed incitat me pectus et mammae putres,
equina quales ubera,
venterque mollis et femur tumentibus
exile suris additum.
esto beata, funus atque imagines
ducant triumphales tuum.
nec sit marita, quae rotundioribus
onusta bacis ambulet.
quid quod libelli Stoici inter Sericos
iacere pulvillos amant?
inlitterati num minus nervi rigent,
minusve languet fascinum?
quod ut superbo provoces ab inguine
ore adlaborandum est tibi.

XII

Qvid tibi vis, mulier nigris dignissima barris ?
munera cur mihi quidve tabellas
mittis, nec firmo iuveni neque naris obesae ?
namque sagacius unus odoror,
polypus an gravis hirsutis cubet hircus in alis,
quam canis acer, ubi lateat sus.
qui sudor vietis et quam malus undique membris
crescit odor, cum pene soluto
indomitam properat rabiem sedare, neque illi
iam manet umida creta colorque
stercore fucatus crocodili, iamque subando
tenta cubilia tectaque rumpit.
vel mea cum saevis agitat fastidia verbis :
" Inachia langues minus ac me ;
Inachiam ter nocte potes, mihi semper ad unum
mollis opus. pereat male, quae te
Lesbia quaerenti taurum monstravit inertem,
cum mihi Cous adesset Amyntas,
cuius in indomito constantior inguine nervos,
quam nova collibus arbor inhaeret.
muricibus Tyriis iteratae vellera lanae
cui properabantur ? tibi nempe,
ne foret aequales inter conviva, magis quem
diligeret mulier sua quam te.
o ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
agna lupos capreaeque leones ! "

INDEX OF PROPER NAMES

References preceded by "C.S." are to the "Carmen Saeculare"; those preceded by "Epod." are to the Epodes; others are to the Odes.

ACHAEMENES, Persian king, II. XII. 21.
Acheron, river of the underworld, I. III. 36; III. III. 16.
Acheruntia, an Apulian hamlet, III. IV. 14.
Achilles, I. XV. 34; II. IV. 4, XVI. 29; IV. VI. 4; Epod. XVII. 14.
Achivi, the Greeks, III. III. 27.
Acrisius, Argive king, III. XVI. 5.
Acroceraunia, promontory of Epirus, I. III. 20.
Aeacus, grandfather of Achilles, II. XIII. 22; III. XIX. 5; IV. VIII. 25.
Aefula, a Latin town, III. XXIX. 6.
Aegaeum (Mare), the Aegean Sea, II. XVI. 2.
Aelius, III. XVII. 1. *See* Lamia.
Aeneas, Trojan hero, IV. VI. 23, VII. 15; C.S. 42.
Aeolides, Sisyphus, II. XIV. 20.
Aethiops (*i.e.* Egyptian), III. VI. 14.
Aetna, the mountain, III. IV. 76; Epod. XVII. 33.
Afer, African, II. I. 26; III. III. 47; IV. IV. 42.
Africa, II. XVIII. 5; III. XVI. 31; IV. VIII. 18.
Africanus, Scipio Africanus, Epod. IX. 25.
Africus, the south-west wind, I. I. 15, III. 12, XIV. 5; III. XXIII. 5; Epod. XVI. 22.
Agamemnon, Greek champion, IV. IX. 25.
Agrippa, Roman general and statesman, I. VI. 5.
Agyieus, epithet of Apollo, IV. VI. 28.
Aiax (Oilei), Greek hero, I. XV. 19; Epod. X. 14.
Aiax (Telamonius), Greek hero, II. IV. 5.
Albanus (Lacus), Alban Lake, IV. I. 19.
Albius (Tibullus), Roman poet, I. XXXIII. 1.
Albunea, nymph of the Anio, I VII. 12.
Alcaeus, Lesbian poet, II. XIII. 27. IV. IX. 7.
Alcides, I. XII. 25. *See* Hercules.
Alexandrea, Alexandria, Egyptian city, IV. XIV. 35.
Alfius, a usurer, Epod. II. 67.

Algidus, a Latin mountain, I. XXI. 6; III. XXIII. 9; IV. IV. 58; C.S. 69.
Allobrox, a Gaul, Epod. XVI. 6.
Alpes, the Alps, IV. IV. 17, XIV. 12; Epod. I. 11.
Alyattes, Lydian king, III. XVI. 41.
Amphion, mythical builder of Thebes, III. XI. 2.
Amyntas, a Roman, Epod. XII. 18.
Anacreon, Greek poet of Teos, IV. IX. 9; Epod. XIV. 10.
Anchises, father of Aeneas, IV. XV. 31; C.S. 50.
Ancus (Martius), Roman king, IV. VII. 15.
Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus, rescued by Perseus from the sea-monster, III. XXIX. 17.
Anio, river of Latium, I. VII. 13.
Antilochus, Greek hero, II. IX. 14.
Antiochus, Syrian king, III. VI. 36.
Antium, Volscian town, I. XXXV. 1.
Antonius (Iulus), son of Mark Antony, IV. II. 26.
Apollo, the god, I. II. 32, VII. 3, 28, X. 12, XXI. 10, XXXI. 1; II. X. 20; III. IV. 64; C.S. 34; Epod. XV. 9.
Appenninus, the Apennines, Epod. XVI. 29.
Appia (Via), Appian Way, Epod. IV. 14.
Aprilis, the month, IV. XI. 16.
Apulia, Italian district, Epod. III. 16.
Aquilo, north wind, I. III. 13; II. IX. 6; III. X. 4, XXX. 3; Epod. X. 7, XIII. 3.
Arabs, Arabian, I. XXIX. 1, XXXV. 40; II, XII. 24; III. XXIV. 2.
Arcadia, Greek district, IV. XII. 12.
Archytas, Greek philosopher, I. XXVIII. 2.
Arcturus, a star, III. I. 27.
Argivi, Greeks, III. III. 67.
Argonautae, Argonauts, the heroe who went in quest of the Golden Fleece, Epod. III. 9.
Argos, Greek city, I. VII. 8.
Assaracus, ancient Trojan king, Epod. XIII. 13.
Asterie, a maiden, III. VII. 1.
Atlanticum (aequor), the Atlantic Ocean, I. XXXI. 14.
Atlas, a Titan, who supported the heavens on his shoulders, I. X. 1.
Atrides, Agamemnon (or Menelaus), I. X. 13; II. IV. 7.
Attalus, King of Pergamus, II. XVIII. 5.
Aufidus, an Apulian river, III. XXX. 10; IV. IX. 2, XIV. 25.
Augustus, Roman emperor, II. IX. 19; III. III. 11, V. 3; IV. II. 43, IV. 27, XIV. 3.
Aulon, a hill near Tarentum, II. VI. 18.
Auster, south wind, II. XIV. 16; III. III. 4, XXVII. 22; IV. XIV. 21; Epod. X. 4.
Autumnus, autumn, Epod. II. 18.
Aventinus, the Aventine, one of the seven hills of Rome, C.S. 69.

Bacchae, votaries of Bacchus, III. XXV. 15.
Bacchus, God of Wine, I. VII. 3, XVIII. 6, XXVII. 3; II. VI. 19, XIX. 6; III. III. 13, XVI. 34, XXV. 1.
Bactra, Oriental city, III. XXIX. 28.
Baiae, Campanian watering-place, II. XVIII. 20; III. IV. 24.
Bandusia, a fountain, III. XIII. 1.
Barine, a maiden, II. VIII. 2.
Bassareus, epithet of Bacchus, I. XVIII. 11.
Bassus, a Roman, I. XXXVI. 14.
Bathyllus, a favourite of the poet Anacreon, Epod. XIV. 9.
Bellerophon, mythical hero, III. VII. 15, XII. 8; IV. XI. 28.
Bibulus, Roman consul, III. XXVIII. 8.

Bistonides, Thracian woman, II. XIX. 20.
Boreas, north wind, III. XXIV. 38.
Bosporus, the Bosphorus, II. XIII. 14, XX. 14; III. IV. 30.
Breuni, an Alpine tribe, IV. XIV. 11.
Briseis, a Greek maiden, the prize of Achilles, II. IV. 3.
Britanni, Britons, I. XXI. 15, XXXV. 30; III. IV. 33, V. 3; IV. XIV. 48; Epod. VII. 7.
Brutus, assassin of Caesar, II. VII. 2.
Bupalus, Greek sculptor, Epod. VI. 14.

CAESAR (divus Iulius), I. II. 44.
Caesar (Octavianus), I. II. 52, VI. 11, XII. 51, 52, XXI. 14, XXXV. 29, XXXVII. 16; II. IX. 20, XII. 10; III. IV. 37, XIV. 3, 16, XXV. 4; IV. II. 34, 48, V. 16, 27, XV. 4, 17; Epod. I. 3, IX. 2, 18, 37.
Calabria, district of Italy, I. XXXI. 5.
Calais, a Roman, III. IX. 14.
Cales, a Campanian town, IV. XII. 14.
Calliope, Muse of epic poetry, III. IV. 2.
Camena, Muse, I. XII. 39; II. XVI. 38; III. IV. 21; IV. VI. 27, IX. 8; C.S. 62.
Camillus, Roman hero, I. XII. 42.
Campus (Martius), Campus Martius at Rome, I. VIII. 4, IX. 18; III. I. 11; IV. I. 40.
Canicula, the dog star, I. XVII. 17; III. XIII. 9.
Canidia, a sorceress, Epod. III. 8, V. 15, 48, XVII. 6.
Cantaber, member of a Spanish tribe, II. VI. 2 XI. 1; III. VIII. 22; IV. XIV. 41.
Capitolium, the Capitol at Rome, I. XXXVII. 6; III. III. 42, XXIV. 45, XXX. 8; IV. III. 9.
Capra (sidus), a constellation, III. VII. 6.
Capricornus, a constellation, II. XVII. 20.
Capua, a Campanian town, Epod. XVI. 5.
Carpathium (Mare), a part of the Mediterranean, I. XXXV. 8; IV. V. 10.
Carthago, Carthage, III. V. 39; IV. IV. 69, VIII. 17; Epod. VII. 5 IX. 25.
Caspium (Mare), Caspian Sea, II. IX. 2.
Castalia, sacred spring on Mt. Parnassus, haunt of the Muses, III. IV. 61.
Castor, Greek hero, IV. V. 35; Epod. XVII. 42.
Catilus, a founder of Tibur, I. XVIII. 2.
Cato (senex), Roman hero, II. XV. 11; III. XXI. 11.
Cato (Uticensis) Roman hero, I. XII. 35; II. I. 24.
Caucasus, Mt. Caucasus, I. XXII. 7; Epod. I. 12.
Censorinus, a friend of Horace, IV. VIII. 2.
Cerberus, the dog that guarded the portals of the underworld, II. XIX. 29; III. XI. 17.
Ceres, goddess of grain, III. II. 26, XXIV. 13; IV. V. 18; C.S. 30; Epod. XVI. 43.
Charybdis, a whirlpool, I. XXVII. 19.
Chia, a maiden, IV. XIII. 7.
Chimaera, a mythical monster, I. XXVII. 24; II. XVII. 13; IV. II. 16.
Chiron, the Centaur, Epod. XIII. 11.
Chloe, a maiden, I. XXIII. 1; III. VII. 10, IX. 6, 9, 19, XXVI. 12.
Chloris, a maiden, II. V. 18; III. XV. 8.

Chremes, a miser, Epod. I. 33.
Cinara, a maiden, IV. I. 4, XIII. 21, 22.
Circe an enchantress, I. XVII. 20; Epod. XVII. 17.
Claudius (Tiberius), stepson of Augustus, IV. XIV. 29.
Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen, I. XXXVII. 7 ff.; Epod. IX. 11.
Clio, a Muse, I. XII. 2.
Cnidos, an island, I. XXX. 1; III. XXVIII. 13.
Cocytos, a river of the underworld, II. XIV. 18.
Codrus an Attic king, III. XIX. 2.
Colchis (Medea), Epod. XVI. 58.
Colchus an inhabitant of Colchis on the Black Sea, II. XX. 17; IV. IV. 63.
Concanus, member of a Spanish tribe, III. IV. 34.
Copia, Plenty, C.S. 60.
Corinthus, Corinth, the city, I. VII. 2.
Corvinus (Messala), a Roman orator and statesman, III. XXI. 7.
Corybantes, priests of Cybele, I. XVI. 8.
Cotiso, a Dacian chief, III. VIII. 18.
Cragus, a mountain of Lycia, I. XXI. 8.
Crassus, the triumvir, III. V. 5.
Creon, King of Corinth, Epod. V. 64.
Creta, the island, III. XXVII. 34; Epod. IX. 29.
Creticum (Mare), the Cretan Sea, I. XXVI. 2.
Crispus (Sallustius), a Roman, II. II. 3.
Cupido, Cupid, I. II. 34, XIX. 1; II. VIII. 14; IV. I. 5, XIII. 5; Epod. XVII. 57.
Curius, a Roman hero, I. XII. 41.
Cyclades, the islands, I. XIV. 20; III. XXVIII. 14.
Cyclopes, servants of Vulcan, I. IV. 7.
Cynthia (Diana), III. XXVIII. 12.
Cynthius (Apollo), I. XXI. 2.
Cyprus, the island, I. III. 1, XIX. 10, XXX. 2; III. XXVI. 9.
Cyrus (amator et amatus), a Roman, I. XVII. 25, XXXIII. 6.
Cyrus (Persa), King of Persia, II. II. 17; III. XXIX. 27.
Cytherea, Venus, I. IV. 5; III. XII. 4

Dacus, member of a Danubian tribe, I. XXXV. 9; II. XX. 18; III. VI. 14, VIII. 18.
Daedalus, a mythical Athenian craftsman, I. III. 34.
Damalis, a maiden, I. XXXVI. 13 ff.
Danae, mythical Argive princess, III. XVI. 1.
Danai, Greeks, II. XIV. 18; III. XI. 23.
Danuvius, the Danube, IV. XV. 21.
Daunias (Apulia), a district of Italy, I. XXII. 14.
Daunus, a mythical Apulian king, III. XXX. 11; IV. XIV. 26.
Deiphobus, a Trojan hero, IV. IX 22.
Dellius, a Roman, II. III. 4.
Delos, a Greek island, I. XXI. 10.
Delphi, seat of the oracle of Apollo, I. VII. 3.
Diana, I. XXI. 1; II. XII. 20; III. IV. 71; IV. VII. 25; C.S. 1, 70, 75; Epod. V. 51, XVII. 3.
Diespiter, Jupiter, I. XXXIV. 5; III. II. 29.
Dindymene, Cybele, mistress of Dindymus, a mountain in Phrygia, I. XVI. 5.
Drusus, stepson of Augustus, IV. IV. 18, XIV. 10.

Edoni, a Thracian tribe, II. VII. 27.
Enceladus, a giant, III. IV. 56.
Enipeus, a Roman, III. VII. 23.
Ephesus, a city of Ionia, I. VII. 2.

Erycina, an epithet of Venus, I. II. 33.
Erymanthus, a mountain of Arcadia, I. XXI. 7.
Euhias, an epithet of Bacchus, III. XXV. 9.
Euhius, Bacchus, I. XVIII. 9; II XI. 17.
Eumenides, the Furies, II. XIII. 36.
Europe (person), a Phoenician princess, III. XXVII. 25, 57.
Europe (place), III. III. 47.
Eurus, east wind, I. XXV. 20, XXVIII. 25; II. XVI. 24; III. XVII. 11; IV. IV. 43, VI. 10; Epod. X. 55, XVI. 54.
Euterpe, Muse of lyric song, I. I. 33.

Fabricius, a Roman hero, I. XII, 40.
Faunus, tutelary god of shepherds, I. IV. 11, XVII. 2; II. XVII. 28; III. XVIII. I.
Faustitas, Prosperity, IV. V. 18.
Favonius, the west wind, I. IV. 1; III. VII. 2.
Fides, Faith, I. XVIII. 16, XXIV. 7, XXXV. 21; C.S. 57.
Flaccus (Horatius), Horace, Epod. XV. 12.
Folia, a sorceress, Epod. V. 42.
Forentum, an Apulian hamlet, III. IV. 16.
Formiae, a Latin town, III. XVII. 6.
Fortuna, the goddess, I. XXXIV. 15; II. I. 3; III. XXIX. 49.
Furiae, the Furies, I. XXVIII. 17.
Fuscus, a friend of Horace, I. XXII. 4.

Gades, Cadiz, a Spanish town, II. II. 11, VI. 1.
Galaesus, a Lucanian river, II. VI. 10.
Galatea, a maiden, III. XXVII. 14.
Gallia, Gaul, IV. XIV. 9.
Galli, the Gauls, Epod. IX. 18.
Ganymedes, cupbearer of Jove, IV. IV. 4.
Garganus, an Italian mountain, II. IX. 7.
Geloni, a Thracian tribe, II. IX. 23, XX. 19; III. IV. 35.
Genauni, an Alpine tribe, IV. XIV. 10.
Genitalis, epithet of Lucina, C.S. 16.
Genius, guardian spirit, III. XVII. 14.
Germania, Germany, IV. V. 26; Epod. XVI. 7.
Geryones, a mythical monster, II. XIV. 8.
Getae, a Thracian tribe, III. XXIV. 11; IV. XV. 22.
Gigantes, the Giants, II. XIX. 22.
Gloria, Glory, I. XVIII. 15.
Glycera, a maiden, I. XIX. 5, XXX. 3, XXXIII. 2; II. III. 19, 28.
Graecia, Greece, I. XV. 6; IV. V. 35.
Grai, Greeks, II. IV. 12.
Gratia, a Grace, I. IV. 6, XXX. 6; III. XIX. 16, XXI. 22; IV. VII. 5.
Grosphus, a Roman, II. XVI. 7.
Gyas, a mythical monster, II. XVII. 14; III. IV. 69.
Gyges, a Roman, II. V. 20; III. VII. 5.

Hadria, the Adriatic, I. III. 15, XXXIII. 15; II. XI. 2, XIV. 14; III. III. 5, IX. 23, XXVII. 19.
Hadrianum (Mare), the Adriatic, I. XVI. 4.
Haemonia, Thessaly, I. XXXVII. 20.
Haemus, a mountain of Thrace, I. XII. 6.
Hannibal, the Carthaginian, II. XII. 2; III. VI. 36; IV. IV. 49, VIII. 16; Epod. XVI. 8.
Hasdrubal, a Carthaginian general, IV. IV. 38, 72.
Hebrus (person), a Roman, III. XII. 6.

Hebrus (Thracian river), III. xxv. 10.
Hector, Trojan champion, II. iv. 10; IV. ix. 22; Epod. xvii. 12.
Helene, wife of Menelaus, I. iii. 2, xv. 2; IV. ix. 16; Epod. xvii. 42.
Helicon, mountain of Boeotia, I. xii. 5.
Hercules, mythical hero, III. iii. 9, xiv. 1; IV. iv. 62, v. 36, viii. 30; Epod. iii. 17, xvii. 31.
Hesperia, Italy, I. xxxvi. 4; II. i. 32; III. vi. 8; IV. v. 38.
Hiber, Spaniard, II. xx. 20.
Hiberia (Hispania), Spain, IV. v. 28, xiv. 50.
Hiberia (Pontica), a district in Asia Minor, Epod. v. 21.
Hippolyte, a Thessalian queen, III. vii. 18.
Hippolytus, a Greek hero, IV. vii. 26.
Hirpinus (Quinctius), a friend of Horace, II. xi. 2.
Hister, the Danube, IV. xiv. 46.
Homerus, Homer, IV. ix. 6.
Honor, Honour, C.S. 57.
Horatius, Horace, IV. vi. 44.
Hyades, a constellation, I. iii. 14.
Hydaspes, an Oriental river, I. xxii. 8.
Hydra, a mythical monster of many heads, IV. iv. 61.
Hylaeus, a Centaur, II. xii. 6.
Hymettus, a mountain of Attica, II. vi. 14.

Iapetus, father of Prometheus, I. iii. 27.
Iapyx, north-west wind, I. iii. 4; III. xxvii. 20.
Ibycus, a Roman, III. xv. 1.
Icarus (island), III. vii. 21.
Icarus (person), son of Daedalus, II. xx. 13.
Iccius, a friend of Horace, I. xxix. 1.
Ida, a mount near Troy, III. xx. 16.
Idomeneus, a Cretan chief, IV. ix. 20.
Ilia, mother of Romulus and Remus, I. ii. 17; III. ix. 8; IV. viii. 22.
Ilion, Ilios, Troy, I. x. 14, xv. 33; III. iii. 18, 37, xix. 4; IV. iv. 53; ix. 18; Epod. x. 13; xiv. 14.
Ilithyia, goddess of child-birth, C.S. 14.
Inachia, a maiden, Epod. xi. 6, xii. 14 f.
Inachus, an ancient Argive king, II. iii. 21; III. xix. 1.
India, the country, III. xxiv. 2.
Indi, Indus, the inhabitants of India I. xii. 56; IV. xiv. 42; C.S. 56.
Iolcos, a Thessalian city, Epod. v. 21.
Italia, Italy, I. xxxvii. 16; III. v. 40; IV. xiv. 44.
Itys, son of Philomela and Tereus, IV. xii. 5.
Ixion, mythical king of the Lapithae, III. xi. 21.

Jaso, Jason, leader of the Argonauts Epod. iii. 12.
Juba, a Numidian king, I. xxii. 15.
Jugurtha, a Numidian king, II. i. 28.
Julus, son of Mark Antony, IV. ii. 2.
Juno, the goddess, I. vii. 8; II. i. 25; III. iii. 18, iv. 59.
Juppiter, the god, I. i. 25, ii. 19, 30, iii. 40, x. 5, xi. 4, xvi. 12, xxi. 4, xxii. 20, xxviii. 9, 29, xxxii. 14; II. vi. 18, vii. 17, x. 16, xvii. 22; III. i. 6, iii. 6, 64, iv. 49, v. 1, 12, x. 8, xvi. 6, xxv. 6, xxvii. 73; IV. iv. 4, 74, viii. 29, xv. 6; C.S. 32, 73;

Epod. II. 29, V. 8, IX. 3, X. 18, XIII. 2, XVI. 63, XVII. 69.
Justitia, Justice, I. XXIV. 6; II. XVII. 16.
Juventas, Youth, I. XXX. 7.

LACEDAEMON, Sparta, I. VII. 10.
Laertiades, Ulysses, I. XV. 21.
Lalage, a maiden, I. XXII. 10, 23; II. V. 16.
Lamia, a friend of Horace, I. XXVI. 8, XXXVI. 7; III. XVII. 2.
Lamus, a mythical Latin ruler, III. XVII. 11.
Laomedon, King of Troy, III. III. 22.
Lapithae, a Thessalian tribe, I. XVIII. 8; II. XII. 5.
Larissa, a town of Thessaly, I. VII. 11.
Latium, the district around Rome, I. XII. 53, XXXV. 10; C.S. 66.
Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana, I. XXI. 3; III. XXVIII. 12; IV. VI. 37.
Leda, mother of Castor and Pollux, I. XII. 25.
Leo (sidus), a constellation, III. XXIX. 19.
Lesbia, a maiden, Epod. XII. 17.
Leuconoë, a maiden, I. XI. 2.
Liber, Bacchus, I. XII. 22, XVI. 7, XVIII. 7, XXXII. 9; II. XIX. 7; III. VIII. 7, XXI. 21; IV. VIII. 34, XII. 14, XV. 26.
Libitina, goddess of death, III. XXX. 7.
Libra, a constellation, II. XVII. 17.
Libya, Libya, II. II. 10.
Licentia, Wantonness, I. XIX.
Licinius, Licinius Murena, II. X. 1.
Licymnia, a pseudonym for Terentia, wife of Maecenas, II. XII. 13, XII. 23.
Ligurinus, a youth, IV. I. 33 X. 5.
Liris, a river of Latium, I. XXXI. 7; III. XVII. 8.
Lollius, a Roman magistrate, IV. IX. 33.
Luceria, a Campanian town, III. XV. 14.
Lucina, goddess of child-birth, C.S. 15; Epod. V. 6.
Lucretilis, a mountain near Horace's Sabine farm, I. XVII. 1.
Luna, the Moon, II. XI. 10; C.S. 36.
Lyaeus, epithet of Bacchus, I. VII. 22; III. XXI. 16; Epod. IX. 38.
Lycaeus, an Arcadian mountain, I. XVII. 2.
Lycambes, a Greek, attacked by the poet Archilochus, Epod. VI. 13.
Lyce, a woman, III. X. 1; IV. XIII. 1, 2, 25.
Lycia, a district of Asia Minor, III. IV. 62.
Lycidas, a youth, I. IV. 19.
Lyciscus, a youth, Epod. XI. 24.
Lycoris, a maiden, I. XXXIII. 5.
Lycurgus, a mythical King of Thrace, II. XIX. 16.
Lycus, a favourite of the Greek poet Alcaeus, I. XXXII. 11.
Lycus (alter), a Roman, III. XIX. 23, 24.
Lyde, a maiden, II. XI. 22; III. XI. 7, 25, XXVIII. 3.
Lydia, a district of Asia Minor, I. VIII. 1, XIII. 1, XXV. 8; III. IX. 6, 7, 20.

MAECENAS, friend and patron of Horace, I. I. 1, XX. 5; II. XII. 11, XVII. 3, XX. 7; III. VIII. 13, XVI. 20, XXIX. 3; IV. XI. 19; Epod. I. 4, III. 20, IX. 4, XIV. 5.
Maevius, a poetaster, Epod. X. 2.
Maia, mother of Mercury, I. II. 43.
Manes, the shades of the underworld, I. IV. 16; Epod. V. 94.
Manlius, a Roman consul, III. XXI. 1.

Marcellus, a Roman general, I. XII. 46.
Marica, a nymph, III. XVII. 7.
Mars, the war-god, I. VI. 13, XVII. 23, XXVIII. 17; II. XIV. 13; III. III. 16, 33, V. 24, 34; IV. XIV. 9.
Marsus, member of an Italian tribe, III. V. 9; Epod. XVI. 3.
Massagetae, a Scythian tribe, I. XXXV. 40.
Mavors, Mars, IV. VIII. 23.
Maximus (Paulus), a Roman, IV. I. 11.
Medea, the mythical sorceress, Epod. III. 10, V. 62.
Medus, *lit.* Parthian, I. II. 51, XXIX. 4; II. I. 31, XVI. 6; III. III. 44, VIII. 19; IV. XIV. 42; C.S. 54.
Megilla, a maiden, I. XXVII. 11.
Melpomene, the Muse of tragedy, I. XXIV. 3; III. XXX. 16; IV. III. 1.
Memphis, a town in Egypt, III. XXVI. 10.
Mercurius, the god Mercury, I. X. 1, XXIV. 18, XXX. 8; II. VII. 13; III. XI. 1.
Meriones, a Cretan chief, I. VI. 15, XV. 26.
Metaurus, an Italian river, IV. IV. 38.
Metellus, a Roman consul, II. I. 1.
Mimas, a Giant, III. IV. 53.
Minae, Threats, III. I. 37.
Minerva, the goddess, III. III. 23, XII. 5; IV. VI. 13.
Minos, a judge in the underworld, I. XXVIII. 9; IV. VII. 21.
Monaeses, a Parthian leader, III. VI. 9.
Murena, a Roman consul, III. XIX. 11.
Muse, Muse, I. VI. 10, XVII. 14, XXVI. 1, 4, 9, 21, XXXII. 9; II. I. 9, 37, X. 19, XII. 13; III. I. 3, III. 70, XIX. 13; IV. VIII. 28, 29.
Mycenae, a Greek city, I. VII. 9.
Myrtale, a freedwoman, I. XXXIII. 14.
Myrtoum (Mare), Myrtoan Sea, a part of the Aegean, I. I. 14.
Mysi, Mysians, a people of Asia Minor, Epod. XVII. 10.
Mystes, a youth, II. IX. 10.
Mytilene, a town on the island of Lesbos, I. VII. 1.

Naiades, Naiads, water-nymphs, III. XXV. 14.
Neaera, a maiden, III. XIV. 21; Epod. XV. 11.
Neapolis, Naples, Epod. V. 43.
Necessitas, Necessity, the goddess, I. XXXV. 17: III. I. 14, XXIV. 6.
Neobule, a maiden, III. XII. 2.
Neptunus, god of the sea, I. XXVIII. 29; III. XXVIII. 2, 10; Epod. VII. 3, XVII. 55.
Nereides, Nereids, marine divinities, III. XXVIII. 10.
Nereus, a sea-god, I. XV. 5.
Nero, Nerones, stepsons of Augustus, IV. IV. 28, 37, XIV. 14.
Nessus, a Centaur, Epod. XVII. 32.
Nestor, a Greek hero of the Trojan War, I. XV. 22.
Nilus, the Nile, III. III. 48.
Niphates, a mountain of Armenia, II. IX. 20.
Nireus, a Greek hero, III. XX. 15; Epod. XV. 22.
Noctiluca, an epithet of Luna (Diana), IV. VI. 38.
Nothus, a youth, III. XV. 11.
Notus, the south wind, I. III. 14, VII. 16, XVIII. 22; III. VII. 5; IV. V. 9; Epod. IX. 31, X. 20, XVI. 22.
Numantia, a city of Spain, II. XI. 1.
Numida, a friend of Horace, I. XXXVI. 3.
Numidae, Numidians, an African tribe, III. XI. 47.

Nymphae, nymphs, I. I. 31, IV. 6, XXX. 6; II. VIII. 14, XIX. 3; III. XVIII. 1, XXVII. 30; IV. VII. 5.

OCEANUS, the Ocean, I. III. 22, XXXV. 32; IV. V. 40, XIV. 48; Epod. XVI. 41.

Olympus, a mountain of Greece, I. XII. 58; III. IV. 52.

Orcus, Pluto, god of the underworld, I. XXVIII. 10; II. III. 24, XVIII. 30, 34; III. IV. 75, XI. 29, XXVII. 50; IV. II. 24.

Oricus, a harbour of Epirus in Greece, III. VII. 5.

Orion, a constellation, I. XXVIII. 21; II. XIII. 39; III. IV. 71, XXVII. 18; Epod. X. 10, XV. 7.

Ornytus, a youth, III. IX. 14.

Orpheus, a mythical minstrel, I. XII. 8, XXIV. 13.

Otho, a Roman tribune, Epod. IV. 16.

PACORUS, a Parthian leader, III. VI. 9.

Pactolus, a river of Lydia, Epod. XV. 20.

Pactumeius, a boy, Epod. XVII. 50.

Padus, the River Po, Epod. XVI. 28.

Palinurus, an Italian headland, III. IV. 28.

Panthoides, Euphorbus, a Trojan hero, I. XXVIII. 10.

Paphos, a town on the island of Cyprus, I. XXX. 1; III. XXVIII. 14.

Parca, Parcae, Fate, the Fates, II. VI. 9, XVI. 39, XVII. 16; C.S. 25; Epod. XIII. 15.

Paris, son of Priam and paramour of Helen, III. III. 40.

Parrhasius, a Greek painter, IV. VIII. 6.

Parthus, Parthi, an Asiatic people, I. XII. 53, XIX. 12; II. XIII. 18; III. II. 3; IV. V. 25, XV. 7; Epod. VII. 9,

Pater (= Iuppiter), I. II. 2; III. XXIX. 44.

Paulus (consul 216 B.C.), I. XII. 38.

Paulus (Maximus), a Roman, IV. I. 10.

Pax, Peace, C.S. 57.

Pegasus, the mythical winged horse, I. XXVII. 24; IV. XI. 27.

Peleus, father of Achilles, III. VII. 17.

Pelides, Achilles, I. VI. 6.

Pelion, a mountain, III. IV. 52.

Pelops, son of Tantalus, settler of the Peloponnesus, I. VI. 8, XXVI. 7; II. XIII. 37; Epod. XVII. 65.

Penates, household gods, II. IV. 15; III. XIV. 3, XXIII. 19, XXVII. 49.

Penelope, wife of Ulysses, I. XVII. 20; III. X. 11.

Pentheus, King of Thebes, II. XIX. 14.

Pergama, the citadel of Troy, II. IV. 12.

Persae, the Persians, I. II. 22, XXI. 15; III. V. 4, IX. 4; IV. XV. 23.

Pettius, a youth, Epod. XI. 1.

Phaëthon, son of the sun-god, Apollo, IV. XI. 25.

Phalanthus, an Italian king, II. VI. 12.

Phidyle, a maiden, III. XXIII. 2.

Philippi, the Macedonian town near which was fought the battle of Philippi in 42 B.C., II. VII. 9; III. IV. 26.

Phocaei, an Ionian folk, Epod. XVI. 17.

Phoceus (Xanthias P.), a friend of Horace, II. IV. 2.

Phoebus, Apollo, I. XII. 24, XXXII. 13; III. III. 66, IV. 4, XXI. 24; IV. VI. 26, 29, XV. 1; C.S. 1, 62, 75.

Pholoe, a maiden, I. XXXIII. 7, 9; II. V. 17; III. XV. 7.

Phraates, King of Armenia, II. II. 17.

Phryges, inhabitants of Phrygia, I. xv. 34.
Phrygia, a district of Asia Minor, II. xii. 22.
Phryne, a maiden, Epod. xiv. 16.
Phyllis, a maiden, II. iv. 14; IV. xi. 3.
Pieris, Pierides, Muses, IV. iii. 18, viii. 20.
Pimpleis, Muse, I. xxvi. 9.
Pindarus, Pindar, the Greek poet, IV. ii. 1, 8.
Pindus, a mountain of Thessaly, I. xii. 6.
Pirithous, a Greek hero, III. iv. 80; IV. vii. 28.
Plancus, a friend of Horace, I. vii. 19; III. xiv. 28.
Pleiades, a constellation, IV. xiv. 21.
Pluto, god of the underworld, II. xiv. 7.
Poena, Penalty, III. ii. 32; IV. v. 24.
Poenus, Poeni, the Carthaginians, I. xii. 38; II. ii. 11, xii. 3, xiii. 15; III. v. 34; IV. iv. 47.
Pollio, Roman statesman, II. i. 14.
Pollux, the hero, brother of Castor, III. iii. 9, xxix. 64.
Polyhymnia, a Muse, I. i. 33.
Pompeius, a friend of Horace, II. vii. 5.
Pompilius, Numa Pompilius, second King of Rome, I. xii. 34.
Porphyrion (Titan), III. iv. 54.
Porsena, an Etruscan king, Epod. xvi. 4.
Postumus, a friend of Horace, II. xiv. 1.
Praeneste, a town of Latium, III. v. 23.
Priamus, King of Troy, I. x. 14, xv. 8; III. iii. 26, 40; IV. vi. 15.
Priapus, god of gardens, Epod. ii. 21.
Proculeius, a Roman of Horace's day, II. ii. 5.
Procyon, a star, III. xxix. 18.
Proetus, a mythical Greek personage, III. vii. 13.
Prometheus, the Titan, I. xvi. 13; II. xiii. 37, xviii. 35; Epod. xvii. 67.
Proserpina, queen of the underworld, I. xxviii. 20; II. xiii. 21; Epod. xvii. 2.
Proteus, a marine divinity, I. ii. 7.
Pudor, Honour, I. xxiv. 6; C.S. 57.
Pyrrha, wife of Deucalion, I. ii. 6.
Pyrrha, a maiden, I. v. 3.
Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, III. vi. 35.
Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, I. xxviii. 14; Epod. xv. 21.
Pythius (Apollo), I. xvi. 6.

Quinctius (Hirpinus Q.), a friend of Horace, II. xi. 2.
Quintilius, a friend of Horace and Virgil, I. xxiv. 5, 12.
Quirinus, Romulus, I. ii. 46; III. iii. 15; IV. xv. 9; Epod. xvi. 13.
Quirites, I. i. 7; II. vii. 3; III. iii. 57; IV. xiv. 1.

Regulus, Roman general, I. xii. 37; III. v. 13.
Remus, one of the twins who founded Rome, Epod. vii. 19.
Rhaeti, an Alpine tribe, IV. iv. 17, xiv. 15.
Rhodanus, the Rhone River, II. xx. 20.
Rhode, a maiden, III. xix. 27.
Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace, III. xxv. 12.
Rhodos, an island, Rhodes, I. vii. 1.
Rhoetus, a Giant, II. xix. 23; III. iv. 55.
Roma, Rome, III. iii. 38, 44, v. 12, xxix. 12; IV. iii. 13, iv. 37, xiv. 44; C.S. 11, 37; Epod. xvi. 2.

Romanus, Romani, Romans, III. VI. 2; IV. IV. 46; Epod. VII. 6, 17, IX, 11.
Romulus, founder of Rome, I. XII. 33; II. XV. 10; IV. VIII. 24.

SABAEA, a district of Arabia, I. XXIX. 3.
Sagana, a sorceress, Epod. V. 25.
Salamis, an island of Greece and a city of Cyprus, I. VII. 21, 29.
Sallustius, a friend of Horace, II. II. 3.
Sappho, the Lesbian poetess, II. XIII. 25.
Sardinia, the island, I. XXXI. 4.
Saturnus, Saturn, the god, I. XII. 50; II. XII. 9, XVII. 23.
Satyri, satyrs, I. I. 31; II. XIX. 4.
Scamander, a stream at Troy, Epod. XIII. 14.
Scaurus, Roman consul, I. XII. 37.
Scopas, a Greek sculptor, IV. VIII. 6.
Scorpios, the Scorpion, a constellation, II. XVII. 17.
Scythes, Scythae, Scythians, I. XIX. 10, XXXV. 9; II. XI. 1; III. VIII. 23, XXIV. 9; IV. V. 25, XIV. 42; C.S. 55.
Semele, mother of Bacchus, I. XIX. 2.
Septimius, a friend of Horace, II. VI. 1.
Seres, a far-eastern people, I. XII. 56; III. XXIX. 27; IV. XV. 23.
Sestius, a friend of Horace, I. IV. 14.
Siculum (Mare), the Sicilian Sea, II. XII. 2.
Silvanus, god of woodlands, III. XXIX. 23; Epod. II. 22.
Simois, a stream near Troy, Epod. XIII. 14.
Sisyphus, a mythical offender, whose punishment in the underworld consisted in forever rolling a huge stone uphill, II. XIV. 20; Epod. XVII. 68.
Soracte, a mountain near Rome, I. IX. 2.
Spartacus, a Roman slave leader III. XIV. 19; Epod. XVI. 5.
Spes, Hope, I. XXXV. 31.
Stesichorus, a Sicilian Greek poet, IV. IX. 8.
Sthenelus, an Homeric hero, I. XV. 24; IV. IX. 20.
Styx, a river of the underworld, I. XXXIV. 10.
Sybaris, a youth, I. VIII. 2.
Sygambri, a Germanic tribe, IV. II. 36, XIV. 51.
Syrtes, either the shoals off Northern Africa or the African desert, I. XXII. 5; II. VI. 3, XX. 15; Epod. IX. 31.

TAENARUS, a promontory of Laconia, I. XXXIV. 10.
Tanais, the River Don, III. X. 1, XXIX. 28; IV. XV. 24.
Tantalus, a mythical offender, who was always craving food and drink that escaped his reach, II. XVIII. 37; Epod. XVII. 66.
Tarentum, a Lucanian city, I. XXVIII. 29; III. V. 56.
Tarquinius, King of Rome, I. XII. 35.
Tartarus, the underworld, I. XXVIII. 10; III. VII. 17.
Tecmessa, slave of Ajax, II. IV. 6.
Telamon, father of Ajax, II. IV. 5.
Telegonus, son of Ulysses and Circe, III. XXIX. 8.
Telephus, King of the Mysians, Epod. XVII. 8.
Telephus, a Roman youth, I. XIII. 1, 2; III. XIX. 26; IV. XI. 21.
Tellus, Earth, II. XII. 7.
Tempe, a Thessalian vale of great beauty, I. VII. 4, XXI. 9; III. I. 24.
Tempestates, Storms, Epod. X. 24.

Terminalia, feast of boundaries, Epod. II. 59.
Terra, Earth, III. IV. 73.
Teucer, hero of the Trojan War, I. VII. 21, 27, XV. 24; IV. IX. 17.
Thalia, Muse of comedy, IV. VI. 25.
Thaliarchus, a friend of Horace, I. IX. 8
Thebae, city of Boeotia, I. VII. 3; IV. IV. 64.
Theseus, a Greek hero, IV. VII. 27.
Thetis, a sea-nymph, mother of Achilles, I. VIII. 14; IV. VI. 6; Epod. XIII. 2.
Thrace, a district north of Greece, II. XVI. 5; III. XXV. 11.
Thyestes, a mythical Argive king, I. XVI. 17.
Thyias, a Bacchanal, II. XIX. 9; III. XV. 10.
Thyoneus, epithet of Bacchus, I. XVII. 23.
Tiberis, the Tiber, I. II. 13, VIII. 8, XXIX. 12; II. III. 18.
Tibur (Tivoli), a town near Rome, I. VII. 21, XVIII. 2; II. VI. 5; III. IV. 23, XXIX. 6; IV. II. 31, III. 10.
Tiburnus, one of the founders of Tibur, I. VII. 13.
Tigris, the River Tigris, IV. XIV. 46.
Timor, Fear, III. I. 37.
Tiridates, a King of Armenia, I. XXVI. 5.
Titanes, Titans, III. IV. 43.
Tithonus, son of Laomedon (a King of Troy), I. XXVIII. 8; II. XVI. 30.
Tityos, a mythical offender, II. XIV. 8; III. IV. 77, XI. 21; IV. VI. 2.
Torquatus, a friend of Horace, IV. VII. 23; Epod. XIII. 6.
Troes, Trojans, IV. VI. 15.
Troia, Troy, I. VIII. 14, X. 15; III. III. 60, 61; IV. VI. 3, XV. 31; C.S. 41.
Troilos, a son of Priam, II. IX. 16.
Tullus (Hostilius), third King of Rome, IV. VII. 15.
Tullus (consul), III. VIII. 12.
Tusculum, a town of Latium, Epod I. 29.
Tydides, a Greek hero, I. VI. 16, XV. 28.
Tyndaridae, sons of Tyndareus, Castor and Pollux, IV. VIII. 31.
Tyndaris, a maiden, I. XVII. 10.
Typhoeus, a monster, III. IV. 53.
Tyrrhenum (Mare), the sea near Rome, I. XI. 6; IV. XV. 3.

Ulixes, Ulysses, I. VI. 7; Epod. XVI. 60, XVII. 6.
Ustica, an eminence near Horace's Sabine farm, I. XVII. 11.

Valgius, a poet friend of Horace, II. IX. 5.
Varius, a poet friend of Horace, I. VI. 1.
Varus, a friend of Horace, I. XVIII. 1.
Vaticanus, the Vatican, a hill at Rome, I. XX. 7.
Veia, a sorceress, Epod. V. 29.
Venafrum, a town of Samnium, II. VI. 16.
Venus, I. IV. 5, XIII. 15, XV. 13, XVIII. 6, XIX. 9, XXX. 1, XXXII. 9, XXXIII. 10; II. VII. 25, VIII. 13; III. X. 9, XI. 50, XVI. 6, XVIII. 6, XXI. 21, XXVI. 5, XXVII 67; IV. I. 1, VI. 21, X. 1, XI. 15 XV. 32; C.S. 50.
Vergilius (the poet), I. III. 6, XXIV. 10.
Vergilius, a friend of Horace, IV. XII. 13.
Vesper, the evening star, II. IX 10; III. XIX. 26.
Vesta, the goddess of the hearth I. II. 16, 28; III. V. 11.
Vindelici, an Alpine tribe, IV. IV 18, XIV. 8.

Virgines (Vestales), the Vestal Virgins, I. II. 27; III. XXX. 9.
Virtus, Virtue, II. II. 19; III. II. 17, 21; C.S. 58.
Volcanus, Vulcan, god of fire, I. IV. 8; III. IV. 59.
Voltur, a mountain, III. IV. 9.

XANTHIAS (Phoceus), a friend Horace, II. IV. 2.
Xanthus, a river of Lycia, IV. .26.

ZEPHYRUS, the west wind, II 24; IV. VII. 9.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, BUNGAY, SUFFOLK.

University of St. Francis
GEN 874.5 H811b
Horatius
Horace, the odes and Epodes
2
3 0301 00035368 6